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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6D.

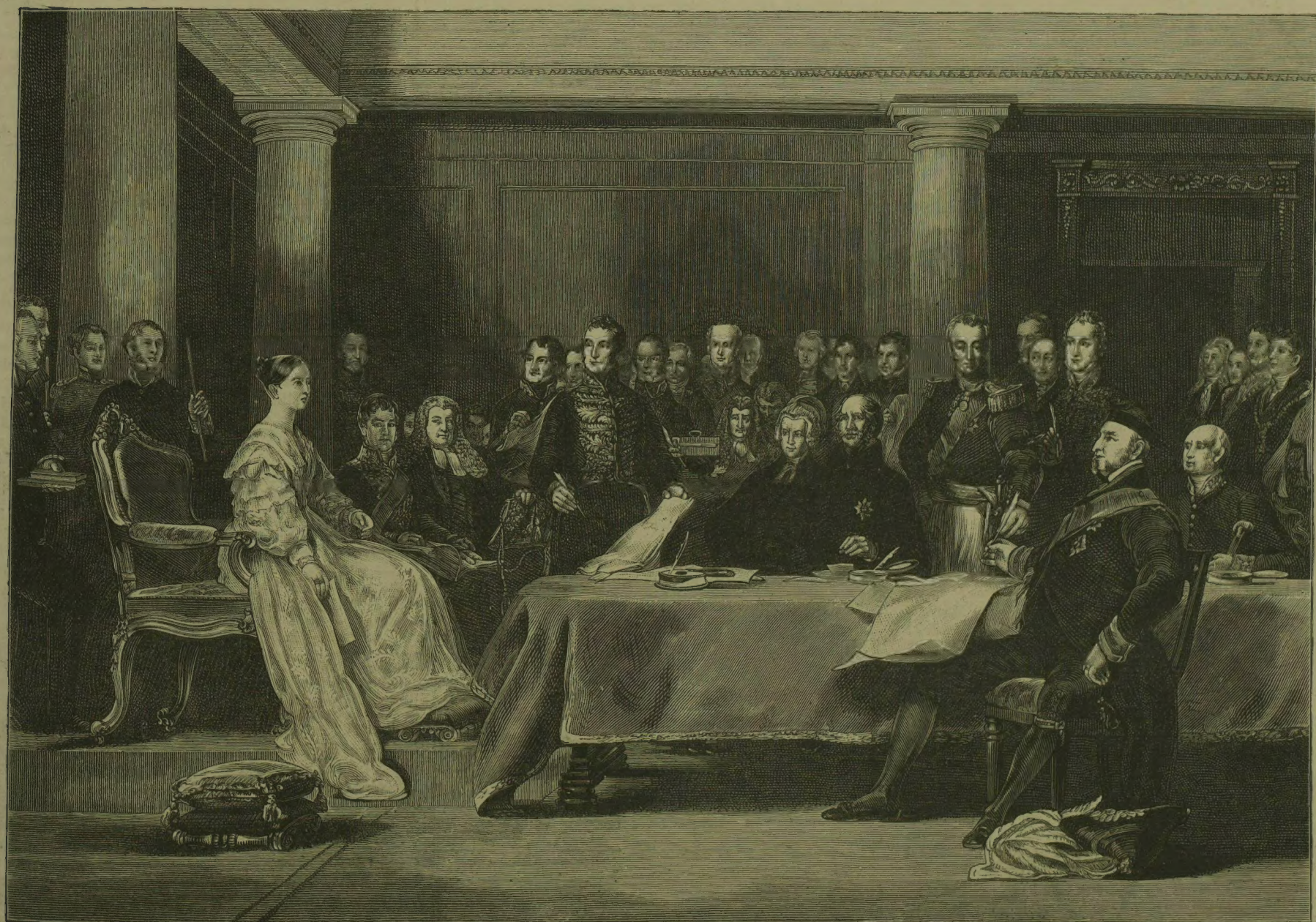
JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.



THE QUEEN ON THE MORNING OF HER ACCESSION, JUNE 20, 1837.
After a Drawing by Miss Costello.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.
After an Engraving by R. J. Lane, A.E.



THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, HELD AT KENSINGTON PALACE, ELEVEN A.M. JUNE 20, 1837.
After the Picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.; Engraved by permission of Messrs. Graves and Co.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The vanguard of the noble army of correspondents is, I am happy to say, in sight. I am in receipt of a communication, among many others, from "J. L. C.," who tells me he has lived for ten years in Australia, and is so kind as to add that a certain series of Letters bearing the title of "The Land of the Golden Fleece," and published "in another place," is not a tissue of falsehoods.

But after the sweet comes the sour. "J. L. C." is one of the terrific correspondents "who want to know." "If not too technical," he proceeds to say, "what is the model of the shoulder headings as used by a London daily?" I don't know. I do know that a sheriff's officer used to be called a shoulder-clapper; that a certain variety of the New York rough is a shoulder-hitter; and a stiff-limbed horse is said to be shoulder-pegged; but the "shoulder-headings" of London daily papers are mysteries to me.

Likewise is "J. L. C." ambitious to learn whether there is any rule for the formation, from the name of a city or town, of the adjective describing its inhabitants. I cannot tell. We say Londoners, but I should call the inhabitants of the West-End, Westendians; whereas the people dwelling in the King's-road, S.W., are, I suppose, Chelseaites. The denizens of Liverpool are Liverpadlians; the Lancaster folk are Lancastrians; but are the citizens of York Yorkists, and those of Carlisle Carlislese, or Carlilleans, or Carlilites?

I read in the *St. James's Gazette* :—

The Duke of Argyll says of the Home Rule Bill, in his letter to the *Times*, "This wonderful structure was elaborated within some room in Downing-street by a few selected Ministers, and with, I suppose, a draughtsman." The Duke is mistaken. A draughtsman there was, no doubt; but no "few selected Ministers." Alone the Prime Minister did it. His colleagues knew nothing of the bill till it was completed. Thus, indeed, is the milk in the cocoa-nut accounted for.

"The milk in the cocoa-nut" is good; but thereunto hangs a droll tale, with which, perhaps, the writer in the *St. James's* is not familiar. Lord Palmerston, when Minister for Foreign Affairs, was once compelled to administer a sharp reprimand—"wiggling" is, I believe, the official term—to one of her Majesty's Foreign Office messengers who, while going to and fro with despatches, had been guilty of some sin of omission or commission. "And that, Captain—," observed his Lordship, at the conclusion of a somewhat prolonged wiggling, "accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut." "Yes, my Lord," replied the unabashed messenger, "but not for the hair outside." Ah! if we could only account for the hair outside the cocoa-nut of that mystery which is called Life, what an immensity of sorrow would be spared to us, and how soon we should arrive at the propounding of the Universal Theorem!

From beautiful, hospitable, kindly Colombo somebody has sent me a copy of the *Ceylon Examiner*, of May 18. Therein appears a chatty letter, entitled "Westward Bound," and written, apparently, by one of my fellow-passengers on board the Ballarat, the splendid P. and O. steam-ship in which I voyaged lately from Calcutta, via Ceylon, Aden, and the Suez Canal, to Marseilles. I mention this epistle for the reason that the writer seemed equally struck with my humble self with horror and loathing at a certain dreadful sight which we saw one torrid Sunday while the stately Ballarat was slowly panting through the muddy waters of the gigantic *digue* which Ferdinand De Lesseps dug. Twelve steamers had passed us that day—Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Scotchmen, and Englishmen. About four in the afternoon a huge Russian steamer came grunting and gasping past. I knew the nature of the beast at once. She had been originally built for a cruiser when war between Russia and England seemed imminent; had been turned into a convict-ship, and was now on her way with a teeming cargo of male and female misery to Vladivostok, in Siberia, or to Saghalien.

The convicts, in coarse canvas gaberlines—pitched, I should say, inside to save washing—were stowed like cattle or sheep in cages on the upper deck, forward; iron railings separating the male prisoners from the women and children. Yes; there were children among these unfortunates. In view of the desperate sultriness of the weather, they had been fain to open the ports 'tween decks. Every aperture so opened was full of human faces—flat, white, despairing faces. And aft, on the quarter-deck, under a handsome awning, reclining on elegant deck-chairs, and puffing their cigarettes in the most graceful manner imaginable, were the officers of the ship, in full uniform, with big gold epaulettes on their shoulders. One marine Muscovite magnifico wore white kid gloves. They had just finished tiffin, I should say. What the wretched convicts had had for dinner, who can tell? A little salt junk, pease-porridge, mouldy biscuit, bilge-water, and the stick, possibly.

Whence had this steam-ship full of horrors come? From Cronstadt by the way of "Gib," through the Mediterranean; or from Odessa by the Black Sea and the Dardanelles? There she was, at all events, bound for the farthest East, and laden with how many tons of unutterable woe! A British surgeon, who had been health officer at Ceylon, and in his official capacity had more than once inspected these Russian convict-ships, told me that when they touched at a port to coal, no stranger was ever allowed on board by the Russian commander; that in the "sick-bay," or infirmary, which was scarcely large enough to accommodate six patients comfortably, he has often seen from fifteen to twenty miserable sufferers; that contagious diseases sometimes broke out on board, and that the convicts would die like sheep with the rot. They would be better off, perhaps, dead, and flung, unshrouded and unconfined, overboard, to be devoured by the sharks in the Indian Ocean, but out of the scrape, as the author of "Eothen" would put it, of being alive and in a floating jail, with nothing much to be certain about save chains and scant victuals and foul stench and the stick.

The writer of the letter to which I refer had, of course, something to say about Port Said—that common sewer of the Levant, the needy Oriental villain's general home, the resort of rascaldom from Malta and Marseilles, from Pera and from Patras. Port Said, as all globe-trotters are aware, is renowned for its *cafés-chantants* and its roulette-tables. The latter are all swindles; and the "bonnets" who cajole the simpletons into making their game, the croupiers, and the knave who spins the wheel and sets the ball rolling, are all arrant cheats. Yet, oddly enough, there is a way of not losing your cash at a Port Said gambling-table. Nay, you may even win a little; but under the last-named circumstances you must rejoin your ship as soon after nightfall as possible, and not unaccompanied, else you run the risk of being waylaid by the gambling-house-keepers' myrmidons and murdered. In order to gain and not to lose at Port Said you must follow the advice given by a dashing French Captain of Hussars, Monsieur Jean De Pontèves-Sabran, who has just published a humorous, graphic, picturesque, and racy account of his travels in the East, entitled "L'Inde à Fond de Train," illustrated by drawings from his own facile and spirited pencil. This is the sage counsel given by Captain De Pontèves-Sabran:—"Never play at Port Said roulette-tables except with bad money; this will give you a material advantage over the bank." Go to Hachette's, in King William-street, and order the Captain of Hussars' book. I bought it in Marseilles, and read it in the lightning express between the Phœcean city and Lyons. By-the-way, how marvellously has the railway service between Marseilles and Paris improved. When I was very young, and my mother was residing at Marseilles, there were, of course, no railways at all. We came from Paris by the diligence, and, unless I am mistaken, it took at least six days to accomplish the journey, breaking it for half a day at Lyons. Then came the railway period; and I have known the express journey to be accomplished in twenty-two and in twenty hours. In 1869 I came from Toulon in the Imperial train which conveyed the Sultan Abdul Azziz to Paris, where he was to be the guest of Napoleon III. We made the long journey—some eight hundred miles, I should say—in four-and-twenty hours. The other day I took the *Rapide* at Marseilles at 8.30 a.m., and by 11 p.m. I was in Paris. A splendid drawing-room car was attached to the train, but it was full of Japanese; so I cheerfully accepted the courteous invitation of the conductor to share his own little caboose next to the smoking-room. The next car was a restaurant, where one breakfasted and dined very comfortably indeed, at far from immoderate prices.

I was speaking of Ceylon just now. May that spicy island flourish on the cultivation of tea as of aforetime it did on that of coffee! When you talk of Ceylon and the picturesque city of Colombo and the ancient city of Kandy, your thoughts naturally revert to curry. The prawn curry of the Grand Oriental Hotel in the old Dutch Port at Colombo is renowned throughout the East; and they give you with it—in addition to Bombay ducks—"poppedoms," if that be the right way of spelling the articles in question (something like passover cakes fried in ghee or liquified butter), and mango chutney, another and characteristically Sinhalese condiment, among the ingredients of which I think are fresh-grated cocoa-nut and chillies carefully brayed together in a mortar. This chutney is of a rich roseate hue; and after eating it with his prawn curry, the epicure feels like the Grand Turk—not that Turk to whom malicious reference was made by Daniel Quilp when he compelled Sampson Brass to smoke that pipe of very strong tobacco, but the real Grand Turk—the Grand Seigneur, the Caliph, the Sultan, the Padishah of Roum, reclining on his luxurious divan puffing or sucking alternately a *narghilé* and a *chibouck*, quaffing now sherbet and now Heidsieck's Dry Monopole, with eighteen thousand moon-faced houris dancing delirious sarabands around him.

I am teaching my cook to make curry of all kinds—Madras, Bengal, Singapore, Ceylon, and Pondicherry; Mrs. Godown's curry, Colonel Bungalow's curry, and, in particular, the historical curry of his Highness Ram Jam Cram Dam Chunder Boberjy, Nabob of Pukka Cutcha. As my *ordon bleu* progresses in curry-making I shall report progress in these columns. Of course, we shall have our failures ere we attain complete success; and I wish that I saw my way towards persuading the local board of guardians to allow me to try my more elaborate curries on a few of the aged paupers of St. Pancras Workhouse. If the curries were successful the generous diet would do the poor old ladies and gentlemen good; if, on the contrary, the curry stuff proved deleterious and killed them—well, they would be out of their own "scrape" of being alive, and old, and poor. A dreadful scrape it must be. Mem.—I have been writing at length about curry lately; and, on the day of the publication of my first curry article, my old friend, Sir Chowringhee Mongoose, K.S.I., did me the honour to pay me a visit. "In general," he said, in his well-known solemn accents, "I agree with that which you have stated in the matter of curry and curry-stuff. In some few particulars I dissent from your conclusions, and I notice one most important omission in your article. You have not told the curry cook that when, say, a chicken is to be curried, it should never be cut up into joints, as though she were about to fricassee it or prepare it à la Marengo; but it should be carefully and finely shredded, so that the entire curry, flesh, rice, and chutney (eaten with a fork and spoon, never with a knife and fork) should be mingled in one homogeneous and delicious mass. Your remarks anent the boiling rice for curry are in the main correct; but you have yet much to learn as regards the currying of bread-fruit. Good morning."

Meanwhile, by a lucky chance, I have become the possessor of a superb circular curry-dish, 18 in. in diameter, and divided into four compartments radiating to an inner cylinder deep enough to hold hot water, and a chafing-dish, but which I shall utilise as a receptacle for four

kinds of chutney. When the curry-eating moment arrives, a large bowl of properly boiled rice will, first of all, be brought in, and each guest will help himself to as much rice as he requires. Then the Dish will make its appearance, with its four compartments filled, respectively, with meat, chicken, vegetable, and prawn curry, if prawns be procurable. If they be not, then lobster or crab. I must try the crab curry on my impecunious neighbours at St. Pancras. I sighted this curry-dish in the window of a curiosity shop in Eccleston-street, Pimlico, from the window of the cab in which I was riding. I raided the curiosity shop, and secured the plateau at once. It is in reality an old supper-dish of the eighteenth century, and was probably intended to hold viands not in the least of the nature of curry. The compartments radiating to the central cylinder were loose, but I had a circular tray made of mahogany, lined with green cloth, into which the whole apparatus now "fits like a glove," as the saying is. It cost me £6 5s., but the dish is of old Yarmouth ware, superbly painted with passion-flowers. Mrs. Cook cannot obviously be always making curry, so the dish, on off days, will be displayed as an ornament among other china in the drawing-room. But there is no room for any more porcelain there; so I must buy an occasional table to put the dish upon. Additional expenditure, alas! and some fine afternoon the occasional table will be, I suppose, knocked over, and the famous curry-dish smashed to little bits by my white Pomeranian dog, formerly known as Bismarck, but now passing by the name of Hobson-Jobson.

Why Hobson-Jobson? Why, indeed. I have been asking myself the question these fifteen days past; for Hobson-Jobson is the red-letter top-title of a Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases of Kindred Terms; Etymological, Historical, Geographical, and Discursive. By Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., LL.D., and the late Arthur Coke Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. Colonel Yule is well known as the accomplished editor of the book of "Ser Marco Polo," and the late Dr. Farnell was the erudite Indian Civil Servant who wrote the "Elements of South Indian Palæography." The book is published by Mr. Murray. I was in such a desperate hurry to plunge into the innermost recesses of the work, that I omitted to read either the preface or the introduction. For aught I know, the "Hobson-Jobson Mystery" may be therein cleared up. Perhaps Colonel Yule was Hobson and Dr. Burnell Jobson.

At any rate, I have found this Glossary one of the most enchanting books that I have ever met with. I have breakfasted, lunched, and dined lately chiefly on Hobson-Jobson. It is not only a mine of philological wealth, but a guide, philosopher, and friend to the "Griffin" anxious to know something about Anglo-Indian life and manners. From this corpulent tome of nearly nine hundred double-columned pages you shall be made to know where Rogue's River is; what is the latest discovery as to the etymology of that most perplexing word "verandah"; what the word sherbet is really derived from; what manner of dancing-girl is a Cunchunee; how the word Bayadère, which French writers are so fond of using, is only a Gallicised form of the Portuguese *baileveira*, from *bailar*, to dance. There is one word, however, for which I looked in vain in Hobson-Jobson. I found "Chuckaroo," which is English soldiers' lingo for *Chakra*. I found that the Bengali Brahmin name of "Chuckabuttie" is only a vulgarised corruption of the word *Chakravarti*. I found "Chumpuck," which is a highly ornamental sacred tree; but I could not find *Chul*. I thought that, peradventure, it might be spelt *Chol* or *Chal*, but no. Now, in Calcutta *Chul* is a word that you hear fifty times a day. A lady tells you that her new Ayah will not *chul* at all; the proprietor of that popular weekly journal the *Houghly Dacoit*—I beg the Hon. W. W. Hunter, C.S.I., LL.D.'s pardon: *Houghly*, according to the canons of the recently promulgated Hunterian code of Indian orthography, should be "Hugli"—tells you that he is going home for six months; but that he has an able editor, and that the paper will "chul" very well during his absence. The *chul*, I apprehend, means to go on, to proceed, to do. If I am wrong, I will retract and apologise.

I must beg pardon, too, if for a week or so the "hard words" are occasionally misspelt. There were some blunders last week in the *Ascot Echoes*, "ruches," for example, was printed for the obviously Shakespearean "ouches." It was not my fault. My vision is not dimmer than usual; but my right hand has lost something—to wit, its cunning. The fag-end of an Indian fever has been racking my bones these many weeks past, and among the agreeable symptoms of my malady are intermittent ague fits, which prevent my writing legibly, so I have engaged an amanuensis. If Rumour is to be relied upon—and can we ever rely upon Rumour?—volleys of infuriated invectives are mingled with the matter which I dictate to my secretary; while from time to time tall folio copies of the Fathers, bound in vellum, and all my Royal Octavo Dictionaries, go whizzing through the air, aimed at the secretary's head. But Rumour does tell such fibs.

I advertised in three papers for a lady secretary, age not under thirty, a governess preferred. Governesses can spell, and know something about geography. The lady amanuensis was to be able to write legibly, and to possess a fair knowledge of French. Replies, stating terms required, were to be addressed to "Delta," at a newsagent's in Lamb's Conduit-street. I had four hundred and thirty-five answers to my advertisement. From all parts of the Metropolis, and the United Kingdom; from Brussels, and Paris, and Germany, came letters from ladies, all of whom wrote legibly, many of whom wrote splendidly, all of whom stated they spoke and wrote French with fluency; many of whom added that they could speak and write half-a-dozen modern languages; and at least fifty of whom could write shorthand. The terms demanded by these ladies varied from six shillings a week to five-and-twenty shillings. The amanuensis who is now kindly assisting me is not one of the four hundred and thirty-five.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE COURT.

The Queen gave a ball for her servants at Balmoral on Friday night, the 11th inst., in celebration of her birthday. Last Saturday afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in an open carriage, and gave away birthday presents with their own hands to most of the cottagers on the Balmoral estate. In the afternoon they drove to Birkhall, near Ballater. On Sunday forenoon they attended public worship in Crathie parish church, where the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, of Glasgow, preached. He had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with the two Princesses. The Court has gone into mourning for the late King of Bavaria.

Notice is given in the *Gazette* that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, next Friday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday from Harewood Lodge, Ascot. In the evening the Prince and Princess honoured the performance of "Carmen," by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at Drury-Lane Theatre, with their presence. The Prince and Princess, with their daughters, visited the Military Tournament in Islington on Tuesday, and watched a number of the competitions. Their Royal Highnesses occupied the Queen's box at the Royal Italian Opera in the evening. To-day (Saturday) they will pay a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke at Easton Park, near Dunmow.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The novel called "Mehalah" owed its chief success as a work of fiction to its powerful and weird description of a portion of the unknown Essex shore. We seemed to live in these ague-haunted swamps, and to understand the strange lives of the fishermen, the over-mastering will of Elijah Rebew, and the defiant air of the gipsy-bred Mehalah. Suddenly transformed to the stage, unassisted by fitting scenery, and disfigured by ugly and inappropriate stage management, the charm of the book evaporates, and there is nothing to supply its place. A *matinée* is the worst possible test of a play of this pattern—a play that depends so much on power of arrangement and force of picture. A comedy, or farce that can be easily acted with the aid of a few chairs and tables, may well be tested at a morning performance, but an ill-arranged and ill-rehearsed melodrama on a sultry June afternoon would be a trial to the patience of Job himself. Mr. Hermann Vezin, as Elijah Rebew, had to rehearse a catalogue of his iniquities every time he opened his mouth in a kind of rhythmical chant, reminding one of the old woman who could not get her pig over the stile. "Dog, dog, bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night," a memorable instance of cumulative jingle that, I believe, had its origin in a Hebraic legend, and is literally as old as the hills. But it is astonishing to find a hero of modern melodrama striking an attitude directly he comes on the stage, and saying, "I am Elijah Rebew, and the Raj is mine, and the farm that is upon the Raj is mine, and the house that is called the farm is mine, and you are mine, and the chair is mine, and the coal-scuttle is mine," &c., until the audience is maddened with the auctioneer's catalogue, that is supposed to give "character" to Elijah Rebew. I fear it would have given the unfortunate gentleman a bad quarter of an hour if Elijah, the reckless one, had confided his persistent peculiarities to the patient ear of a pessimistic pit. There would not have been much of poor Elijah left, I fear. Neither Mr. Vezin nor Miss Mary Rorke could do much with Elijah or Mehalah. Their violence became monotonous, their ill-temper was irritating. A slaying-match between a bully and a virago may be very true to nature, but it is extremely irritating. I am told sometimes that I ought to like what is true to nature. I don't. It is the very thing that I am often most anxious to avoid. Quarrelling and wrangling are detestable to me. I have heard enough of them, one way or another, in one's journey through life, without desiring a repetition of them in the form of dramatic amusement. In these days it is impossible to say what is or may not be popular. Certainly, Elijah Rebew and Mehalah, as personated in the theatre, are the most unamiable and vindictive couple ever presented to attract our interest. A woman who merges her femininity in the vixen, and a man who sinks his manhood in the brute are not to my liking. I don't want to meet them on or off the stage. Mr. Frank Rodney is evidently an industrious and intelligent young actor, but he should be warned not to force his geniality on his audience so much. We can see how high-spirited and dashing and excellent he is without having it dinned into our ears so frequently.

The Empire Theatre is one of the handsomest places of public entertainment in Europe, and, thanks to the energetic M. Marius and his clever confrères, Mr. W. Younge and Mr. Alfred Murray, it appears at last to have been turned to good account. "The Palace of Pearl," with its splendid ballets, its processions, its songs, chants, and dances, has evidently given great satisfaction. The Empire in Leicester-square has produced a "summer pantomime" worthy of old Drury itself.

All who love good acting, that can be remembered in the after years, and can be looked back upon with pleasure, should not miss an opportunity of seeing Jane Hading play Denise. Let them not be frightened away by the rapid conversation of the first two acts, and the discussions that Alexandre Dumas so much enjoys, but let them wait until act three, when Denise tells the infinitely pathetic story of her early life to the honourable man who loves her. As Jane Hading, step by step, treads the weary path of her life sorrow again, tears rise into the eyes of the audience, as they have not done since Miss Bateman played Leah, Mr. Robson "The Porter's Knot," and Miss Ellen Terry Queen Henrietta Maria and the incomparable Olivia.

C. S.

At a meeting of the London Common Council on the 10th inst., it was unanimously agreed to that 100 guineas be placed at the disposal of the council of the National Rifle Association, to be devoted as a special prize or prizes, to be called the Corporation of the City of London prize or prizes, and to be competed for by Colonial and Indian Volunteers at the forthcoming Wimbledon meeting, on conditions to be settled by the council.

The Gold Cup at Ascot was won by Baron De Hirsch's Althorp, the St. James's Palace Stakes by the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, the Rous Memorial Stakes by Mr. Hammond's St. Gatien, and the New Stakes by Mr. Douglas Baird's Enterprise.—On the concluding day Prince Soltykoff won the Thirty-third Triennial with Mephisto, Colonel O. J. Crewe-Read the High-Weight Plate with Kinsky, Mr. Manton the Wokingham Stakes with Loved One, the Duke of Westminster the Hardwicke Stakes with Ormonde, Lord Ellesmere the Windsor Castle Stakes with Grandison, Mr. Craig, jun., the Alexandra Plate with Blue Grass, and General O. Williams the Queen's Stand Plate with Financier.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 15.

The Chamber last Friday voted the expulsion of the Princes by 315 votes against 232. The Princes proscribed by this law are the Comte de Paris and his son and heir, the Duc d'Orléans, and Prince Jérôme Napoleon and his son and heir, Prince Victor. The other members of the Orléans and Bonaparte families will be allowed to live in France; but they are deprived of their rights as Frenchmen, and not allowed to serve in the Army or Navy, nor to exercise any public function or any legislative mandate. The next question is, how will the bill fare at the hands of the Senate? It is generally believed that the bill will be voted by the senators in spite of eloquent and reasonable opposition. But even if the bill were rejected by the Senate, the Princes would still be exiled; the Freycinet Cabinet is bound, and, in default of a law, a Ministerial decree or a police measure will suffice. Nevertheless, the senators are understood, as a rule, to regard the expulsion of the Princes as an anti-Liberal measure of a nature to harm the Republic; and, if one may judge from what one hears and reads, such is also the opinion of the majority of the nation. The French are opposed to proscriptions and persecutions of all kinds, and whether the Republic exiles French Princes or persecutes religious orders, it loses favour and popularity. M. Vacquerie has well summed up the situation in saying, "If the expulsion of the Princes is not followed by a law against newsvendors, a law against the press, and a law against evening parties, nothing will have been done except to diminish the prestige of the Republic."

It must, however, be remembered that, so far as the Comte de Paris is concerned, public opinion in France considers the question of principle in the law of expulsion, and not the question of persons. Throughout the debate at the Chamber no orator defended French Royalty except the Comte de Mun, who is no friend of the Comte de Paris. Up to the last the Comte de Paris refrained from publishing any manifesto or any expression of sentiments or opinions; and when the Pretender did speak, it was through the mouth of the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who, for reasons whose weight I will not discuss, is a *persona ingratis* to the French, and generally credited with being an enemy of France, whereas he is simply an excellent journalist. Everything seems to have concurred to render the departure of the Comte de Paris ignominious. The attitude of the Pretender has closed once for all the question of the Princes.

The sun, so rare in rainy Paris of late, deigned to shine on the holiday-makers yesterday, and the fête and battle of flowers was successfully celebrated in the garden of the Tuileries. This fête brought to a conclusion the series of fêtes organised by the Committee of Industry and Commerce, which have produced for the poor of Paris some 400,000fr.

Thirty English Positivists, under the conduct of Mr. Frederick Harrison, were received last Sunday by the Parisian Comtists in the house, No. 10, Rue Mauleur le Prince, where the founder of Positivism lived and died. The English visitors, accompanied by 120 French Positivists, then made a pilgrimage to the grave of Auguste Comte, in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, and also visited the graves of Comte's Egeria, Madame Clotilde De Vaux, and of some great types of humanity—Gall, Bichat, Fourier, and others.

M. Anton Proust, president of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, who has been recently studying foreign museums, criticises the arrangement of our collections at South Kensington. There is material enough there, he says, to make four or five rich museums; but there is no order. You do not know where to find the objects you need; and when you have found them, the objects that ought to be placed beside them for comparison are wanting. At Berlin, he continues, the museum is better arranged; but it is possible to do even better still. In course of a year or so, we shall see what this "better still" is, for the foundations of the new Parisian Museum of Decorative Art are to be laid probably next month.

The engineer Eiffel's scheme for the erection of an iron tower, 300 metres high, has been officially accepted by the Government; and this colossal work will, consequently, be the great feature of the Exhibition of 1889.

M. Paul Bonnetain has just published a curious and interesting psychological novel, called "L'Opium" (1 vol., Charpentier). The author has made his observations in China, Tonquin, and Annam, and studied particularly opium-smoking; so that his book is, in a way, the complement of De Quincey's "Opium-Eater."

T. C.

The new Italian Parliament was opened on the 10th inst. by the King, whose speech, announcing the most cordial relations with the rest of Europe, was loudly applauded.

The new Spanish Chamber of Deputies was constituted on the 11th inst., and Señor Martos elected President by 232 votes. The deputies afterwards took the oath of allegiance to the Constitution and the King.

On the 10th inst. the German Emperor unveiled, amid much ceremony, the equestrian statue of his brother, Frederick William IV., which has been placed in front of the National Gallery, Berlin.

Five physicians having declared Louis II., King of Bavaria, to be insane, and as his only brother, Prince Otto, is equally incapable of ruling, their uncle, Prince Luitpold, issued a proclamation on the 10th inst. announcing that he had assumed the Government. The document was countersigned by all the Bavarian Ministers. It was announced from Munich that the King of Bavaria committed suicide in the Starnberg Lake on Sunday evening. His private physician, Dr. Gudden, was drowned in attempting to save him. There were traces of a violent struggle on the bank. Prince Otto, the brother of the deceased monarch, although insane, has been proclaimed King, under the Regency of Prince Luitpold.

President Cleveland has accepted the honorary presidency of the American Exhibition, to be held in London in 1887, and will perform the opening ceremony by telegraph from the White House.

Intelligence received from British Columbia states that the town of Vancouver has been destroyed by fire. A thousand persons are reported to have been rendered homeless; it is feared that several persons perished in the flames.

Mr. Phayre, Deputy Commissioner of Minbu, Upper Burmah, son of Sir Robert Phayre, was shot on the 8th inst. while attacking a gang of dacoits under the notorious chief Boh-Sway, who occupied an entrenched position at Ngapeh. His body was carried away by the dacoits. An expedition has set out to punish the rebels.

It is announced from Sydney that the Committee of Ways and Means has approved of all the New South Wales Government's proposals for increasing revenue in order to meet the Exchequer deficit.

A terrible volcanic eruption, causing great loss of life, has occurred in the Tarawera district, New Zealand. Whole villages have been buried in ashes, and the surface of the country has been disturbed for miles around.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The common notion that women do not take any interest in politics seems very conclusively disproved in my circle of acquaintance just now, and, therefore, presumably in everybody else's circle. For my part, I wish some of the dear women I meet would talk to me about something else than Ireland. I hear of it from all sorts of ladies. There is the good old Quakeress, who lays her hand upon her bosom and says, "I have no need to argue the question. I feel here that the measure is right"; while she admits that this is in defiance of the view of the Irish Friends, who have sent a deputation (included in which is, as was to be expected, a female minister) from their yearly meeting, to influence the English Quakers against Home Rule. Then there is the Ulster Presbyterian lady, who assures me that "every person in Ireland who is engaged in Liberal or progressive work of any kind, without exception, is against the bill"; and as she talks to me she goes white to the very lips, so intensely does she feel about the matter. In opposition to this, the daughter of one of the best known Ulster M.P.'s of five-and-twenty years ago declares her sympathy with the bill, and her conviction that the agrarian difficulty can never be settled except by the Irish themselves. An observer of our ways once declared that a certain small spiteful wit was a favourite thing with women, and was employed in a manner comparable to sticking pins under the finger-nails, in cases of aversion where a man would prefer to cut off a finger. It sounds like an instance of this when one lady remarks:—"The Duchess of A. says that Mr. Blank (one of the Irish M.P.'s) is only the son of a butcher in Killmahooly; but not of the best butcher in Killmahooly—not of the butcher who serves us." But this mere sneer turns into an argument when another lady seriously points out that in the whole list of Mr. Parnell's followers there is not one manufacturer, and only two or three who can, by a stretch of courtesy, be called merchants; so that these important but numerically weaker classes in Ireland see themselves threatened with a Government entirely out of sympathy with their interests.

I lunched the other day at the house of an eminent lady, where there was a distinguished party assembled. I will not mention any names except those of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, to meet whom is now-a-days a rare pleasure, as she resides permanently in Wales; and Professor F. W. Newman, whose vegetarianism is well known, so that nobody was surprised to see him lunching off a dish of stewed mushrooms and boiled macaroni. He looks remarkably hale, and comparatively young, though he is really eighty-two years old—an age at which one has a right to be modestly vain of a mouthful of natural teeth. To see Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at seventy-six, and Professor F. W. Newman at eighty-two, in successive weeks, makes one reflect that there are many exceptions to David's definition of the years that come after three score and ten. However, what I was going to observe was that, as gentlemen were very few, I sat at luncheon next a young Irish lady, Mrs. B., the daughter of Sir George —, whose estate is in the south of Ireland. One thing I am very anxious to find out is how far the Catholic Church is to be considered as the prime mover, or how far the prisoner, of the "Nationalist" campaign. My neighbour at that luncheon was distinctly of opinion that the priests are dragged into it by the people. The priests are maintained by the contributions of the people—by the Sunday offerings, and by the charges for ceremonies, occasionally receiving as much for a wedding as twenty-five pounds. A certain priest in Mrs. B.'s neighbourhood denounced an agrarian murder from the altar; whereupon nearly all the men rose and left the church. Next Sunday there were only half-a-dozen women present; and, to put it shortly, the unfortunate priest, for denouncing murder, was boycotted, and reduced to such a state of poverty that the Protestant gentry made a subscription for him. Finally, he had to be removed from the neighbourhood, to another church.

The Royal Military Tournament, held annually in London, seems to me one of the most interesting "fixtures" of the whole season. It is a capital display of skill and force united. The musical ride of the Life Guards, for instance (given this year by the 2nd Life Guards), displays to perfection the splendid physique of both men and horses; but is yet more attractive from the perfect training of the troops and their gigantic black steeds. At a touch of the finger, apparently, the massive animals wheel in a few inches of space, pass accurately through the most intricate evolutions, and keep strictly in time with the band. No quadrille at a state ball was ever better danced; and the figures are far more elaborate than those of a quadrille. As the big men, clad in scarlet coats and steel corselets, and white leather breeches and long black jack-boots, with white plumes floating over their glittering helmets, advance and circle and intermix and separate, the spectacle is a very brilliant one. The Hussars give a complete dramatic performance. One detachment represented an engagement with Arabs in the bush, in the course of which two of the soldiers formed a stretcher out of nothing but their coats and lances, and carried off a wounded comrade. Another detachment depicted charging a gun, and bringing it away; one trooper leaping a hedge with four horses in hand. Various other incidents were represented; and, finally, there was a grand dramatic scene; including the bridging of a river; the firing of some of those dreadful modern cannon that pour forth a storm of death-dealing pellets on the mere turning of a handle; the dressing, on the field, of all manner of wounds; and the charge and capture of a fort by infantry. How popular it all is may be judged by the attendance, which tests even Major Tully's organising powers, several thousands of spectators being present every day.

On Tuesday the Princess of Wales attended the tournament, accompanied by the Prince and by their daughters. The Princess was simply attired in a black *faillie Française* costume, over which she wore a sleeveless jacket of jet. Her bonnet was rather gorgeous, consisting of a shape of alternate circles of red gauze and blue gauze, closely gauged, trimmed with very tall bows of scarlet ribbon spotted with white; the strings, which were quite long, being of the same ribbon, and the coronet brim in front covered with red velvet. The bonnet was held in place by a large diamond-topped pin; so that, altogether, that sweet head was unusually brilliantly decorated. The young Princesses had on closely-fitting frocks of Navy blue foulard, with a pale blue flower patterned over it, and made with plastrons of pale blue muslin. Their hats were high, and of black straw, turned up at the sides with black velvet, and trimmed in front with a tall pleating of pale blue gauze to the right, and of dark blue gauze to the left hand, above which osprey aigrettes of the two colours intermingled rose high.

A large proportion of the visitors are ladies. "Women hate war and adore the Army," said Rear-Admiral Maxse, in scorn of our inconsistency. But I maintain that there is no inconsistency here; for the skill of the trained eye and hand, the perfect discipline, and the manly strength and power displayed, may all be admired by those of us who most unfeignedly deprecate the barbarous and expensive recourse to fighting to settle our international disputes, and who most ardently detest the cruelties and sacrifices of battle.—F. F. M.

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

The Year of Jubilee, as prescribed to the people of Israel in the Book of Leviticus, was to commence after "seven times seven" years, forty-nine as we reckon; it would thus be the *fiftieth* year from the event to be commemorated, which was the settlement of that nation in a Promised Land. The happy event, which the people of this country will now be invited to bear in mind, took place forty-nine years ago, on June 20, 1837, when her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria succeeded to the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland.

This exalted Lady, who would, for her personal character, be esteemed and beloved if she were placed by birth in the humblest rank, being a fair example of that which wise King Solomon declares to be "far beyond rubies" in



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BORN, AS IT APPEARED IN 1831.

price—simply a good woman—is sixty-seven years of age. The glory and prosperity of her reign, which has been, taken in all, the happiest period of English history, incomparably grander as well as more beneficent than that of Queen Elizabeth, will not here occupy much of our consideration. If there be any merit, if there be any praise, due to human agencies in the vast social, political, and we trust, moral as well as material progress, that has been achieved in the past half-century, for which we are deeply grateful to the Supreme Ruler of mankind, it has not been wholly her work. Many good people, high and low, Ministers of State, legislators, administrators, and reformers; preachers of true Christianity; teachers of sound philosophy; authors,

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT, THE QUEEN'S FATHER.
After a Portrait by G. E. Dawe.PRINCESS VICTORIA, AN EARLY PORTRAIT.
After an Engraving by J. Förm.

poets, critics, novelists, and artists, whose works have illustrated the best aspects of human nature; public speakers and journalists; zealous philanthropists who have striven to redeem the lost, the vicious, the despairing and perishing of our race, to protect and relieve the suffering, to deliver the oppressed—thousands of the pupils and helpers of these leaders in the advancement of society, must also be remembered. The age of Queen Victoria has been the age, to name but a few, of such public servants and public instructors as Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Mr. Gladstone; as Drs. Arnold and Whately, Dean Stanley, Newman, and Manning (for diverse theological paths lead through "the Golden Grove" of unbounded Divine truth); as Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson, Hood, and Browning; as Dickens, Lytton, Thackeray, Kingsley, and George Eliot; as John Stuart Mill; as the historians, Hallam, Grote, Macaulay, Froude, and

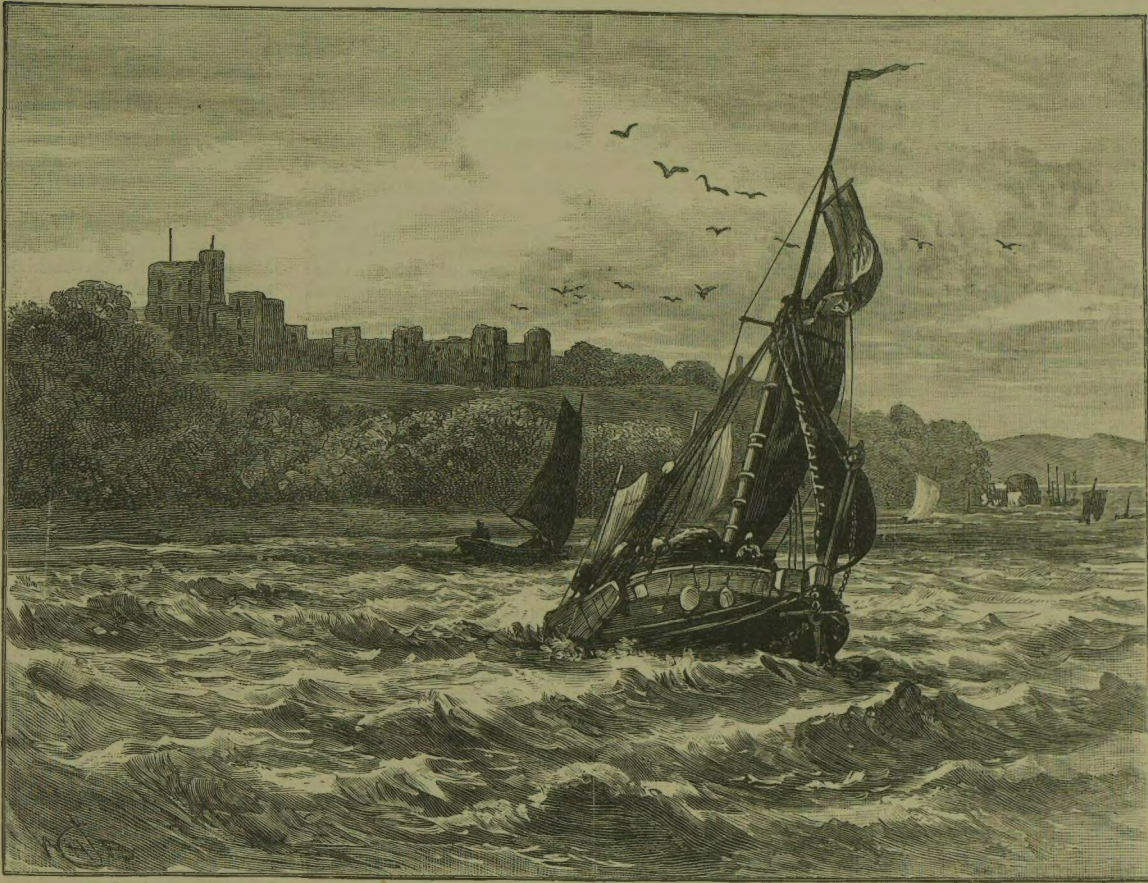
WOOLBROOK COTTAGE, SIDMOUTH, WHERE THE DUKE OF KENT DIED IN 1820.
Copied from a View dated 1819.

Freeman; as the painters, from Turner to Millais; the men of science, Faraday, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and others; the great inventors and constructors; Stephenson and Brunel, the engineers, and the different authors of mechanical, chemical, manufacturing, and electrical appliances, giving us a mastery over the forces and materials of Nature; the great geographical explorers on sea and land; with the great founders of colonisation and promoters of commerce; the great law reformers; and all those, led by good Lord Shaftesbury, who gave their lives to the service of the poor. It is the true glory of her Majesty's reign that the efforts of this noble army of soldiers of social improvement have been actively supported by public opinion; and that the world is so much the better in 1886 than she found it in 1837. The condition of England, of the United Kingdom, and of the British Empire, including her vast dominion in India, with its nearly

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

250,000,000 subjects, and her eight or nine millions of English in the self-governing Colonies, has been greatly improved in every way; there has been no such real and substantial progress in any age, or in any nation, from the beginning of recorded history. We have been living fast, but we have not lived in vain.

The personal and domestic situation of Victoria, as Princess and Queen, will more particularly engage our attention in the following account, written to accompany a series of Illustrations of her biography from 1819, when she was born, to the first years of her wedded life, 1840 to 1846. It may hereafter be continued by a narrative of the last forty years of her reign, and of her experiences as wife, mother—we grieve to add, latterly as widow—to the period of this Jubilee, which will probably have its formal celebration when the twelvemonth is expired. The Queen has, in her own two volumes, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in



NORRIS CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, RESIDENCE OF DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA, 1833.
From a Print published in 1829.

the Highlands," and in the authorised "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," and those of Princess Alice, furnished many interesting details. We now proceed to review, sufficiently for the present occasion,

HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

The period of the Regency of George, Prince of Wales, was certainly not one of the best times in English history. The war with France, by its enormous expenditure, had demoralised all classes. A fictitious prosperity gave capitalists a golden harvest, and encouraged the masses to multiply to their own destruction. Wages fell, crime and pauperism increased. To make matters worse, the landowners had insisted, in 1815, on an Act prohibiting the introduction of foreign wheat, until corn reached a famine price. To a period of plenty succeeded one of starvation. The movement against machinery recommenced, and riots broke out in various parts of the country. Social and political reforms, kept waiting



PRINCESS VICTORIA

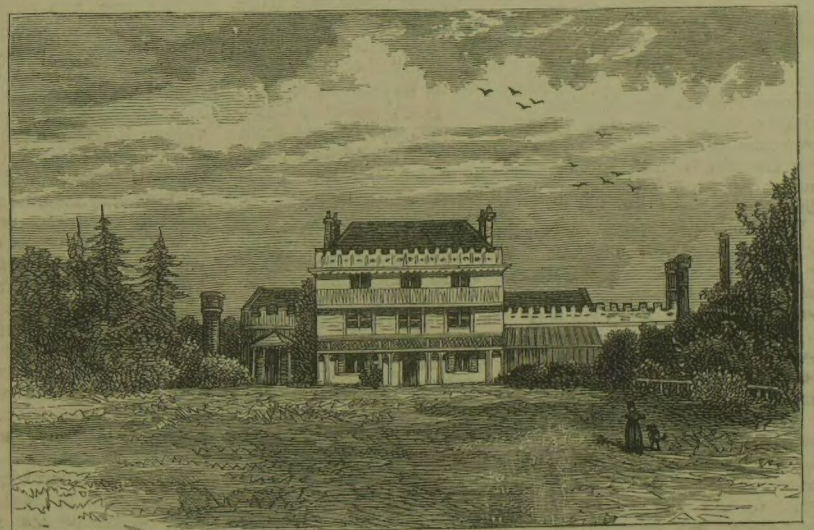
Drawn at Kensington Palace, March, 1834, by J. R. Herbert, R.A.

during the long war, were pressed with urgency, the rulers of the day only replying by refusal and repression. To add to the darkness of the moment, towards the close of 1818, Sir Samuel Romilly, the man who had spent his life in struggling to make the English penal code more humane, overcome by melancholy, terminated his noble career by his own hand. The rise of the agitation for Parliamentary Reform was attended with the disgraceful incident called the Peterloo Massacre.

But these things were but the symptoms of deep-rooted social disease. A truly brutal lewdness prevailed throughout society; men of all classes drank heavily; and among the most highly-placed many not only found pleasure in prize-fighting and cock-fighting, but sought a still more degraded



THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED AT THE REVIEW OF TROOPS
AT WINDSOR, SEPT. 28, 1837.



WEST CLIFF HOUSE, RAMSGATE, THE RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS VICTORIA
IN 1837.

excitement in the fearful Alsatia at the base of London life. Meanwhile, the workers were reduced by the conditions of labour to a state of great misery. The Parliamentary reports of Commissions of Inquiry into the condition of women and children in mines, factories, and agriculture, contain statements very distressing to peruse.

As a complication of the disorder, and really as one of its results, the Succession to the Crown was in danger. At the death of Princess Charlotte, in 1817, there was not a single heir to the Throne of the second generation; and this, although George III. had eleven children then living, all of whom had reached middle life. The Dukes of Kent and Cambridge accordingly married in the May of the following year, and in July the Duke of Clarence followed their example. It must be considered a providential event that the succession to the British Crown was ere long manifestly intended for the child of the first-named Prince, who, with perhaps the exception of the Duke of Sussex, was the most worthy member of the House of Brunswick.

THE QUEEN'S PARENTS, AND HER BIRTH.

Edward, Duke of Kent, was, however, no favourite either with his father, his brother, or the Ministers of his time. Bishop Fisher, of Salisbury, the preceptor of Princess Charlotte, relating on one occasion the severe punishment inflicted on the Prince when a boy for a passionate act, seems to suggest the reason: "When," the Bishop exclaimed, "was it otherwise—when and where? With the Duke of Kent truth was omnipotent. He could not dissemble. Were those who in a measure controlled his destiny able justly to estimate his character? Could they appreciate it? Did they? I fear not."

A Chelsea pensioner thus commented on the mutiny which took place at Gibraltar while the Duke was Governor:—"The Duke of Kent? I recollect him right well. He was a very bad man. He would not let us drink. He was worse than any teetotaler going—much worse. And then his hours—he was up before the sun—and the parades, he never missed one. There was one word almost always forward in his prayer-book—the word duty—and by that he swore. He was very near being sent over the Rock, for all that."

No doubt, the demoralised soldiery, then in garrison at Gibraltar, thought the Duke a martinet; but when we learn the condition in which he found things on his arrival we have little doubt with whom we ought to sympathise. Whole bands of soldiers and sailors were literally lying in the streets in the most degrading state of inebriety; licentiousness was unrestrained and brutal. There were on the Rock at least ninety wine and spirit houses—hot-beds of every moral evil, but rich sources of Government revenue. The Duke reduced these houses from ninety to sixty, and in so doing materially curtailed his own revenue. But he was not the man to seek his own interest, as is partly proved, if it be true, as has been stated, that he received in the course of his life £1,400,000 less than his elder brother, the Duke of York. "I hate," he said, "to eat the bread of idleness. I am supported by my country, and I am anxious to dedicate my whole powers to my country."

In this spirit he attempted a reform at Gibraltar, but his interference with the moral license prevailing was bitterly resented, not only by the men but by the officers, who, compelled to leave the billiard-room to attend to their duties, became quite insubordinate. A meeting was fomented by the aid of a number of local bacchanals, who distributed inspiring draughts to the degraded soldiery, and an émeute took place during Christmas, 1802. It was quickly suppressed, but its extremely dangerous character afterwards appeared, since, according to the confession of one of the mutineers, it was formed and conducted by officers of the garrison, some of these being of the first rank. The Duke's life was even in danger, for it was reckoned that when the drunken and infuriated soldiers had got possession of him, they would not be likely to spare him. What was the result? The reforming Governor was recalled by the Commander-in-Chief, his own brother, the Duke of York; and he was actually ordered to resign his office into the hands of a man he had himself begged should be removed. Even the Prince Regent thought him very badly treated, and upbraided the Prime Minister of the day, Mr. Addington. Baron Stockmar thus describes the Duke of Kent, about this time:—"A large, powerful man, like the King (George III.), and as bald as anyone can be. The quietest of all the Dukes I have seen; talks slowly and deliberately; is kind and courteous."

The Duke of Kent was in Germany when the death of Princess Charlotte caused alarm as to succession. On May 29, 1818, he was married, at Coburg, to Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, widow of the Prince of Leiningen, and sister of the widower of Princess Charlotte; the ceremony was repeated at Kew Palace in July of the same year. In his new sphere he was still neglected, being left in such a position as to be obliged to live at Amorbach, the residence of the former husband of the Duchess; and there his daughter would have been born had it depended on the Regent and his Minister, Lord Liverpool. However, the Duke was determined that the birth should take place on English soil, and, to the annoyance of the Regent, he came to reside at Kensington Palace in March, 1819. His child was born on May 24 following, a German lady, Frau Charlotte, officiating on the occasion, and the mother herself nursing the infant. In due time the new-born Princess was christened, the ceremony taking place in the Grand Saloon at Kensington Palace, the Prince Regent acting as sponsor, and naming the child Alexandrina, after the Emperor of Russia, who was the other godfather. It had been intended to call the infant Alexandrina Georgina. Happily, the Prince Regent thought it would not accord with his dignity to have his own name placed second to that of the Czar, so he suggested that of the mother; and the baby Princess obtained the name of "VICTORIA," which will become the title of at least half a century of English history.

One of the Duke of Kent's friends, being about to take his leave after a visit to Kensington Palace, was asked to give Princess Victoria his blessing: "Don't pray," said the Duke, "simply, that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God."

This incident should be remembered in connection with the actual development of this infant's life, and shows vividly the influence under which she came into the world. The Duke of Kent was no Royal actor, but a simple, honest man, sincerely desirous of promoting the good of mankind. "I am," he said, on one occasion, "the friend of civil and religious liberty, all the world over. I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren; and I hold that power is delegated only for the benefit of the people. These are the principles of myself and of my beloved brother, the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular principles just now—that is, they do not conduct to place or office. All the members of the Royal family do not hold the same principles. For this I do not blame them; but we claim for ourselves the right of thinking

and acting as we think best." This profession of faith may seem a commonplace truism to the present generation, since its principles have now become part of the law of the land. But, at the beginning of this century, they were strenuously opposed by the great majority of the ruling classes. A Royal Duke, who supported the British and Foreign School Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, the Bible Society, and did not hesitate to acknowledge himself an admirer of Robert Owen's system, was not likely to be a person in great favour with his own circle. Towards the close of his life he was so interested in what Owen was doing in the New Lanark, as to send Dr. McNab to make a thorough investigation on the spot; and in June, 1819, he became chairman of a committee, which included Ricardo and Peel, to inquire into the subject; he even proposed to go to Scotland himself that he might speak with more authority in favour of that experiment in industrial organisation.

During the winter of 1819 the Duke and Duchess took up their abode in a delightful retreat near Sidmouth, called Woolbrook Cottage. It was probably the happiest time in his existence; though, as a tender father, some occasional anxieties hung over him, for the babe who was the subject of his most ambitious hopes nearly lost its life through the carelessness of a boy, who let off a gun so near the cottage that the shot passed through a window close to the head of the Royal infant. On Dec. 29, 1819, the Duke wrote as follows to a friend with whom he had freely corresponded for years:—"My little girl thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate, and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy; too healthy, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder. How largely she contributes to my own happiness at this moment it is needless for me to say to you, who are in such full possession of my feelings upon this subject." He was constantly showing his baby to his friends, saying, "take care of her, for she will be Queen of England." In fact, he was persuaded that he himself would come to the Throne. "My brothers," he often said, "are not so strong as I am; I have lived a regular life. I shall outlive them all; the crown will come to me and my children." This confident expectation proved an illusion. The Duke had been benevolently informed that 1820 would be fatal to two members of the Royal family: he little dreamt that one would be himself. On Jan. 19 in that year he caught a severe cold from sitting in his wet boots after a long walk. Inflammation of the lungs came on; the medical practitioners of the day bled him profusely; and on the following Sunday morning, Jan. 23, he passed away—

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

THE QUEEN'S GIRLHOOD.

The Duchess of Kent, again a widow, lived in retirement with her three children at Kensington Palace, or, with her brother, Prince Leopold, at Claremont. Here Princess Victoria was often seen by Miss Porter, the author of "The Scottish Chiefs," who describes her as "a beautiful child, with a cherubic form of face, clustered round by glossy fair ringlets; her complexion remarkably transparent, with a soft but often heightening tinge of the sweet blush-rose upon her cheeks, imparting a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes." At Claremont the Princess won golden opinions by her engaging and ingenuous manners.

From Claremont to William III.'s dingy Palace could not have been an agreeable change. However, there was ample scope for romps in its long suites of dull rooms and in its gardens, and still more in the Park. A lively and awakened child, of a joyous temperament and an inquiring mind, the Princess was extremely active, and fond of play. If the stories related at the time be true, she manifested a love of popularity little characteristic of her mature life. She seldom passed anyone in the gardens, either when riding in her little carriage or on her donkey, but she said, "How do you do?" or "Good morning, Sir, or Lady," and she always seemed pleased to enter into conversation with strangers, returning their compliments, or answering their questions, in the most distinct and good-humoured manner.

Dressed in a large straw hat and a white cotton frock, with a moss-rose fastened in her bosom, holding her sister Feodora in one hand, and the string of her little go-cart in the other, she would run rapidly along the broad gravel walk, or up and down the green hillocks of the park, to the amusement of a crowd of people. She accepted the popular interest in her gambols without the least discomposure, continuing her play, and sometimes speaking to the spectators. When in the Gardens, she would sometimes allow her sympathy for an admiring public to carry her to the extent of going to the palings and making a curtsy, and kissing her hand, speaking to all who addressed her; and this little levée she found so agreeable that when her attendants came and led her away, she slipped out of their hands and came back again to receive the admiration of the people. Like most impulsive children, she sometimes got into difficulties. A Yorkshire story tells how, during her stay at Wentworth House, she was flitting gaily about the terraced gardens, when an old gardener, observing that she was going to run down a bank, called out, "Be careful, Miss; it's *slape!*" "*Slape!* *slape!*" exclaimed the Princess. "What's *slape!*" "The next moment her foot slipped, and she was rolling down the bank. "That's *slape*, Miss," said the old man, as he ran to her assistance.

The Coburgs introduced into England quite a new idea of Royal good example. George III. had, indeed, felt a strong sense of duty; and even George IV. and William IV. had not been wholly without feeling on this score; but they had none of them entertained the slightest notion that the first of all their duties was the cultivation of their own character, the rendering themselves all that was possible, mentally and morally. No doubt there have been individual monarchs, Pagan as well as Christian, who have attempted this, but they have been isolated: the Coburgs are the first who have done it as a family. It was some time before they succeeded in turning the tide of that vulgar licentiousness which in the early part of this century characterised English society. None of the family had a more arduous task than the Duchess of Kent, who, a foreigner, without any natural protector, had, during the worst period, to bring up the future Queen of England. We are not obliged to accept as literally exact Mr. Greville's statements concerning what he calls the "jealous seclusion" in which Princess Victoria was kept, but they no doubt indicate the substantial truth. She was rightly preserved from much connection with "the great world" until she should be in a position to give it an entirely different tone.

Not that the Duchess of Kent wished to keep her from contact with the real world; in that direction, at least, there was no "jealous seclusion." Their home-life was that of quiet English folk, whose enjoyments are found in rural scenes, or inhaling sea-breezes. Thus, in 1821, they went to stay at the Pavilion in Brighton, which three years previously had been reconstructed by Nash. The Princess was little more than two years of age, or she might have considerably developed her imagination in the wonderful Chinese gallery, which stretched

from one end of the building to the other. The Regent had gone China-mad, through reading the story of Lord Amherst's Embassy to that country; and it would be strange if the odd and grotesque forms which met the eye at every turn had left no impression on the sensitive brain of his infant niece. 1826 appears to have been the first time she saw the building most symbolic of the English monarchy—Windsor Castle. There can be no difficulty in believing that his bright, outspoken, impulsive little niece delighted "Uncle King"; but the poor Duchess could not have felt particularly pleased, as it is said George IV. often threatened to use his power to deprive her of the charge of her daughter. It is clear the Duchess had a bad time with her illustrious relatives; however, she was a wise woman, and made such concessions as she could. Thus, in 1828, Princess Victoria was present at a children's ball, which the King gave in honour of the little Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria.

In 1830 William IV. succeeded to the throne, and, although the new King entertained the same feeling towards the Duchess as his brother had done, he was by no means so much to be dreaded. Besides, Queen Adelaide was entirely good and amiable, transferring her kindness on the death of her own child to that of her sister-in-law in a manner quite touching. In 1830 Princess Victoria went to stay with her mother at Malvern; and in May, 1831, William IV. gave a juvenile ball to celebrate her birthday. In return, probably, for this compliment she was allowed to make her appearance at the Drawingroom on the 28th of the same month, a very unusual occurrence, according to the testy old King. Her health was not good about this time; and, in the following August, she was therefore taken to Norris Castle in the Isle of Wight, and remained there until October. In the autumn of 1832 the Duchess went with her daughter on a tour through the counties bordering on Wales. Coventry, Shrewsbury, Powis Castle, and Beaumaris were visited in turn, the Royal travellers finally taking up their residence in the Isle of Anglesey, where they attended the Beaumaris Eisteddfod, and gave away the prizes. On their homeward journey they paid visits to Eaton Hall, Alton Towers, and Chatsworth. Some idea of the splendour of their entertainment may be got from Greville, who was one of the guests at the last-named seat—grand dinners, with music and great display of plate, the evening finishing up with fireworks and the fountains illuminated with different coloured lights. This brilliant fête does not appear to have dazed the child, for everybody was delighted with her easy manners. She sang, when asked, in a clear true voice, either alone or in duets with her mother. But, as if to teach her the stuff life is really made of, she was carried off from these fairy regions to a cotton factory at Belper, where Mr. Strutt explained to her the process of cotton-spinning. The poor workers appear to have been very pleased to catch a glimpse of their little queen-bee, who must have been a marvellous child if she was not glad to get away from their wan faces, and the prison-like buildings in which they worked and lived. Besides this glimpse of factory life, the Princess got some notion of what it was to pass existence in making nails, for she was taken to Bromsgrove, where those articles have been made for centuries. This tour, so full of interest and instruction, closed with a visit to Oxford. The Duchess of Kent could fairly say, in reply to the address presented by the Vice-Chancellor in the Sheldonian Theatre, "It is my object to ensure, by all means in my power, the Princess being so educated as to meet the just expectation of all classes in this great and free country."

In the summer of 1833 they took up their abode at Norris Castle, from which delightful residence many marine excursions were made. They attended the opening of the new landing-pier at Southampton, visited Carisbrook, Winchester, Plymouth, Devonport, and the Eddystone lighthouse. On the homeward voyage the yacht ran foul of a hulk, causing the mainmast to spring, and the sail and a heavy piece of wood to fall exactly on the spot where the Princess was standing. Happily, the pilot, seeing what was going to happen, caught her up in his arms, and put her in a place of safety; but the crash of the rigging sent a shudder through all who saw the near escape of the child.

The Isle of Thanet was, however, the favourite resort. It was during some of their earlier visits to Ramsgate that they had the society of Wilberforce, the philanthropist, then getting old and somewhat retired from public life. One day a visitor to Ramsgate saw on the sands a scene which would afford all the materials for a painting. The little Princess, a five-year-old child, was running about in coloured muslin frock, a straw bonnet with a white ribbon round the crown, and the prettiest little shoes on the prettiest little feet. Her mother was walking with the venerable champion of slave-trade abolition. All of a sudden the Duchess caught sight of the little dancing Queen getting her shoes wet in an unmannerly sea-wave. She beckoned to her, and the child came. Mr. Wilberforce looked down benevolently, and taking the Princess's hands into his own, was observed to say something which made the child fix her blue eyes on him in a wondering manner, the Duchess meanwhile looking on with evident interest. Was the philanthropist striving to drop into that budding mind a germ of pity for suffering Humanity? It is more than probable, for he might well have thought it a golden opportunity. Before August, 1833, he was gone.

Albion House, Albion-square, Ramsgate, was the first residence occupied by the Duchess of Kent; but in 1834, and for some years, Townley House was the Royal abode. "They were then neighbours of Mr. Moses Montefiore, who gave them a special key to his grounds at East Cliff Lodge. The compliment was returned when, in the first year of her accession, the Queen was called upon to knight Mr. Montefiore as the first Jew who had filled the office of Sheriff." "The happy days spent at Ramsgate" concluded at West Cliff House, between Ramsgate and Pegwell.

This residence at Ramsgate was broken by visits to London and to the seats of various noblemen. In July, 1834, Princess Victoria was confirmed at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the following August they were at Tunbridge Wells; in September they made a journey to the north to visit the Archbishop of York, at Bishopsthorpe, and on the way home they were guests at Harewood House, Wentworth House, and Belvoir Castle. Towards the end of the month they returned to Kent, where the Duchess received the King and Queen of the Belgians; and in October they paid a visit to the Duke of Wellington, at Walmer Castle. These journeys were spoken of, by those who had no goodwill to the Duchess of Kent, as "Royal progresses," addresses being occasionally offered and accepted. Perhaps they were, as in her plan of education the Duchess of Kent evidently kept in mind the fact that the life of the Princess would, above all things, be a public one. We have little detail as to this plan, the reason probably being that it was not a cut-and-dried system, but the unconscious influence of a mind animated by a noble idea of duty. The Baroness Lehzen was the Princess's governess, the Duchess of Northumberland superintending her general education. It is asserted that she knew nothing of the high destiny that awaited her until she was about ten years

of age, when the sight of a genealogical table raised curious questions as to the succession. She studied the British Constitution under Mr. Amos, the first professor of English Law at University College, and by the time she was twelve was a fair Latin scholar, able to read Virgil and Horace. But it is clear that this learning was never mistaken for the real education. That self-control, that personal culture so difficult for everyone to exercise, but, above all, for an only child, and that child the next in succession to the Crown, was inculcated in every way. It was, however, no narrow, austere discipline, but one giving scope to the tastes and the imagination. The Princess was taught to play on several instruments; and is described as "enthusiastically fond of music." Sketching also was a favourite amusement, and there was scarcely a rock, waterfall, moss-covered building, or old cottage in the neighbourhood of Kensington which she had not made the subject of her pencil. Under a celebrated riding-master, she became an accomplished horsewoman.

The Duchess of Kent, left at her husband's death overloaded with debt, carefully enforced on her daughter the virtue of economy, and of limiting her expenses strictly within her income. In illustration of which, Miss Martineau tells us, a story was current at Tunbridge Wells, that the Princess one day entered the bazaar and bought presents for almost all her relatives until she had laid out her last shilling; then suddenly remembering one cousin more, she fixed on a half-crown box, which she thought would suit him. The shop people at once placed it with the others, but her governess said, "No; you see the Princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box." An offer was at once made and accepted to put it aside until she had; and on quarter-day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase. It is quite in keeping with this practical education, that the Princess should have been a regular reader of Miss Martineau's excellent stories in illustration of political economy. Some idea of her taste at this time may be gathered from the statement that she told Southey that she had derived great pleasure from reading his poetry and prose, and had gone through his "Life of Nelson" half a dozen times. The cultivation of the higher realms of literature was to come, and the instructor was at hand who would be able to fill her with an enthusiasm for the productions of true genius. Some undefined hope of this higher sphere of life and thought may have flitted through the Royal maiden's heart and brain when, in 1836, a bright, handsome, and most amiable youth, calling himself Cousin Albert, appeared at Kensington Palace, causing, with his father and brother Ernest, quite a series of fêtes for the space of three weeks.

The Duchess certainly needed an occasional consolation of this sort, for she had to endure rather severe treatment from the King. Probably the poor old monarch is quite as much to be pitied as blamed. He must have felt his own incompetence for his position; and the Duchess, by keeping her daughter from Court, not only gave him to understand that this was her own opinion; but by the public position she took, and the kind of replies she made to addresses, she must have seemed to him to be trying to make the people draw comparisons between himself and his successor. At any rate, he was irritated against the Duchess to the last degree; and the storm burst in a characteristic manner. On Aug. 30, 1836, being his birthday, the King gave a dinner party at Windsor. The Duchess sat at his side, and Princess Victoria opposite. Queen Adelaide proposed "His Majesty's health, and long life to him!" to which toast William IV. replied in a long speech, in the course of which he said:—"I trust in God that my life may be spared for nine months longer; after which period, in the event of my death, no Regency would take place. I should then have the satisfaction of having left the Royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the Princess), the heiress presumptive of the Crown, and not in the hands of a person near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted—grossly and continually insulted—by that person. But I am determined to endure no longer a course of behaviour so disrespectful to me. Amongst the many other things, I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my Court; she has been repeatedly kept from my Drawingrooms, at which she ought always to have been present; but I am fully resolved this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am determined to make my authority respected; and, for the future, I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do." He terminated by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of parental interest and affection; but he was angry; Queen Adelaide looked in deep distress; Princess Victoria burst into tears; and the Duchess of Kent, waiting till this was over, rose and ordered her carriage.

King William had his wish granted, for he lived long enough to see his successor attain her legal majority (May 24, 1837). A state ball was given at St. James's Palace on the occasion, which, however, the King was too ill to attend. He had not a bad heart, and showed this by his behaviour during the last days of his existence. He passed away very early on the morning of June 20, 1837.

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

This opened a new era in English history. Not that we can say of any time, here the old ends and the new begins. For the old overlaps the new, and the new has commenced long before the old has passed away. But 1837-8 not only saw that event which was to give a name and a character to the coming half-century, but at that period the careful student may discover the germs of all the various forms of life which have combined to make the Victorian Age. As this is a personal history, and our space is very limited, we will confine ourselves to noting what some of the principal representatives of these various forms of life were doing in the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the British Throne.

In 1837 George Stephenson was acting as principal engineer on several lines of railway in the manufacturing districts; Wheatstone was taking out the first patent in connection with the electric telegraph; Faraday was experimenting in electro-magnetism; Owen had recently been appointed Hunterian professor; Darwin had lately returned from his voyage round the world; John Stuart Mill was editing the *Westminster Review*; Dickens was publishing "Oliver Twist" in *Bentley's Miscellany*; Thackeray was already writing in *Fraser's Magazine* under the name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh"; Carlyle was discoursing on German Literature and Hero-worship; Brown-ing was publishing his "Strafford"; the lyrical poems of Tennyson were already known to the world; Arnold was writing a Broad Church tract that got him into much trouble at Rugby; Maurice was already chaplain at Guy's Hospital; Moffat was in Africa, translating the New Testament into the Bechuna tongue; Newman, Keble, and Pusey were publishing at Oxford the "Tracts for the Times"; Father Mathew

was founding at Cork the first association on the principle of total abstinence; Disraeli was entering Parliament for the first time, where Gladstone had already preceded him by five years; Cobden was a candidate for the borough of Stockport; Macaulay was in India, a member of the Supreme Council; Lord Durham was in Canada, laying the foundations of Colonial Liberty and Imperial federation; while Thomas Drummond was at Dublin, showing English statesmen how to govern Ireland.

In 1837-8 Rowland Hill proposed his penny postage; the first Jew was knighted; the Anti-Corn Law League was founded; the agitation for the People's Charter was commenced; the great Temperance movement began at Preston; and the difficult question of Church and State was brought theoretically and practically before the public in Mr. Gladstone's book, "The Church in its Relations with the State"; and by the movement in the Church of Scotland which led to disruption, and to the formation of the Free Church. 1837 was also a year notable in the annals of Australia, for it was then that Melbourne received its name, and the site of Adelaide was fixed.

The record of these facts, compared with the actual history of our times, ought to make us ashamed of the superstition expressed in the words, "the unlikely always happens." If it were possible to combine a wide and careful observation of social and political facts with an unprejudiced love of Justice and Truth, a man might prophesy—

With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings, lie intresured.

Thus, in 1837-8, the general character of the coming half-century might have been forecast. However, there was one important element that could not have been taken into account. It was impossible to foresee that it would be presided over by one person, who would thus have the opportunity not only to give it her name, but to impress upon it to some extent her own personal character. Well might this young girl of eighteen say solemnly to the Archbishop, who first apprised her of her new responsibility by falling on his knees, and calling her Queen: "I beg your Grace to pray for me." It was noted that she seemed awed, but not daunted; and the young Sovereign herself told her mother that she "ascended the throne without alarm."

William IV. died at Windsor, before half-past two a.m., June 20, 1837. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain left as soon as possible; and, arriving at Kensington Palace in the grey dawn, were only admitted after ringing and knocking repeatedly at the gates. Unable to communicate to the heavy-eyed domestics the least idea of the momentous character of their visit, they were left apparently forgotten in one of the lower rooms. Persistent peeling of the bell brought at last the Princess's own attendant, who calmly said that her mistress was "in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her." The Archbishop, unable any longer to conceal the message of which he was the bearer, exclaimed, "We are come on business of the State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way." In a few moments the new Sovereign, with nothing but a shawl thrown over her night-dress and her feet in slippers, received the homage of the Primate and the Lord Chamberlain. It was the beginning of a trying day. At eleven a great assemblage of Princes, Peers, and Statesmen arrived to assist at her first Council. Everybody was curious to see how one who had been so carefully kept out of Court life would go through the ordeal. "Never," says Greville, "was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something beyond what was looked for. There was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, everyone being curious to see how one so extremely young and inexperienced would act on so trying an occasion. A deputation was sent to inform her, in the name of the Privy Council, of the death of the King; and, after their return, the proclamation was read and the usual order passed; the doors were then thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who had advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning."

When the Privy Councillors were sworn, and the two old Dukes, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, "I saw her," Greville goes on to say, "blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. To the rest she did not make the slightest difference in her manner." In signing her address, the Queen tacitly rejected the name of "Alexandrina," and adopted as her sole appellation the auspicious name of "Victoria." That this was entirely her own doing is seen by the fact that the members of the House of Commons had already begun to take the oath of allegiance to "Alexandrina Victoria." Greville says, "Sir Robert Peel expressed himself as amazed at the young Sovereign's sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness; and that the Duke of Wellington said the same, and added that if she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

The Londoners did not appear to have realised in the least what the country had gained by the accession of the new Sovereign; for the same observer says that, as the Queen went home in her carriage, there was little shouting, and he was surprised to see few hats taken off as she went by. He rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. She was dressed in deep mourning, with white cuffs, tippet, and a border of white crape under a small black bonnet placed far back on her head, showing her light hair simply parted over her forehead. She curtsied repeatedly to the people. Harriet Martineau, who was among the few spectators in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, says, "Scarce half-a-dozen persons were there, for few were aware of the custom. There stood the young creature in the simplest mourning, with her sleek bands of brown hair as plain as her dress. The tears ran fast down her cheeks, as Lord Melbourne stood by her side, and she was presented to my mother and aunt and the other half-dozen as their Sovereign."

All this is very natural. The young Queen's innocence, perhaps we may say inexperience, combined with her confidence in her fellow-creatures, sustained her for a time, but at last the womanly nature could bear it no longer, and she went through her part in tears. Surely this is more poetic, more worthy of interest, than if the self-possession of the first few hours had been sustained to the last. Possibly, the extraordinary coolness which amazed everybody arose from the stunning effect of the momentous change that had happened in her life. Whatever it was, the tears commend themselves more than the self-possession—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Mrs. Browning, in a poem commemorative of the fact, says—

Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear its crown.

And the poor young Queen soon found there was matter enough for tears.

The people were, it is clear, in 1837, but languidly attached to the Monarchy, but the pure and innocent face of their girl-queen soon won their hearts and aroused their latent loyalty. Where she went—as, for example, on her journey to Brighton, through the Weald of Sussex—she received their unaffected congratulations. It was the same when she went to dine with the Lord Mayor and Corporation on the famous Nov. 9 of that year, one interesting incident being a long address from the senior scholar, read at her carriage-door on Ludgate-hill.

But nothing proved more surely the radical change her accession was about to make, than the fact that the ordinary supporters of high monarchical doctrine then became excessively disloyal. The new monarch, they said, was in the hands of a set of men who, at the bidding of a band of visionary traitors, were leading her down into Popery and Anarchy; some wished for the Duke of Cumberland, the most unpopular of all the Royal family, on the Throne. O'Connell, in his big-mouthed way, declared, if necessary, that he could get half a million brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's Throne was filled. A wail came up in reply from the Tory camp: "Her Majesty, alas! is only Queen of a faction, and as much a partisan as the Lord Chancellor himself." At a Tory banquet in Lancashire, the Queen and her Ministers were so vehemently denounced by one speaker that the Commander-in-Chief addressed a remonstrance to the military officers who were present.

People imagined the young Sovereign wholly guided or misguided by Lord Melbourne; but this was far from being the case, the Queen having for her private adviser an extraordinarily sagacious man. Baron Stockmar had been physician to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, and was, in effect, his devoted friend and *alter ego*. Stockmar's position in the English Court was quite undefined; but it amounted to that of Private Secretary to the Queen, he and Baroness Lehzen dividing between them all the non-political business; and, as the latter only interfered with the purely personal affairs, Stockmar had the management of the ever-increasing public business. What that was in only one department—that of attaching the Royal signature to public documents—may be judged when we learn that in 1862, when an Act was passed in order to diminish this portion of the Queen's manual labour, she was still occupied in signing the commissions of 1858, the arrears amounting to 16,000. The Baron's position was, under ordinary circumstances, very questionable; but the circumstances were extraordinary. There was nothing the young Queen needed so much as an absolutely disinterested friend; and, by universal admission, Stockmar possessed this peculiar virtue. "I have only once met," said Lord Palmerston, "with a perfectly disinterested political man, and that is Stockmar." Lord Aberdeen said:—"I have known men as clever, as discreet, as good, and with much judgment; but I never knew anyone who united all these qualities as he did." The Queen's opinion of what she owed to him may be taken as expressed in the passage referring to Baron Stockmar in the "Early Years of the Life of the Prince Consort," where it is said:—"Rarely has it fallen to the lot of Queen or Prince to be blessed with so real a friend, in the best sense of that word; with so wise, so judicious, so honest a counsellor." Certainly a man of this sort in such a position was invaluable to her Majesty in those years.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

In the midst of circumstances which spoke of nothing but the nineteenth century, the nation was called to witness a ceremony which carried it back again to mediæval times. The Coronation of Queen Victoria took place on June 28, 1838. The interest was intense, and for the moment no other subject occupied the minds of the people of London. The previous night was spent in bustle and anxiety, and as the doors of the Abbey were to be opened at five o'clock in the morning, the favoured few who were to be present had little time for rest. The booming of cannon greeted the rising sun, and at the signal all London seemed to rush into the streets; the rattling of carriages, omnibuses, phaetons, cabs, and every description of vehicle told that the company were fast hastening to the centre of attraction. "Queen's weather" characterised this important day. Clouds hovered about the sky, light showers fell, but as the morning advanced the sun shone brilliantly, and the day was one of the most calm and beautiful ever known. Groups of ladies elegantly dressed, men in Court costume and military uniform, were seen making their way through the crowd, unable at the last moment to obtain a conveyance. As to the spectators, they were already in line, waiting three hours, before the state-coach containing the Queen emerged through the great gate of Buckingham Palace, followed all along the line by such bursts of acclamation that the music of the military bands could only be heard during momentary lulls. The welcome the people gave the young Queen was almost passionately cordial. She was pale with intense feeling, her lips were observed to quiver, and there were moments when she seemed ready to burst into tears. As she passed the Horse Guards, she saw, with pain, the policemen striking the people with their truncheons. She immediately ordered the Master of the Horse to say that it was her pleasure that no harsh measures should be used to clear the way.

The ceremonial commenced by the Archbishop presenting the Queen to the congregation assembled in the Abbey. The Recognition, as it was called, having taken place, the first oblation was made, followed by the Litany, part of the Communion Service, and a sermon from the Bishop of London, the text being 2 Chron. xxxiv., 31. The oath was then administered, after which the Dean of Westminster took the consecrated oil from the altar, and, pouring some into the anointing spoon, the Archbishop dropped it on the Queen's head and on her hands in the form of a cross, meanwhile uttering a prayer. The spurs and the sword of State having then been presented with great ceremony, the Queen was invested with the Imperial mantle, and the orb delivered into her hands. The Archbishop then put on the ring, which solemn act was followed by the gloving of the hands, after which the Queen grasped her sceptre, her right arm being supported by the Duke of Norfolk. Standing before the altar, the Archbishop took the crown in his hands, and, having offered a prayer, reverently placed it on the Queen's head. Immediately the vaulted roof resounded with loud and enthusiastic cries, amidst which the choir broke out with the anthem, "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, a crown of pure gold hast Thou put on his head." Forty-one guns announced the fact to London, and the thunder of the cannon being taken up at one point to another of the Thames, the whole river from London Bridge to Woolwich was in a roar of excitement.

While this was going on outside, the Archbishop presented the Bible in solemn and appropriate language; after which a benediction was pronounced and the "Te Deum" sung. Then came the enthronisation, which part of the ceremonial was described in the printed formula as the lifting into her

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throne of the Sovereign by the Archbishops, Bishops, and Peers. Exhortation having been made to her Majesty to stand firm, and hold fast the seat and state of Royal dignity that day delivered into her hands, in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, the homage of the Peers and great officers of State commenced. The Royal Dukes took off their coronets, knelt, and rising, kissed the Queen's cheeks, and touched her crown. The other Peers followed their example, except that the Sovereign received the kiss, in their case, on her hands. While the homage was proceeding the Earl of Surrey, as Treasurer of the Household, distributed a large number of Coronation medals among the company present.

The most solemn act of the religious rites was the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here the claim of the Church to take precedence of the State was significantly set forth by the fact that the clergy communicated before their just crowned, anointed, and enthroned Sovereign was served. After another oblation, anthem, and benediction, a procession was formed, the Queen wearing her crown and followed by the whole Peerage in their robes and coronets, and accompanied by the Bishops in their caps, and the Kings-at-Arms in their crowns. And now the pallid hue, which was so observable in the Queen's countenance on her road to the Abbey, had given way to a glowing rose-colour, the result, no doubt, of the heat, the heavy weight of the crown and sceptre, together with the excitement. But as her Majesty re-entered her ponderous gilded chariot the hectic flush vanished, and a marble pallor took its place; the tired head, nodding automatically and wearing a weary smile, could hardly sustain the burdensome crown, which, once at least, threatened to slip off, the hands, embarrassed by sceptre and orb, being unable to lend any assistance. Thus over-weighted, worn-out Majesty was dragged, amidst the ever-renewed plaudits of the crowd, to the gates of the palace, where she arrived after eight hours' fatiguing ceremonial, during which she might well have imagined herself under some enchanter's wand, and that she and all her Court had woke up in the days of the Plantagenets. Legend says that, as the great door of Buckingham Palace closed on the outer world, a favourite dog came bounding up to meet his young mistress. "Oh! there's Dash!" exclaimed the Queen, in a burst of



THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES.
After the Picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A.

relief, on finding herself once again in a natural world.

The official and ruling classes had spent the day in enacting a mediæval ceremonial; the masses concluded with a burst of mediæval merriment. An immense fair was held in Hyde Park. Richardson, the showman, Alger, of the Crown and Anchor, and Williams, of boiled beef celebrity, catered for the mental and material entertainment of the visitors. Fat boys, living skeletons, Irish giants, Welsh dwarfs, children with two heads and animals with none at all, wild beasts, tumblers, roundabouts, swings, stick-throwing, and the ascent of a balloon early in the afternoon, led the way to the evening's saturnalia. Grand balls commenced at six o'clock, and then, to the discordant notes of rival bands, intermingled with the melodious beatings of gongs and shoutings through trumpets, innumerable couples went dancing about the crazy booths, until the noise and clatter exceeded description. Finally, the mob were indulged with a grand display of fireworks, and, amidst a gorgeous flight of 400 rockets, the Coronation Fair ended with a transparency of her Most Gracious Majesty.

"The Coronation Fair" at the West-End was balanced by the "Coronation Ox" in the City. This wonderful culinary feat took thirty-two hours to perform, and during the grilling, a band played "The Roast Beef of Old England." The "Fair" seems to have been as fashionable as any part of the festivities. Aristocratic equipages passed among the booths, and the newly-crowned monarch herself appeared there in a carriage and four with six outriders. Whether she saw or heard anything of the parody on the solemn ceremonials of the previous day does not appear; but we are told a buxom wench, in plume-coloured velvet powdered with tinsel, and cheeks well plastered with vermilion, played the part of Queen; the representative of the Duchess of Sutherland bearing, on a huge scarlet cushion, a crown big enough for her Majesty of Broddingnag.

THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

Three months after Princess Victoria saw the light at Kensington Palace, another infant came into the world at the Rosenau Palace in Coburg. This infant, the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born Aug. 26, 1819, and christened "Albert." It is not surprising that their common grandmother, the clever and humorous old



A DRAWINGROOM IN 1837.
After A. E. Chalon.

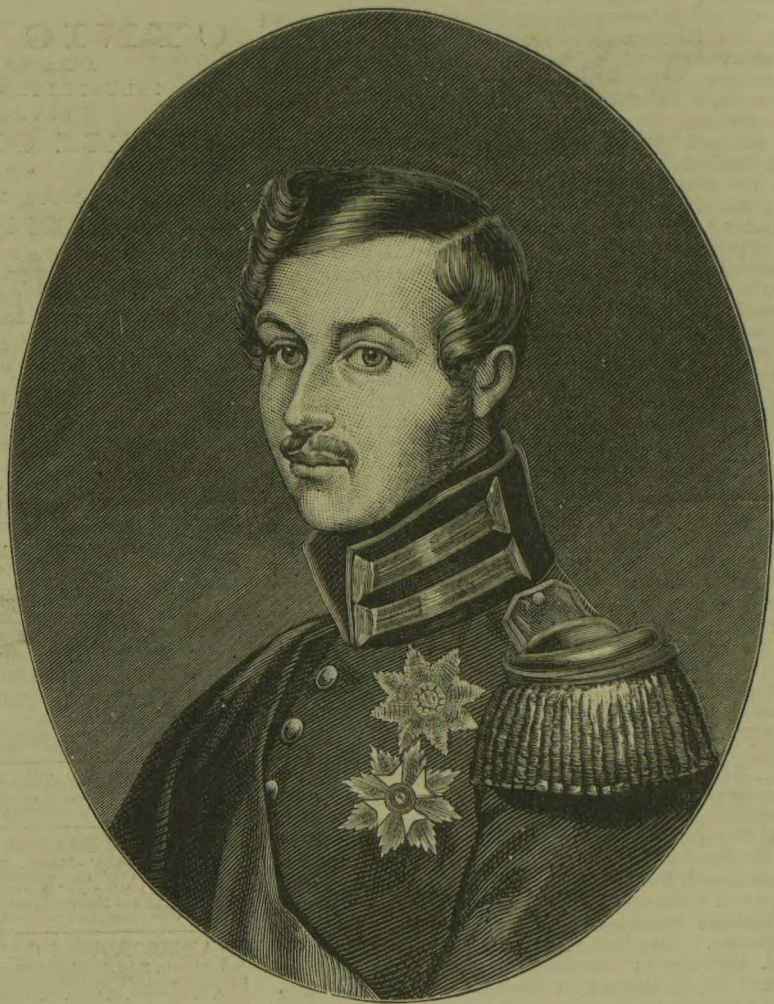


THE QUEEN ON HER WEDDING DAY.
After the Picture by Drummond.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
After a Portrait by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.
After a Drawing by J. Louise De Meyern Horenberg.

Duchess of Coburg, should have dreamt of a future marriage between the new-born and his Royal baby-cousin, the English "Mayflower." When the latter, however, reached marriageable age, the King of England had very different intentions: the bridegroom William IV. favoured was Prince Alexander of the Netherlands. In another portion of the Royal family Prince George of Cambridge was proposed, and from Prussia a suitor offered himself; while in addition to these Royal candidates, several obscure visionaries appeared oppressed with the notion that they were to marry the Queen of England.

The first impression produced by Prince Albert was during his visit to England in 1836. There was no engagement; but it was an understood thing in the Coburg family. When, therefore, the Queen began to talk of delay, and of being too young to marry, a cloud of anxiety came over the minds of the elders; and the Prince himself came to England, in 1839, fully determined to withdraw from the position. The Queen has reverently and affectionately taken all the blame of this misunderstanding on herself, and she has done it in words which reveal a nobility of sentiment and fearless honesty

of character that compel admiration and respect. "A worse school," she says, "for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience, and without a husband to support her." But as soon as these two ingenuous souls met again, the cloud passed away and their good angels, "Uncle Leopold" and Stockmar, were made happy in the knowledge that all was irrevocably settled.

It is very rare that a wedding, even a Royal one, is of such

(Continued on page 654.)



THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE TO PRINCE ALBERT, IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FEB. 10, 1840.
After the Picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A.; Engraved by permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"L'Africaine," Meyerbeer's posthumous opera, was to have been given here on Saturday evening, but Verdi's "Ernani" was substituted, on account of the indisposition of Signor Gayarre, who was to have sustained the character of Vasco Di Gama in the first-named work. As Elvira, in "Ernani," Mdle. Valda obtained a genuine success. This was her third appearance here; and, favourable as was the impression previously created, it was enhanced on Saturday. The cavatina, "Ernani, involami," was given with brilliant execution, great command of the higher register, and thorough refinement of style. In the duets with Ernani and Don Carlos, and in other instances, the American prima donna also sang artistically, and with dramatic feeling. Signor D'Andrade gave the music of Don Carlos with fine effect, and again proved himself a valuable acquisition to the company. Signor Runcio was a good representative of Ernani, vocally and dramatically, and Signor Pinto was impressive as Don Silva.

On Tuesday "Rigoletto" was repeated. For Thursday Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" was announced. A special morning performance was promised for to-day (Saturday), "Faust" being the opera, with—for the first time here—Miss Ella Russell as Margherita; the opera announced for the evening being "La Traviata," with Madame Albani as Violetta.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

On Thursday week "Nadeshda" was performed for the first time this season. The work was commissioned by Mr. Rosa, and was brought out by him during his season at Drury-Lane Theatre last year, when it was fully noticed by us. The book, on a Russian subject, is by Mr. Julian Sturgis, the music being the composition of Mr. A. Goring Thomas, whose "Esmeralda" was produced (also at Drury-Lane Theatre) in 1883. The cast of "Nadeshda" on Thursday week included Madame Georgina Burns in the title-character, originally so finely filled by Madame Valleria, whose successor in the part also gave an excellent rendering thereof, especially in her delivery of the songs "O river, dear river," and "As when the snowdrift," and in concerted pieces. As before, the characters of Voldemar and Ivan found good representatives, respectively, in Mr. B. McGuckin and Mr. L. Crotty; Mr. M. Eugene having given due dramatic force to the part of Ostap. Miss Jennie Dickerson was scarcely well suited in the character of the Princess. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted in this instance. On Tuesday last Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" was performed, with the characters of Esmeralda, Phœbus De Chateaupers, and Quasimodo, sustained, as last year, respectively by Madame Georgina Burns, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. Leslie Crotty. Miss Vadini was a graceful Fleur de Lys, and Mr. J. Sauvage as Claude Frolo, Mr. Beaumont as Gringoire, and Mr. M. Eugene as Clopin, were efficient. The stage effects were, as before, excellent, and the performance, conducted by Mr. Goosens, was generally satisfactory.

Mr. Mackenzie's new opera, "The Troubadour," was to have been given, for the second time, on Saturday evening, but owing to the indisposition of Madame Valleria it was replaced by a repetition of Mozart's "Figaro"; "Carmen" having been repeated on the previous afternoon.

But two more Richter concerts of the thirteenth series remain to be given. The seventh concert, on Thursday week, was a repetition of the Wagner selection (from "Tristan und Isolde" and "Siegfried") performed on the previous Monday, as noticed by us last week. The vocalists were the same—Fraulein Malten, Miss Pauline Cramer, Herr Gudehus, Herr Henschel, and Herr Ritter.

Herr Rubinstein's eighth pianoforte recital—a supplemental and farewell performance—took place at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) week, when the programme was of a miscellaneous nature, including a few compositions by the pianist. These remarkable performances have proved highly successful, each occasion having drawn overflowing audiences. Out of the proceeds of his farewell concert the great pianist gave £100 to the Royal Normal College for the Blind, £100 to the Royal Society of Musicians, £50 to the German Hospital, and a like sum to the Jews' Hospital.

The grand Wagner concert given at the Royal Albert Hall this week—for Herr Franke's benefit—must be spoken of next week. The programme comprised extracts from "Rienzi," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and "Parsifal"; the singers announced having been Madame Valleria, Miss Pauline Cramer, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Herr Henschel.

A Russian choir, consisting of about sixty voices, announced the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall during the week. Of the performances we must speak hereafter.

The last of the present series of interesting chamber concerts given by Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig, at Prince's Hall, was announced for last Thursday evening, with an excellent programme.

Madame Christine Nilsson is to appear this (Saturday) afternoon at a concert at the Crystal Palace; other eminent artists being also announced.

That accomplished pianist Miss Emma Barnett gives a recital at the Marlborough Rooms this (Saturday) afternoon, with a varied and interesting programme.

The second of Mr. Ambrose Austin's Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall takes place next Wednesday afternoon, when the great prima donna and other eminent artists, and a full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, will contribute to a most attractive programme.

An interesting event—the performance, at the Savoy Theatre, of Cherubini's opera "The Water-Carrier" ("Les Deux Journées"), by students of the Royal College of Music—will take place next Thursday afternoon.

The trustees of the British Museum have bought the MS. sketch-books of Michael William Balfe from his widow. In these he noted down the ideas for many of his most famous works, and the outlines of several never completed. They will form a fitting appendix to the autograph collection of the full scores of his operas, deposited in the national library.

The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society, which is under Royal patronage, gave last (Friday) evening, at the Kensington Townhall, Weber's Jubilee Cantata, and a new Jubilee Te Deum composed for the society by Morton Latham. Mr. J. S. Shedlock, assisted by Miss Clara Leighton, gave the music of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" to the London branch of the United Wagner Society at Trinity College, Wigmore-street. Miss Emma Barker will give a concert next Monday morning at Messrs. Colliard's concert-rooms, 16, Grosvenor-street; and Mr. Bantock Pierpoint announces a morning concert next Saturday at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent-street.

Mr. Rankin, M.P., presided on Monday at a meeting, at the Edinburgh Castle Mission Hall, on the occasion of 192 boys from Dr. Barnardo's Home being sent to Canada. This brings the number of boys and girls thus sent out to over 2000.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER,

Ready JUNE 21, will contain a deeply interesting Story,

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With the Number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for July 3, 1886 (the first of a New Volume), will begin an Original Story, entitled "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT. Illustrated by A. Forestier.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at Larkbeare, near Ottery St. Mary, the wife of Arthur Davenport, late her Majesty's Consul for Tien-Tsin and Peking, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Thursday, April 29, at her residence, Galt, Ontario, in the 85th year of her age, Rebecca, daughter of the late Francis Goodwin, Esq., of Springfield, in the county of Mayo, and relict of the late Robert Horatio Minty, Captain in H.M. 1st W. I. Regiment, and Deputy Judge Advocate-General of British Honduras and the Island of Jamaica.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures. 1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, which has celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 33, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Madame ADELINA PATTI.

Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his SECOND GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, JUNE 23, at Three o'clock. Artists.—Madame Adeline Patti, Miss Emily Whiant (her first appearance in England), and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Foll. Pi nonforte, M. Vladimir de Pachmann. Harmonium, M. L. Engel. Full orchestra. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins. Accompanist, Signor Bisconti. Tickets, 15s., 10s., 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s. Boxes, 10 guineas to 20 guineas, at the Royal Albert Hall; usual agents; and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

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LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Marina, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY), FAUST, at TWO O'CLOCK, and SATURDAYS, JUNE 26, JULY 3, 10, 17, and 24, at Two o'clock. On these SATURDAYS, the Theatre will be closed at Night. Box-office open.

JULY.—During JULY, there will be Four Extra MORNING PERFORMANCES OF FAUST on SATURDAYS, JULY 3, 10, 17, and 24. On these Saturdays the Theatre will be closed at Night. Box-office open.—LYCEUM.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Seventy-second Performance. Messrs. Dacre, J. H. Barnes, Tree, Sugden, &c.; Miss Helen Layton, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance, from Ten till Five. No fees.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artistes of renowned celebrity.

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GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—TOURIST.

PORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldborough, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. A CHEAP DAY TRIP to the SEASIDE.—To CLACTON-ON-SEA, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Harwich, DAILY, leaving LIVERPOOL STREET at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.30 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.8 a.m. on other days.

For full particulars see Bills. London, June, 1886.

WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Under the patronage of the Duchess of Teck, a charming drawing-room operetta, entitled "Between Two Stools," by Louisa Gray, was heard for the first time at the Kensington Townhall on Thursday week. The operetta, which is sparkling and bright, both in libretto and music, is for two male characters, which were admirably represented by Mr. Traherne and Mr. Ernest Cecil. The performance was for a benevolent purpose.

THE PARTY RIOTS AT BELFAST.

This great commercial and manufacturing town, the capital of Ulster, has been disturbed, for many days, by a savage outbreak of furious hatred between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, requiring the intervention of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a military police force using fire-arms; and causing the deaths of eight or nine persons, some of them apparently innocent; while hundreds have been severely injured; and there has been great destruction of property. It seems that the political controversy on the scheme of Irish Home Rule, and the excitement that it had aroused among the Orange faction, with the rumours of great preparations for warlike resistance in the event of Mr. Gladstone's bill being passed by Parliament, had provoked a hostile feeling on the other side; and many Irish labourers from the country, employed in the construction of the docks and other works, got into angry quarrels with the Protestant workpeople, ship-carpenters, smiths, iron-founders, and others, who are of a different race, class, and religion. On Friday, the 4th inst., there was a fight between these opposite classes at the new Alexandra graving-docks, where Messrs. M'Crea and M'Farland, the contractors, had about 250 labourers at work; and they were attacked by more than a thousand men, chiefly from the ship-building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The weapons on the one side were spades and shovels, on the other side, bludgeons and crowbars. Many were seriously hurt, and had to be taken to the hospital; some twenty of the "navvies" sought refuge on a raft at the shore of Belfast Lough, and one young man, named James Curran, was pushed into the water and drowned.

On Monday, the 7th, another conflict took place in the brickfields adjacent to Dover-street; but the city police were then supported by a large force of the Royal Irish Constabulary, sent from different neighbouring counties, who charged and dispersed the mob. The next day, however, witnessed a renewal of this turbulent ferocity, beginning with Orange demonstrations of triumph, in Sandy-row, with fife and drums, at the news of the defeat of the Home Rule Bill; and proceeding to an attack on Durham-street, which is inhabited mostly by Roman Catholics, and on the poor labourers at M'Kinney's brickfields, in Cullinstree-road. The latter, being greatly outnumbered, fled in extreme terror, leaving their tools, hats, and coats, part of which the Orangemen at once threw into the river Blackwater, part they afterwards burnt in a bonfire. They were at length driven away by the police, and some arrests were made. In the evening, when the men from the shipbuilding yards and foundries left work, a still more formidable assemblage, numbering about 3000, marched across the Queen's Bridge, through Bridge-street, High-street, and North-street, cheering, shouting, and singing, to Peter's-hill, Carrick-hill, and Millfield, which are Catholic districts. In the Shankill-road district, which is inhabited by Protestants, the whole population seemed to be on the alert, and many bonfires were lighted. The police, or rather military constabulary, of whom several hundred were collected, had to form line across the Falls-road to prevent the rioters entering Durham-street, and in another place to keep them out of the brickfields. As it grew dark, a rush was made by the Orangemen to force their passage; stones and bricks were thrown, and a District Inspector of Police was wounded in the head and knocked down insensible. Other parties of Orangemen attacked the house of a publican named Duffy, in Percy-street, beat the policemen who defended it, wounding Town Inspector Carr, pillaged the house, smashing barrels of porter and whisky, and drinking the liquor, and destroying all they found. They repeated this at another house, kept by Mrs. O'Hara, in North Howard-street, and set fire to the house, after taking out the furniture and burning it in the street; but the fire brigade came in time to save the building. In the meantime the Riot Act had been read, and the constabulary riflemen, defending these houses, fired several shots at the mob of plunderers and incendiaries, two of whom were wounded. It was near midnight, and the police withdrew into Bowers' Hill Barrack, under the orders of the magistrates, but this was taken as a sign of their defeat, and the barracks were soon attacked by the men from Shankill-road, joined by the mobs from other districts. The police then, in a panic, without orders, opened a fusillade from the windows of the barracks, in the directions of Agnes-street, Northumberland-street, and Dundee-street, where many persons were struck by the bullets or with buck-shot. This continued a quarter of an hour; eight persons were killed, two or three women and girls, who were merely looking out of windows, or standing at the doors of neighbouring houses; and two boys, attracted to the scene of conflict by mere curiosity. An inquiry into the conduct of the police has been commenced by order of Government. The Mayor of Belfast, Sir E. J. Harland, arrived shortly after the rioters dispersed. The resident magistrates on duty during the night were—Messrs. M'Leod, Nagle, M'Carthy, L'Estrange, Thynne, and Rutherford. The police officers on duty were—County Inspector F. H. Ross, Meath; District Inspectors Townsend, Bull, Green, Maguire, Dwyer, Sullivan, Culliver, Bernard, and M'Dermott. Assistant Inspector Cullen was also on duty. There were 1000 police on duty during the night, besides 300 soldiers, the latter being under the command of Colonel Woodhouse, Captain Farquhar, Lieutenant M'Call, Lieutenant Evans Lombe, Lieutenant Sitwell, and Lieutenant White. Our Illustrations are from Sketches by Mr. Claude Byrne, our Special Artist. An inquest has been held, and a verdict of "Wilful Murder" returned against the police.

On the same night, that of Tuesday, the 8th inst., there was a riot at Lurgan, and fighting between Catholics and Protestants; one of the latter was shot dead by a revolver, there being fire-arms in the hands of both parties. At Sligo, on Saturday last, the Roman Catholic mob attacked the houses of Protestants, doing much damage, but were dispersed by the constabulary charging them at the bayonet's point. Large reinforcements of police and military have been sent to the North of Ireland.

In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, Alfred Cardew Dixon was Senior Wrangler and William Charles Fletcher Second Wrangler. It is a singular coincidence that both came from the Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove School, and are both the sons of Wesleyan ministers. They are within a few days of being the same age. Both carried scholarships at their respective colleges at the same time, and entered the University together, whilst both have been under the same private tutor. Alfred Cardew Dixon, the Senior Wrangler, is the son of the Rev. G. T. Dixon, Wesleyan minister, now stationed at Launceston. William Charles Fletcher, the Second Wrangler, is the son of the Rev. George Fletcher, now stationed at Preston. The following women candidates passed in the Mathematical Tripos:—Wrangler: C. Frost, Newnham.—Senior Optimes: E. J. S. Fripp Girtton; H. Bishop, Newnham.—Junior Optimes: A. Townsend, Newnham; M. S. Wilkinson, Newnham; M. M. Leake, Girtton, and R. Womersley, Newnham (bracketed equal); E. B. Bower, Girtton, and A. R. Whitley, Girtton (bracketed equal); A. E. Payne, Girtton; M. S. Watson, Newnham.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The country is now the centre of political interest instead of Parliament. On the Thursday after the rejection of the "Bill for the Better Government of Ireland," Mr. Gladstone informed the Commons that her Majesty had graciously assented to the advice of the Ministry that there should be an early Dissolution. The Prime Minister added that, the necessary votes in Committee of Supply being granted, the Dissolution might be brought about "within the week that ends on Saturday, the 'Twenty-sixth.'" Thus stimulated to do their duty, hon. members sat up until the small hours of Friday and Saturday mornings to sanction the requisite Estimates; and ere we parted for the very brief Whitsuntide Recess, Mr. Labouchere secured the addition to the Parliamentary Elections Act Amendment Bill of a clause transferring the expenses of returning officers to the rates—a matter on which, simple and sensible as the reform may be, there is much difference of opinion.

The Marquis of Salisbury's academic disquisition against the Dissolution, and the Duke of Argyll's evil-speaking of the dead bill, fell in with the humour of the majority of the House of Lords, though eliciting dissent from Ministers, on the 10th inst. Of graver importance was the Earl of Carnarvon's formal denial of the allegation that in his interview last year with Mr. Parnell he had, on behalf of the late Government, promised to grant Ireland a statutory Parliament with the right to protect Irish manufacturers. The noble Earl, who was at the time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Parnell have both in print maintained their positions. As Lord Carnarvon, on his side, owes to the soft impeachment that he did meet the Home Rule Leader, the question naturally arises, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

But the appeal to the country engrosses men's minds. Mr. Chamberlain, one of the earliest in the field with his address to the electors of West Birmingham, in his portentously long paper fought his battle o'er again as a resolute opponent of the Prime Minister's measure, concluding by offering as a preferable alternative a series of local administrative councils for England, Scotland, and Wales, as well as Ireland. Mr. Gladstone swiftly followed with a commendably short exhortation to the electors of Midlothian to declare in favour of the Ministerial plan "that Ireland should, under well-considered conditions, transact her own affairs," as against Lord Salisbury's proposition "to ask Parliament for new repressive laws, and to enforce them resolutely for twenty years, at the end of which time he assures us that Ireland will be fitted to accept any gifts in the way of Local Government or the repeal of Coercion Laws that you may wish to give her." Mr. Gladstone disputed the right of the "Tories or Seceders" to "the name of Unionists." The Premier contended—"They are not Unionists, but Paper Unionists. True union is to be tested by the sentiments of the human beings united." That the common-sense of the constituencies needed not the Premier's definition of "Paper Unionists" was indicated by the practical votes of censure passed by Burnley, Barrow, Rossendale, and Liskeard against Mr. Rylands, Mr. Caine, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Courtney, for their desertion of Ministers to vote with the Opposition on this vexed question of Home Rule. Dispute as the Premier may as to the applicability of the term "Unionist" to his opponents, there can be no doubt the Unionist Election Committee will have a potent influence on the General Election, inasmuch as the Conservative leaders have expressed their wish that Conservative electors should not oppose the re-election of Liberal "Unionists," and the Committee in Spring-gardens are exerting great influence to procure the success of their candidates. On the other hand, the Irish votes will, to a certainty, be given to the faithful followers of Mr. Gladstone. When all has been said, however, it cannot be otherwise than an Election at cross-purposes. No fact shows this more clearly than the active hostility to the late bill on the part of Mr. Brand, whereas his father, Lord Hampden, warmly espouses "Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy of extending self-government to Ireland upon a broad basis in accordance with the desire of an overwhelming majority of the Irish people—that is, by the establishment of a single Legislative Assembly for the control of affairs strictly Irish."

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

Our Illustration shows the present state of the excavations now being carried on for the purpose of clearing away the sand around the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, near Cairo. M. Maspero, the present eminent Director-in-Chief of the Boulak Museum at Cairo, having obtained a grant of £8000, which sum has been augmented by another £1000, contributed from private sources, commenced this work two or three months ago; and he is to be congratulated on the great progress it has made. The sand has been quite cleared away from the large tablet, bearing an inscription in hieroglyphic writing, placed on the bosom of the Sphinx; the paws, and the passage between them, have been freed from sand; and the small altar, supposed to have been used by the Romans for sacrificial purposes, is now exposed to view. Those persons who have only seen the Sphinx buried to the shoulders in sand, and gazing with mystic and solemn mien over the silent desert, can form but little conception of its present appearance, standing high in the air, and surrounded by crowds of children of both sexes, carrying baskets of sand, which are removed by tram-rail waggons, and by the usual nineteenth century appliances for such a work.

The Sphinx, which is near the three great Pyramids at Gizeh, seven or eight miles from Cairo, on the western or Libyan bank of the Nile, is well known to every tourist in Egypt. It is a recumbent figure, with the body of a beast, supposed to be that of a lion, and with a male human head. The body, which is 140 ft. long, and the lower part of the head, are mainly cut out of the natural rock, but some parts are filled in with stone masonry; the head is 14 ft. wide, and was formerly capped with a head-dress, which is destroyed, but the shape of which is represented in sculptured tablets showing this figure. Its builder and designer, and the date of its formation, are not certainly determined; it is one of the oldest monuments in Egypt. It is thought to have belonged to a vast series of temples, which existed before the Great Pyramid was erected by Shoo-foo (Cheops), one of the Kings of the Fourth Dynasty; and to have stood between the Temple of Isis and that of Osiris. It was called the Image of Hor-em-khoo, which means, "The Sun at Rest," and may have had an astronomical, as well as a mythological and a symbolical or mystical significance. Excavations at its base were commenced in 1817 by Caviglia, who found there some tablets deposited by later Kings of Egypt. The late Mariette Bey, Director of the Government Museum of Antiquities, resumed this work; but much sand has since been suffered to accumulate.

Lord Boston has announced a rent reduction of 10 per cent to the tenants on his Welsh estates.

The Marquis of Ripon presided at the forty-ninth annual meeting of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutions at Ripon on Wednesday.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM E. H. VERNER, BART.

Sir William Edward Hercules Verner, third Baronet, of Church Hill, in the county of Armagh, died on the 8th inst. He was born Jan. 11, 1856, only son of Sir William Verner, second Baronet, M.P., by Mary Frances Hester, his wife, third daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Hercules Pakenham, K.C.B., and grandson of Sir William Verner, K.C.H., a distinguished officer who served under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular, and was wounded at Waterloo. The baronetcy was conferred on him in 1846. The Baronet whose death we record was a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Armagh, and served as High Sheriff in 1881.

In 1880 he contested unsuccessfully its representation. He married, in 1877, Annie, daughter of Mr. John Wilson, of Melbourne, but had no issue. He leaves two sisters, Alice Emily and Ethel; the elder married, first, in 1875, Mr. Christopher Neville Bagot, of Aughran Castle, in the county of Galway, who died in 1877, and secondly, in 1879, Mr. Reginald Wynne Roberts. The title devolves on Sir William's uncle, now Sir Edward Wingfield Verner, as fourth Baronet, late M.P. for county Armagh, born 1830; and married, in 1864, to Selina Florence, daughter of Mr. Thomas Vesey Nugent.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Samuel Maxwell Alexander, of Roe Park, in the county of Londonderry, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1858.

Dr. James Ap John, F.R.S., formerly University Professor of Chemistry, Trinity College, Dublin, aged ninety-one.

Major-General John Elliot (retired), late Bengal Artillery, on the 3rd inst., at Fern Hill, Charnmouth, aged sixty-six.

Mr. Andrew Peyps Cockerell, a Groom of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, on the 9th inst., aged fifty-five.

Mr. Richard Henry Walwyn, the representative of one of the oldest English families, on the 5th inst., at Clifton, in his eighty-second year.

Richard Potter, M.A., formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, Emeritus Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, University College, London, aged eighty-seven.

Major Walker Leigh, late of H.M. Body Guard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Major Lancashire Artillery Militia, on the 28th ult., at Jersey. He was third son of the late Mr. Richard Walker, M.P., of Woodhill, Lancashire, and assumed the surname of Leigh in 1873.

THE PETROLEUM OIL WELLS OF BAKU.

A general View of the petroleum oil wells at Balakhani, adjacent to the Russian seaport town of Baku, on the west coast of the Caspian, occupies two pages of this week's publication. It was sketched on the spot by Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, who visited Baku on his way to and from Central Asia when he accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission. Mr. Simpson's other Sketches taken at Baku, showing the petroleum oil works of Messrs. Nobel Brothers, whose establishment and processes he was allowed to inspect, have appeared in the two preceding numbers of our Journal, with a sufficient descriptive account, to which our readers are now referred. The recent discovery of petroleum on the shores of the Red Sea, in the dominions of the Khedive of Egypt, may give additional interest to this subject at the present time.

The sale of the numerous original sketches of Randolph Caldecott's published works and many other finished drawings by this artist proved most successful, the sale realising £5775.

A handsome fountain, erected in the grounds of Bolton Abbey by the electors of the North-West Riding of Yorkshire in memory of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, was inaugurated yesterday week by the Marquis of Ripon.

A youth of nineteen, George Vincent-Heneage Finch, entered a druggist's shop, which is also a post-office, in Brecknock-road, Kentish Town, on the 10th inst., and attempted to steal the till. The assistant, Mr. Bowes, ran round the counter to prevent the theft, when Finch drew a revolver and shot Bowes dead. Miss Frances Hardy, the young lady attending to the post-office department, was also shot at, but was only slightly injured. The murderer ran off, but was found at his mother's house, and taken to the police station.

The Duchess of Teck on Tuesday opened a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition at Elsecar, near Sheffield. The exhibition has been promoted by Earl Fitzwilliam, with the view of inducing the artisans of the district, who are chiefly engaged in coal-mining and pottery work, to invent labour-saving and life-protecting apparatus. About £250 was offered in prizes, besides medals and certificates. The project was taken up with much enthusiasm, and the entries numbered 600. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck, the Archbishop of York, Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, and others.

The Bank Holiday was not favoured with fair weather, all the northern districts having suffered from a heavy rainfall, while in the south the weather was gloomy and cool. An unusually large number of Londoners availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the Bank Holiday to visit places of interest in and around London. More than 80,000 went to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 49,765 to the Crystal Palace, 40,000 to the Albert Palace, about 70,000 to Kew Gardens, 40,000 to Hampton Court, and 13,000 to Rosherville Gardens. About 8000 inspected the state apartments at Windsor, and a great many visited the British and South Kensington Museums. The steam-boats, stage-coaches, and suburban railways were crowded.—The annual meet and procession of cart and van horses in the metropolis was held in Battersea Park, under the direction of the London Cart-Horse Parade Society.

Madame Patti having been married to Signor Nicolini at Swansea on the 9th inst., before the French Consul, in accordance with the requirements of the law of France, the religious ceremony was performed the next day in accordance with the rites of the Church of England at the parish church of Ystradgynlais. The wedding party drove from Craig-y-Nos Castle. Madame Patti wore a blue silk dress trimmed with lace, with a hat to match. The party proceeded to Ystradgynlais church under a series of triumphal arches; and within a short distance of the church about 1000 children, as an acknowledgment of Madame Patti's kindness to the poor in the neighbourhood, lined the route, and eight of their number strewed the path with choice flowers. The church was crowded with spectators. Mr. Spalding gave the bride away, and Herr Ganz acted as best man. On their way home the party were greeted by several bands, and by the members of the local friendly societies. A salute from a Krupp gun announced the return of the party to the castle. Madame Patti received a large number of congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the world. Throughout the day festivities were indulged in, entertainment being provided for the inhabitants of the whole of the Swansea Valley; and in the evening there was a display of fireworks.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

"Life in a Wherry," as depicted by Miss E. M. Osborn, and now to be seen at the Goupil Gallery (148, New Bond-street), must be very pleasant; and our wonder is that more people do not try it. The Norfolk and Suffolk "Broad" offer scenes and effects which may compare not unfavourably with Dutch canals and even with Venetian lagoons. Miss Osborn finds herself in full sympathy with the "watery landscapes" with which the marsh and fen country abounds; and even if her work were not artistically so good as it in truth is, she would deserve the gratitude of her fellow countrymen and women (save the lovers of solitude) for having revealed beauties within such easy reach of us all. Miss Osborn, however, is by no means exclusive in her tastes, and can paint old towns and picturesque churches with as much feeling as she throws into the tints and witchery of an English autumn. Here and there, as in "Gossamer" (7), and in some of the episodes of reed-harvesting, she gives proof of a delicate imaginative power which, nevertheless, does not outstep the bounds of truth and reality. "Breydon Water" (14), "Bungay Staithe" (17) and "Yarmouth" (27) furnish excellent subjects; but one follows her with pleasure from the bridge above "Wroxham" (25), over "Hoveton" (30), "Wroxham" (38), and "Salhouse" (55) Broad, along the course of the Yare, the Bure, and Waveney, finding fresh points of interest and ever-varying beauties. "St. Bennett's Abbey" (22) is one of the few historical buildings, or rather ruins, which is to be found among the Broad. It is interesting, as being perched on the only bit of rising ground in the district; and, although the elevation is very slight, it commands an extensive and picturesque view, much of the same character as that to be seen from the famous Dutch "mountains" near Utrecht or Arnheim. "Yarmouth" (27), "Beccles" (54), and "Bungay" (24) are the only places which by courtesy even can be described as towns; and they have all of them quaint bits and corners, which make a halt at them, when travelling in a wherry, a pleasant break. But it is at such spots as "Belagua" (11), "Cantley" (26), "Stokesby on the Bure" (35), and "Reecham on the Yare" (42), that the real village life of the "marsh" country is to be seen. In conclusion, we must not omit to say a word in praise of Miss Osborn's skill and delicacy of touch as exhibited in the majority of these works. Although evidently painted on the spot, and sometimes (51) under somewhat adverse conditions, they bear no sign of haste or carelessness. They are renderings of nature as seen and felt by a true artist.

The Palladiuse Gallery (62, New Bond-street) relics somewhat too exclusively on M. Campotosto's work for its attractions. Although it contains some specimens of Theodore Rousseau, Verboecheven, and a Landseer dog-study, it is M. Campotosto's work that one expects to find there; and it is satisfactory to mark the steady progress he is making both as a draughtsman and as a colourist. "The Poem of Summer" is a clever imaginative work, suggesting the spirit of May, crowned with hawthorn flower, rising from the earth. In this oil painting, but still more in the crayon drawing "A Naiad," M. Campotosto exhibits very considerable power, and not the least of his merits is that he is able to show that in drawings from the nude M. Van Baers does not represent the only school of contemporary Belgian art. It would be absurd to call M. Campotosto a classicist in his treatment of the female figure; but he shows that it is quite possible to combine imagination with delicacy of thought and handling. The range, too, of his power is considerable, for in "The Dead Lamb," a work which he has himself engraved, he tells a very touching tale in a simple direct way. The little Belgian maiden, who has been to gather some sweet herbage for her pet lamb, returns to find it lying dead at her cottage-door, and with its life have vanished not only her joy and playmate, but her hopes of those brighter days when the lamb, grown old, should furnish the yearly fleece which is to be the foundation of her little fortune. There are some interesting miniatures also by M. E. Guillaume, showing no small aptitude for a delightful art, which photography for a moment threatened to extinguish; but if only a few adepts of M. Guillaume's calibre devote their powers to it, its revival is not far off.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have brought together a collection of works chiefly by French artists, which prove their unabated confidence in English taste for good works. It is superfluous to discuss the merits or peculiarities of artists like Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny (the elder), and the other masters of French poetic landscape painting. One can never see too many of them, or see them too often; and at the Hanover Gallery the public will find a good opportunity of taking a refreshing antidote to some of the productions of the modern school of painting. As for M. Meissonier's "Punch," one can only say that its minute details never destroy the absolute harmony of the whole figure; but we must confess to feeling that such works are, after all, a "tour de force" of which, it is true, only M. Meissonier is capable, but which astonish us more than they delight, like the successful sleight-of-hand of a first-rate conjurer.

At the Council Chamber of the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, is to be seen a large and interesting collection of studies in black and white, belonging to Messrs. Cassell. It includes Mr. F. Barnard's illustrations of Dickens's works; a series of drawings by Mr. R. W. Macbeth; and specimens of the work of Messrs. Clausen, Seymour Lucas, C. Gregory, Frank Dadd, and Blair Leighton—to name a few only among the many. Most of the drawings have at various times appeared in the *Magazine of Art*, and other illustrated publications issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The interest of such an exhibition, apart from the pleasure one has in seeing "black and white" art pursued by so many distinguished artists, lies in the evidence it affords that popular taste now demands first-rate work, and that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have promptly recognised this change, and provided for the wants of the public with a liberal hand.

Some important drawings by Michel Angelo, Leonardo, and other great masters were recently sold at Christie's, from the collection chiefly of the late Marquis of Breadalbane and others, whose names were not given; the whole realising £2528.

The council of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours have in contemplation to open, for the month of July, in their council chamber, a small but select supplemental exhibition, consisting of fine examples of the earlier English water colours, all of which will be shown to be in an unexceptional state of preservation. Several eminent collectors have volunteered to contribute.

Lord Morley presided over the annual congress of co-operative societies at Plymouth on Monday; and, in his opening address, urged that a more equitable distribution of wealth could be best effected by encouraging men to help themselves in a manner consonant with sound economic principles. In the evening a public meeting was held.—It was stated at the opening meeting of the annual movable committee of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows that the society has now 605,922 members, and six millions sterling of capital.

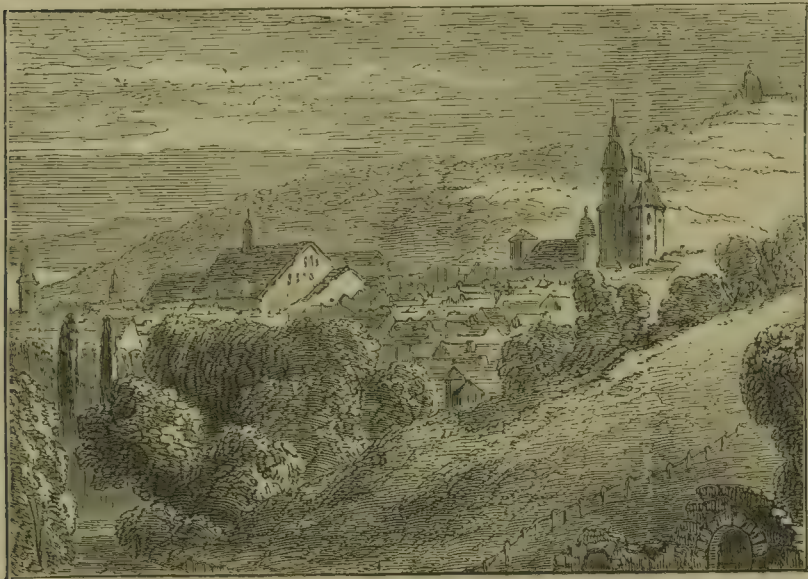
JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.



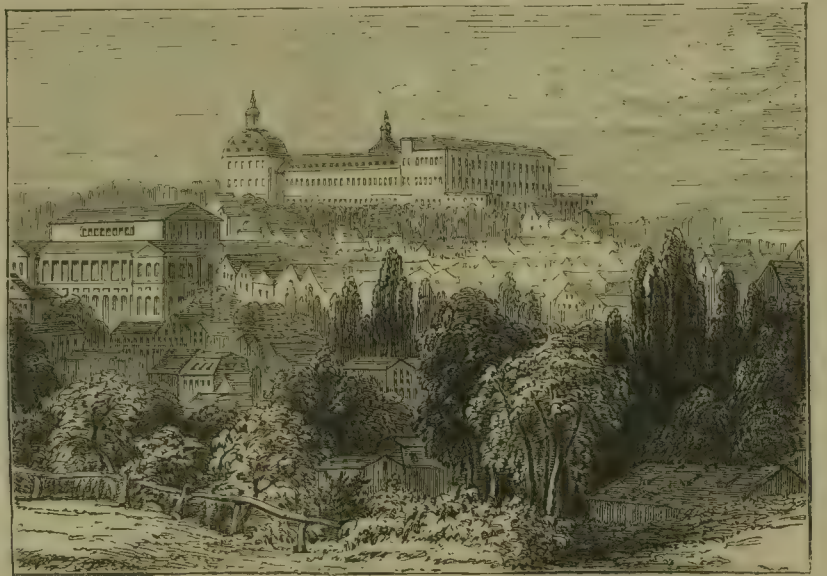
SCHLOSS ROSENAU, NEAR COBURG, WHERE PRINCE ALBERT WAS BORN.



CLAREMONT, SURREY, WHERE THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT RESIDED.



COBURG.



GOTHA.

import as to mark the opening of a new era: we should have to go back to the alliance of Henry I. with the niece of Edgar Ætheling, to find any wedding in English history of import equal to that of Victoria and Albert. As the marriage of Martin Luther and Catherine Bora signalled a revolution in religious ideas, so in a minor degree this wedding heralded the coming of a great moral change in this country. In the early years of this century nothing could be more dissolute than the way in which wedded life was spoken of: to-day, its sanctity is almost elevated to an article of religion. The truth and purity which characterised the whole affair was a sermon in itself, and statesmen accustomed to assist in magnificent unrealities were moved by it to unvoiced exhibition of feeling. When the young Sovereign tremulously announced her engagement to the Privy Council, the Prime Minister's eyes were filled with tears; and Sir Robert Peel—who, as a party leader, was not very kindly disposed towards the bridegroom—admitted to the full the moral import of the alliance when he said:—"It frequently happens that political considerations interfere with such transactions, and that persons in exalted stations are obliged to sacrifice their private feelings to the sense of public duty. Her Majesty, however, has the singular good fortune to be able to gratify her private feelings while she performs her public duty, and to obtain the best guarantee for happiness by contracting an alliance founded on affection."

Like all reforming influences, however, even when they take their rise in the heart and character of a monarch, this alliance had to contend with the prejudices of those who always believe the present and the past preferable to any possible future. Sir Robert Peel, as leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, supported the motion of Colonel Sibthorpe to reduce the annuity of £50,000 proposed by Ministers for the future husband of the Queen to £30,000, although the former amount had been enjoyed by Queen Adelaide, who could not possibly have occupied a position similar in importance to that the Prince would have to fill. The House of Lords, led by the Duke of Wellington, still further accentuated the adverse feeling of Society by making such difficulties as to the Prince's precedence over the English Royal Princes that all thought of settling it in Parliament had to be given up, and the matter was left, as far as this country was concerned, to the Royal prerogative, while abroad the Prince was exposed to the mortification of being separated from his wife, and treated merely as the younger son of the Duke of Coburg. Probably the feelings which led the Tories to

act at such a moment in so ungracious a manner to their young Sovereign partly arose from their vexation at what is known as "the Bedchamber Question."

In the previous year the Whig Ministry had resigned (May 6), and the Queen had sent, in the usual way, for the leader of the Opposition. Not, however, having fully realised the constitutional idea of the Royal neutrality in party politics, she commenced by telling Sir Robert Peel how sorry she was to part with her late Ministers, of whose conduct she entirely approved. Doubtless, this avowal made the new Minister think it more than ever necessary that the wives and sisters of his late political opponents should not remain as personal attendants on the Queen. Unfortunately, her

Majesty and her adviser, Lord John Russell, did not see its reasonableness, and she refused her consent to a course contrary, as she conceived, to usage and repugnant to her feelings. Whereupon Peel declined to form a Ministry, and Lord Melbourne returned. The particular ladies whose removal was required were relatives of Lord Normanby and Lord Morpeth; both committed to a policy with regard to Ireland entirely opposed to that of Sir Robert Peel. It is amusing to note the boisterous loyalty of Daniel O'Connell, who, in an impassioned strain, called upon "the Powers to bless the young creature—that creature of only nineteen, as pure as she is exalted, who consulted not her head, but the overflowing feelings of her young heart." An unfortunate incident, which happened at the time, gave the discontented party a few drops of poison with which to envenom their shafts—after having been the subject of unfounded imputations, Lady Flora Hastings died. The so-called "cruel minions" of the Court were venomously attacked, and there was an attempt to hiss the Queen herself at Ascot.

Prince Albert came to England just when things were in this disagreeable condition, and he had to suffer for it—losing £20,000 a year, besides the other mortifications mentioned. The manner in which the Prince returned this ungenerous reception is an illustration of the extraordinary self-control characteristic of the Coburgs. Instead of showing the least animosity against the men or the party that had exhibited such a want of confidence in him, he made it the first principle of his life to maintain the most complete neutrality with regard to political parties, and to induce the Queen to model her own conduct on the same principle.

On Jan. 16, 1840, the Queen announced her approaching marriage to Parliament, and on the 28th of the same month the bridegroom left Gotha for England. The regret in the little German principality was universal, for the Prince was just the sort of character to endear himself to an affectionate and simple people. Gay in temperament, lively in intellect, and with one of the best hearts in the world, the real strength of his character was known to hardly anyone but his brother, for even Stockmar had his doubts. On Feb. 6 Prince Albert landed at Dover; and on the 10th the wedding took place, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The morning broke gloomily, the rain fell in torrents; finely-dressed ladies who, by eight o'clock in the morning, were already in their carriages on the way to the centre of attraction, looked cold and dispirited; while the white favours on the horses' heads and the servants' hats were wet and drooping.



THE GARDEN PAVILION, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1846.

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

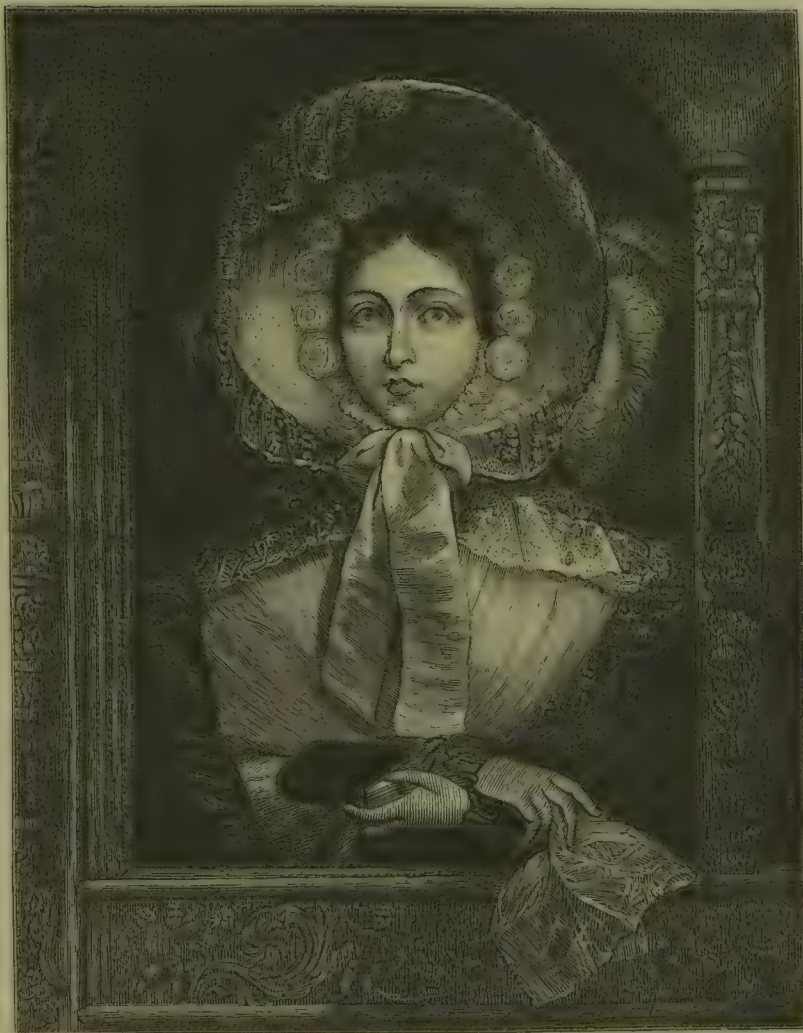
However, streams of eager pedestrians trooped on through seas of mud, in the same direction as the carriages. About eleven, the rain ceased, and St. James's Park was soon filled with people. At the same time, the Royal carriages entered the courtyard of Buckingham Palace; the Life Guards removed their heavy cloaks, and appeared magnificent in their imposing boots and dazzling cuirasses.

While all the world outside were waiting tiptoe and expectant to catch a glimpse of this almost unique being—a Sovereign bride—the favoured few had collected in the galleries and chambers of St. James's Palace to stare at each other's finery, and gossip away the hours of waiting. Turbans still prevailed among the older ladies; but several of the younger wore wreaths of flowers, or at least decorated their hair with bridal favours.

Shortly after mid-day, a flourish of drums and trumpets announced the arrival of the Prince, and the bridegroom's procession entered the chapel at twenty minutes past twelve, that of the bride being a quarter of an hour later. The Prince wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the order of the Garter, surmounted by two white rosettes. He carried a Bible in his hand, and the strain he was enduring showed itself in the pallor of his thoughtful, amiable face.

The drums and trumpets sounded again, the chapel doors were once more flung open, and the Queen's own procession was seen slowly approaching—"plain without pomp and rich without a show." Neither she nor any of her bridesmaids or attendants wore a single diamond, the Queen's sole jewels being a necklace of brilliants. They were all clad alike, in dresses of rich white satin trimmed with orange-blossoms, and wore on their heads wreaths of the same blossoms: the only thing that distinguished the bride was the wealth of Honiton lace which enveloped her dress, and the fact that she wore a veil, which, however, did not conceal her face, especially noticeable for its extreme paleness and traces of nervous effort. Next to the Queen walked the Mistress of the Robes, a lady of majestic beauty, while the procession of bridesmaids and ladies of the bedchamber presented a fair array of aristocratic beauty.

All the ordinary formula of the liturgy was observed, no other title being given the bride and bridegroom beyond that of Victoria and Albert. When the Queen was asked, "Wilt thou obey him and serve him, &c.," she replied, in accents which, though soft and musical, were distinctly heard through the chapel. The Duke of Sussex gave away the bride; and exactly at a quarter to one the guns in the park announced the putting on of the ring. The wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace was, with the exception of a few State officials, confined to the Royal family and the Queen's household. At a quarter to four the Royal pair left for Windsor, the sun at that moment shining forth in full strength, and the dull clouds entirely disappearing. Evening closed in before they arrived at Windsor; the streets were blazing with the illuminations, and the bells rang out as if the clappers would spring from their sockets. Escorted by the



THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL CLOSET, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

After G. E. Dawe, 1846.

Eton boys, who had met them on the road, the Royal carriages drove, amidst the applause of a thickly-packed throng of spectators, up to the Castle gates.

Before the newly-married pair could obtain a well-ordered home in which the husband was the head and supreme authority, years had to pass full of petty annoyances. The officers of the household, in the appointment of whom it might have been thought the Prince had at least a right to be consulted, were named by others. Even his private secretary, a person with whom he would have to be on terms of the closest intimacy, was appointed, not only without reference to the Prince, but in defiance of the principle which he had laid down, that these appointments should not be party rewards. Lord Melbourne nominated for the post his own private

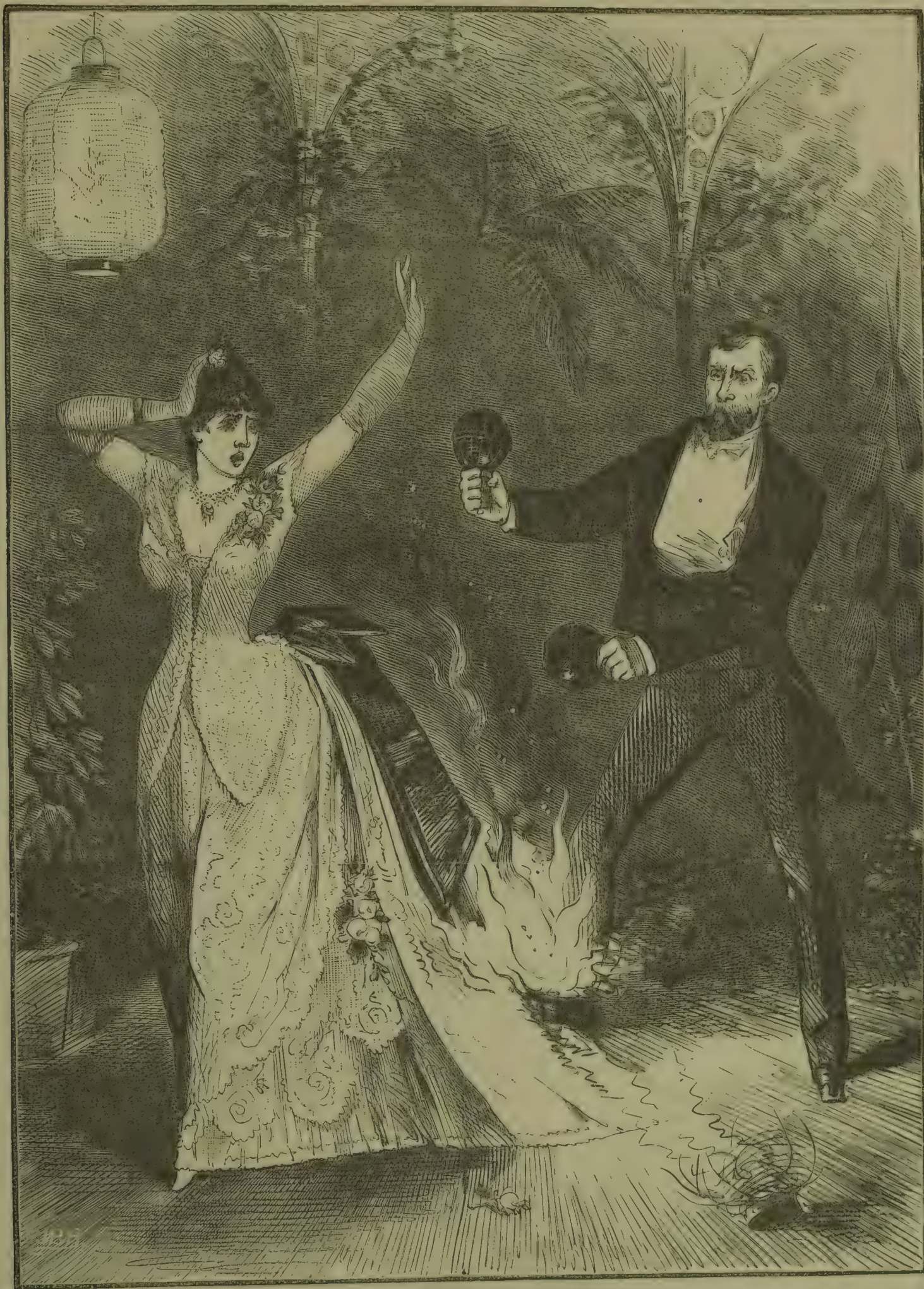
secretary. "Think of my position," the Prince wrote to the Queen; "I am leaving my home, with all its old associations, all its bosom friends, and going to a country where everything is new and strange to me—men, language, customs, modes of life, position. Except yourself, I have no one to confide in. And it is not even to be conceded to me that the two or three persons who are to have the charge of my private affairs shall be persons who already command my confidence!" The annoyances to which he thus had to submit are summed up in an expressive sentence in one of his letters written three months after his marriage:—"In my home life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with proper dignity is that I am only the husband and not the master in the house." The internal arrangements of the Royal household were managed by Baroness Lehzen, who had been the Queen's governess; while the government of the household, so far as there was any government at all, was divided between the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and the Master of the Horse. "The Lord Steward," writes Baron Stockmar, "finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. . . . In the same manner the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, but the Lord Steward must clean, trim, and light them." "Before a pane of glass, or a cupboard-door could be mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be obtained that often months elapsed before the repairs were made." To increase the confusion, the Woods and Forests were responsible for cleaning the windows outside, and the Lord Chamberlain for cleaning them inside. "As neither the Master of the Horse or the Lord Chamberlain had any regular deputy in the palace, the servants, both male and female, were more than two-thirds of them without a master, and were in consequence negligent and inattentive."

People had noted the amiable expression of the Prince, and had compared it with the more determined look of his brother, but he soon showed himself a man of strong will and purpose. He carefully separated the Queen's regal duties from those of a wife, and, with gentle firmness, claimed and took his proper position as head of the family. In this the clear judgment and right feeling of the Queen seconded him; and "to those who would urge upon her that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and family as well as of the State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects, her Majesty would reply that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey' as well as to 'love and honour,' and that this sacred obligation she would consent neither to limit or refine away." We may note with what delight, in after years, the Queen in her letters calls the Prince "her dear master."

"Let us cleave devoutly, but unceasingly, to high thoughts and noble purposes, and Heaven's blessing will not fail to attend us. Not outward show, but *Truth and Reality be the aim.*" Such was the counsel the Prince received from his mentor. Nor did the faithful Stockmar shrink from exposing

REINHARDTSBRUNN, GOTHIA.—FROM A DRAWING BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.
Reprinted from the "Illustrated London News" of Sept. 6, 1845.

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LATEST AWARD—"THE GOLD MEDAL" OF THE ARCHITECTURAL AND BUILDING TRADES EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1886.

The HARDEN "STAR" HAND GRENADE FIRE EXTINGUISHER has been the means of saving the following Premises and Warehouses from Destruction by Fire, for which we hold Testimonials in each case:—

Derbyshire lace factory saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Tatham Bros., Ilkeston, March 3, 1885.
Fire caused by methylated spirit extinguished by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Walker and Son, 35, High-street, Maldenhead, March 2, 1885.
Joiners' shop saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Penny and Co., Lincoln, April 4, 1885.
Dining-rooms saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Mr. R. W. Blackburn, 8, Blanket-row, Hull, Aug. 30, 1885.
Birkdale Farm Reformatory School saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Gov. Shce, Ainsdale, near Southport, July 8, 1885.
Lithographic establishment saved by means of the Harden "Star."—W. Brownlee, Glasgow, July 27, 1885.
Life and property saved at the West-End.—At the residence of the Rev. H. P. Gurney, M.A., 2, Powis-square, Feb. 11, 1886, by means of the Harden "Star."

The Villiers Hotel, Douglas, Isle of Man, saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Aug. 14, 1885.
Marver and Collingham's premises, Lincoln, saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Aug. 10, 1885.
Large bootmaking establishment saved by means of the Harden "Star."—A. and W. Platan, Ropemaker-street, Finsbury, E.C., Dec. 23, 1884.
Valuable oil mills saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Foster Brothers, Gloucester, Feb. 24, 1885.
Dye-works saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Win. Bishop, Stroud-water, Jan. 6, 1885.
Hastle web manufactory saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Dalby Bros. and Co., Leicester, March 25, 1885.
Premises and valuable stock saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Mr. G. Heaven, 6 and 7, Edgbaston-street, Birmingham, Jan. 20, 1886.
Life saved owing to the Harden "Star."—Mrs. Gibson, St. John's, Worcester, Feb. 19, 1886.

Messrs. C. Ward and Son's premises, 2, West Chapel-street, Mayfair, W., saved by means of the Harden "Star," April 27, 1886.
The Harden "Star" was the means of saving Mr. J. T. Whitesmith's premises and stock, Mill-street, Kidderminster.
Country residence saved by means of the Harden "Star."—C. W. Wilson, Rigmaden Park, Kirkby Lonsdale, March 29, 1885.
Large business premises in Paris saved by means of the Harden "Star."—Messrs. Esnauff, Pelterie, Aine et Cie, 5, Rue St. Eacre, Feb. 1, 1886.
Stand saved at the "INVENTIONS" EXHIBITION owing to the Harden "Star."—City Rubber Stamp Co., 10, Ludgate-hill, S. pt. 16, 1885.
QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S LYING-IN HOSPITAL, Marylebone-road, three outbreaks of the fire suppressed by the Harden "Star," May 4, 1885.
House and hop kilns saved by means of the Harden "Star."—G. V. Knight, Hale, Farnham, March 22, 1886.
And many others.

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FOR HEARTBURN.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR HEARTBURN.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

FOR HEARTBURN.

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

THE QUEEN WITH HER CHILDREN.

The happy marriage of Queen Victoria with Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, is related in our narrative of the Queen's early life, terminating on another page; and we give the Portraits of the Royal husband and wife; Views of several places in Germany associated with the early life of his Royal Highness; an Illustration of the scene at their wedding, at St. James's Palace, on February 10, 1840, with a Portrait of the Royal bride in her wedding dress; and Views of Claremont, where they resided for some time after the marriage, and of the Garden Pavilion at Buckingham Palace, their ordinary residence in town. More than forty years have passed since the Royal Family, whose domestic felicity was ever regarded by the whole nation, and by foreign nations, with sympathetic congratulation, began to live together a life which has been to every private household a fair example of the moral beauty and blessedness of those virtuous affections whose pure source is found in the sacred ties of nature. It was on November 21, 1840, that the Queen's eldest child, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of Great Britain (now Imperial Crown Princess of Germany and Prussia), was born at Buckingham Palace; and the sweet little lady must have been nearly two years old when Sir John Gilbert, R.A., had the honour of drawing her Portrait, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 26, 1842, and which we have the pleasure of now reproducing for our readers of the present day. Her Royal Highness already had a little brother, and may even have learned to call him "Bertie," or, possibly, she called him "Baby"; for, on Nov. 9, 1841, likewise at Buckingham Palace, the Queen's first-born son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, came into the world, heir-apparent to the Throne of this Kingdom, whereby the Princess Royal, still in her "long clothes" we suppose, ceased to be heiress-presumptive of the Crown. The Artist of the period, as will be seen on another

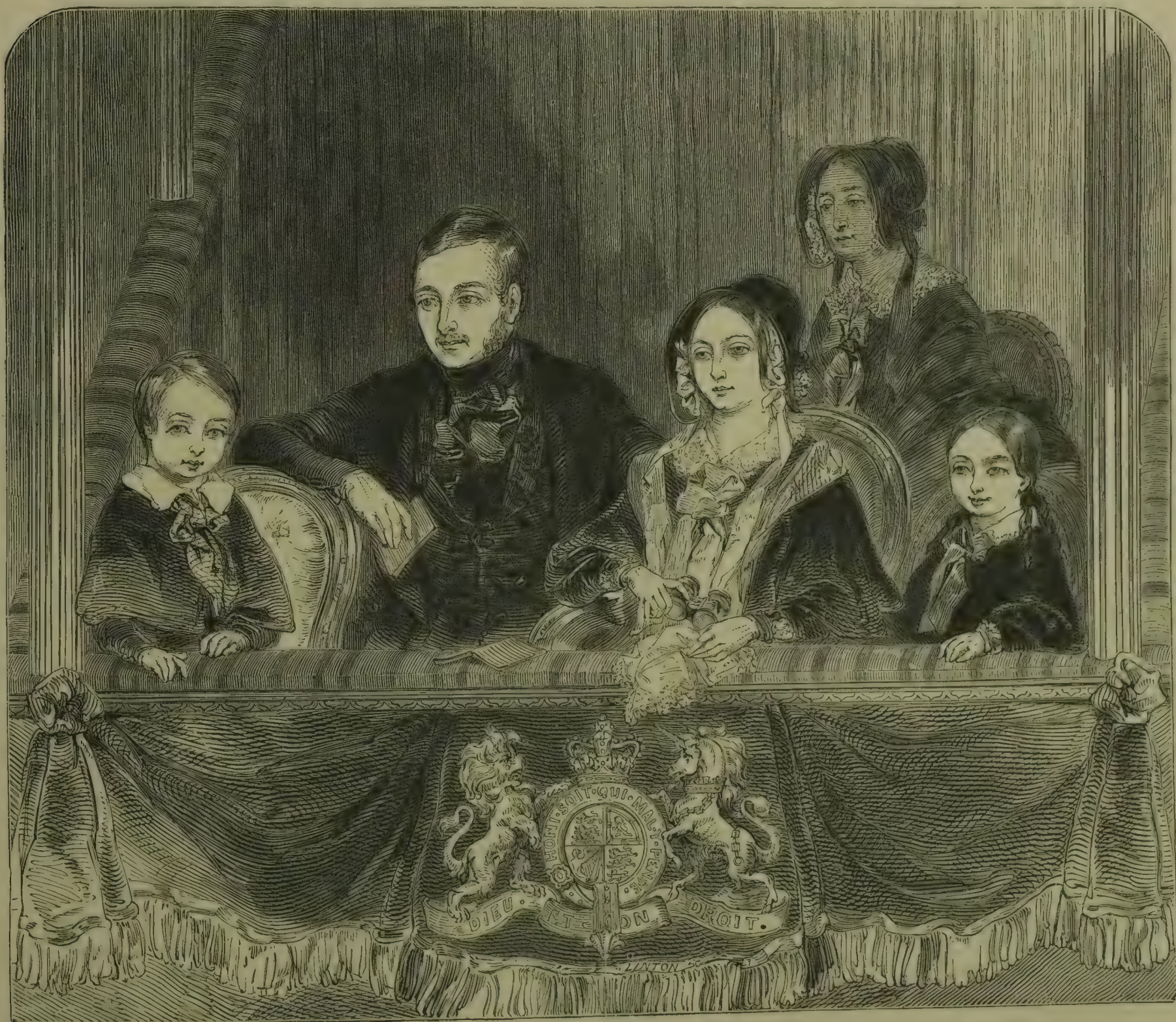


THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN 1842.

page, exercised his congenial fancy in delineating "a Scene in the Nursery at Claremont," in one of the earliest Numbers of this Journal, upon the occasion of the young Royal mother's twenty-third birthday; he ventured to draw the attitude of the Queen, with her baby-boy, "in one of those happy moments of maternal life," when the expression of womanly

tenderness, enjoyed in her domestic retirement, surpasses all the grace of courtly bearing, as the treasure of womanly love excels the riches and glories of the mightiest Sovereigns on earth.

It is pleasant also to find it recorded, about the same time, that the little Princess Royal was permitted to see her parents attired in those magnificent dresses, the costumes of Queen Philippa and King Edward III., in which they appeared at the Historical Costume Ball on May 12, 1842, as will be described farther on; and that her Royal Highness and the Prince of Wales, on a certain birthday at Claremont, were presented to their Mamma, early in the morning, in the picturesque dress of Tyrolean peasants. But the Memoirs of the late Prince Consort, with the private letters in which he often spoke of his children, contain many charming anecdotes of their earliest youth at home. Coming to the year 1846, when the eldest girl was five years of age, and the eldest boy was four, we are delighted to learn, having perhaps forgotten the incident, that on Tuesday, March 24, they were taken by the Queen and the Prince Consort to Astley's Amphitheatre. Mr. Batty, "the spirited lessee," had decorated that famous popular place of entertainment with plenty of crimson cloth, and had fitted up a Royal box with crimson and white silk tabaret, the Royal arms being emblazoned in front. The performances, entitled "A Grand Equestrian Day Representation," began at four in the afternoon; they comprised a variety of graceful feats by Monsieur and Madame Dumos, Mademoiselle Isabelle, Monsieur Ilmie, and the Brothers Candler; a Lilliputian Equestrian Scene of 1754; the exhibition of the spotted steeds, Beauty and Selim, and of the admired steed Beda; finally, a grand tableau from "The Rajah of Nagpore," and the tricks of the celebrated elephants, all under the direction of Mr. Thompson, the stage-manager. We have no doubt that both the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princess of Prussia retain to this day a vivid remembrance of every part of the spectacle at Astley's, and have, perhaps, often told their own children that it was the finest thing of its kind.



Prince of Wales,

Prince Albert.

The Queen.

Princess Royal.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

Sir David was not much troubled, in a general way, by sentiment; but Felix Argand was a very considerable personage in his way, whose feelings were worth consideration.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN.

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT THE DUCHESS'S.

Before the week was over, Lizzie had insured her life, and the policy was lodged in Mr. Rose's hands, without anyone belonging to her suspecting anything of the matter.

She knew that Aunt Jane's secrecy as to her having mortgaged herself would be inviolable, because she never talked about anything she did not understand; and it immensely increased the pleasure of having freed her lover from his embarrassments at her own cost, that he was unaware of the circumstance. She would have to work, it was true, and to work harder than she would otherwise have done; but work for one we love, even if we do not delight in the work itself—as she did—is sweetest toil. She had the utmost confidence in her own powers, and, to judge by the verdict of the world, it was not misplaced. Mr. Rose had lost no time in making use of the privilege for which he had stipulated of making known the authorship of "The Usher"; and in a few days her name was in the mouths of all who take an interest in such matters, and of that still larger community who pretend to take it. There was not a newspaper of any standing which had not some reference to her, with a more or less eulogistic reference to her marvellous gifts. Her essays were criticised anew and read—or attempted to be read—by the light of her novel. Characteristic touches were discovered in both, which she herself would have been at a loss to recognise, had her attention been drawn to them. But, while by no means greedy of praise, she shrank, with something more than dislike, from all public prominence. Acting on Mr. Argand's advice, which chimed in with her natural instincts in the matter, she read no criticisms on herself, whether favourable or otherwise.

"The one," he said, "will only tickle your vanity, and the other wound your *amour propre*."

For there were, of course, adverse criticisms; her success had been so complete and immediate that she was already in the position of a writer of established reputation, whom all the poisoned darts (and even stink-pots) of envy and detraction are attracted, as by some natural law of gravity. Worse than these, though even more contemptible, were the personal references in which certain journals did not hesitate to indulge. Some of them were even at the pains to confide—in different styles, and according to their own taste and fancy—her biography. In one of these the circumstance of her having been so long mistaken for one of the male sex was ascribed to a way she had, in common with a great female novelist in France, of going about in men's clothes. In another she was the daughter of an Archbishop (who had secretly married beneath him), and had taken to light literature and pronounced opinions in revenge for his declining to acknowledge her as his legitimate offspring.

These flights of fancy were occasionally mingled with infinitesimal grains of truth. One journal described her as a governess who had charmed the son of the house, who had, in

consequence, been discarded by his father; her pen now maintained her husband—unhappily, a *mauvais sujet*, who spent her magnificent earnings in every description of dissipation. Another was inclined, by a sense of public duty, to give the statement (it had, however, received it upon the best authority) for what it was worth, that neither the essays nor the novel, of which so much was talked, were her own composition, but had been written by her old schoolmaster, an indigent antiquary, who, in total ignorance of their literary value, had sold them to her for five-and-twenty shillings the lot. In consequence of this interesting information, old schoolmasters and others sprang up like mushrooms in various places in the country, claiming their rights, and appealing to a credulous public for a few shillings to keep life and soul together in genius wronged.

All this rubbish, however, only tended to raise higher and higher the flame of her notoriety.

The applications for autographs, for photographs, for "a few words in your own handwriting, expressing a sentiment," or for "a quotation from your admirable works," flowed in unceasingly; invitations to dinners, to afternoon teas, and even to breakfasts, from the most high-placed Dianas—lion-huntresses of the first rank—rained in upon her by every post. Not only were all the proprietors of literary menageries in town eager to add her to their collection, but even those of the provinces. These latter, indeed, to whom the tedium of their existence had probably begotten a certain desperation, were more audacious and importunate than the others. She was invited to half a dozen country seats by as many female magnates, whose apology for addressing her must be found (they said) in the fact that, in the authoress of "The Usher," they recognised, not only a genius—which, indeed, all the world acknowledged—but, in the highest and noblest sense, a friend.

If their tributes of respect did not impress Miss Elizabeth Dart quite so deeply as, in some cases, they were obviously expected to do, they afforded her very considerable amusement. As her address was unknown, they were all addressed to her, to be forwarded by the editor of the *Millennium*, who most bitterly complained of the postage. It was about the only thing, in those days, that Felix Argand had to complain of. Lizzie's love had renewed for him, not, indeed, his youth—for he was still comparatively a young man—but that light-hearted gaiety which fails and fades, on our road through middle life, as though the coming stupor of old age, beheld from afar, had palsied us with its prospect.

One day, with eyes that twinkled with fun, he brought a letter to her of the kind which usually came in packets.

It was an envelope, containing a dinner card, from the Dowager Duchess of Doldrum.

"It is very kind of her," said Lizzie, rather coldly; "but I don't see why it should not have been forwarded with the others."

The idea of his having made an exception in favour of her Grace was very disagreeable to her. She exceedingly resented the notion of patronage under any circumstances, and that this example of it should have had the tacit recommendation of her Felix was particularly distasteful.

"My dear, she is a Duchess," remonstrated Felix, wickedly. It was very seldom that he could get "a rise" out of Lizzie, whose sense of humour was, indeed, much stronger than his own, and he enjoyed his opportunity immensely.

"At all events, I have not the honour of her acquaintance," was the frigid reply.

"That is why she seeks it, I suppose. I did not bring her invitation 'with the others,' as you call them, because she herself enjoined me to place it in your hands."

"Oh, she is a friend of your own, is she?" exclaimed Lizzie, with an air of relief.

"There is as much friendship between us as is possible between persons of such different positions in life. I am sometimes asked to 'at-homes' at Doldrum House. We are not absolutely confidential, though she sometimes bows to me quite sweetly in the Park when there is no one looking."

"You are going yourself, however, I suppose, to this dinner?"

"I? Certainly not. There is a reception in the evening, however, to which I am invited—you must remember, my darling (for Lizzie looked very much ruffled), that her Grace is quite unaware of our engagement."

"Does she ask me, then, to come alone?"

"No; she has very kindly included Joanna in the invitation. I have another card here, which I am to give her if you accept, but not otherwise."

"Then I consider this lady exceedingly impertinent."

"My dear, she is a Duchess."

"I shall certainly not go, Felix."

"Then I think you will make a mistake, my love. In my opinion, you should never lose an opportunity of a new experience."

"Copy!" exclaimed Lizzie, with indignation. "I am not a newspaper reporter. If I went on those grounds, I should indeed be a fitting guest for such a hostess."

"My dear Lizzie, do be reasonable. There is, in the first place, no obligation in the matter; or, if any, it lies on her Grace's side. If her own admiration for genius is not very genuine, you will meet others at her house of another calibre. I don't pretend that it will be a new world to you. A palace, a host of servants, and an interminable dinner do not, as is too commonly supposed, constitute a Paradise; the company that is par excellence termed brilliant, is often, no doubt, exceedingly dull; but still, it will be an experience to meet them. The only commoner besides Joanna and yourself will probably be Sir David Dredge, for I met him in the street just now, and he told me he was going."

"Sir David Dredge—is that the doctor?"

"Yes; he has just been made a Baronet: a very quaint old fellow, one of the few men in his profession who takes a real interest in literature. If you had heard him when he raved about 'The Usher' I am sure you would like to meet him."

added Felix, slyly.

"I think I'll go," observed Lizzie, thoughtfully.

Felix stared at her, amazed.

"Yes, there is much in what you have urged; and I don't mind being dazzled, just for once. But do you think Joanna will go?"

"To dinner at Doldrum House? With peas in her shoes, if that was obligatory. In matters of 'social rank,' all women"—He hesitated, then stopped abruptly.

"Yes? You were about to make an observation," observed Lizzie, sweetly.

"No, an exception. I was about to say that all the women I have ever met, except yourself, are more or less weak about titles. Even titled women themselves are weak about them."

I know a Countess who always speaks of her own husband—it sounds like a sarcasm, for she henpecks him—as ‘My Lord.’”

“Well, now you will have to make no exception, even of me, Felix; for I am going to Doldrum House, you see, after all.”

Accordingly, at the appointed day, to Doldrum House the two ladies went. The Duchess was a good woman, in her way; good-tempered, unless crossed by anybody; homely at heart, in spite of the pomp that surrounded her; and with a determination of spirit that was very highly spoken of by those who did not suffer from it. Her manner was natural—as it is not difficult for people’s manner to be who have everything their own way—and was much admired. There were many persons of high rank at the banquet; but Miss Dart was the guest of the evening, and her hostess called her “my dear.”

“You shall sit next to whom you please,” she whispered to her while they were in the drawing-room. “Dredge, eh?” (I am sorry to say she ignored the new Baronet’s title.) “You have got nothing the matter with your spine, I hope, that you want to talk to him about. However, Dredge it shall be.” And the places at table were arranged accordingly.

Nothing was lost, we may be sure, upon Elizabeth Dart (except some of the entrées). She had the eye of a hawk, without its appetite; but the person who most attracted her attention was her next neighbour.

He was a stout man, with a fine head and a very soft voice. There were members of his profession, less distinguished, who maintained that it was not always so very soft; but, in speaking to Lizzie, it sounded like a snowfall. He spoke of her works with an intelligent enthusiasm which put it beyond question that he had really read them.

“Is the original of your delightful ‘Bit of Old England’ a State secret?” he inquired.

“Not from you,” she answered, sweetly. “It is Casterton.” He made a note of the name upon his shirt cuff. “I shall go there this autumn, without fail,” he said.

“If you do,” she replied, gravely, “I want you to do me a great service, Sir David.”

“Consider it as already done, Miss Dart,” was the reply.

“I have a dear young friend there—one Matthew Meyrick—who is dying of some spinal complaint, which he ought not to die of.”

“Who says that?”

“Dr. Dalling, of Downshire. He told me there was one man in England who could cure him, and only one—Dr. Dredge.”

“Did he now?” The physician leant back in his chair, with an air of pleased reminiscence. “I remember Dalling. We were students together at Guy’s. A man of sense and judgment. Unhappily, I have made a solemn vow and covenant with myself never to see a patient out of London.”

“Everybody knows that, Sir David; and the country is jealous of the town in consequence.”

“Miss Dart, I have found out what I should never have suspected from your behaviour here—for never did I see a young lady so much at ease in the social Zion. You are a flatterer.”

“No, Sir David; if I seem to be so, it is only because I admire your noble profession above all others, and recognise the head of it in yourself.”

“Cannot this poet of yours come up to town, and consult me, like other people?” inquired the doctor, with a pretence of irritation.

“No. I have forgotten to give him what will be the very best passport to your help. He is very poor.”

“For the first time in my life, Miss Dart, I may truly say that I am sorry for the resolution I have made, and which I cannot break—even for your sake; if it was known that I visited this gentleman in the country professionally.”

“I wouldn’t ask you to do such a thing for worlds!” interrupted Miss Dart, simply. “You must visit him as a friend, of course, and cure him for nothing.”

“I never thought of that!” exclaimed the physician; and, indeed, it was probable that the idea had all the attraction of novelty for him. It was said of Sir David that, on being appealed to, on a certain occasion which seemed to demand some abatement, to reduce a fee in three figures, he had magnanimously replied, “I will make it pounds instead of guineas”; but, as a rule, he surpassed Shylock by demanding more than his pound. There were plenty of unfashionable physicians, he used to say, who were quite justified in prescribing gratuitously; but, for his part, his fees were a part of his reputation, and he couldn’t afford it. It was the first time for a quarter of a century that he had made an exception to this admirable rule. He flattered himself he was doing it solely to oblige a young woman of genius, of whom all the town was talking; he was quite unaware that, like the trout à la Doldrum he had been just discussing, he had been tickled and landed.

When Miss Dart took her leave of her hostess that night, “I have enjoyed your company very much, my dear,” said the Duchess, an inversion of the usual forms of hospitality which amused her guest immensely. She, too, had good reason to be satisfied with her entertainment at Doldrum House, for she had succeeded beyond her expectations in attaining the object which alone had attracted her thither.

CHAPTER L.

STRUCK DOWN.

There are two things—accident and illness—which, though common enough in human life, are always more or less left out of our calculations. We see them happening on all sides to our friends, we know that any day they may happen to ourselves, and we may even make such feeble provision against them as is possible. But it is our secret hope that we shall ourselves escape these misfortunes, to which, after all, flesh is not necessarily the heir, but only a possible legatee. When they do happen, they fall on one class with comparative lightness; and on another, with terrific force. Those who have capital, on the interest of which they live, and who, dying, can bequeath it to their children, are out of reach of the worst effect of these calamities; they may be tortured, they may be crippled, but there is no necessity for the maimed limbs to work, for the fevered brain to think for others; their dear ones are materially no worse off than they were in consequence of the blow that has been dealt to themselves. It is for the bread-winner that accident and illness have the gravest and most crushing consequences. To be paralysed, and yet to feel the necessity for exertion, is the most distressing position in which poor human nature can be placed. The intense egotism of philosophy avails us nothing under such circumstances; nay, even the resignation born of religion is powerless to console us, since our unavailing tears fall not for ourselves only, but for others.

Were we always looking from side to side for these misfortunes, like one who threads a crowded crossing, life would be unendurable; but, at the same time, the unexpectedness of their occurrence adds to the force of the shock. To-day, the lawyer, the man of business, or the author may be said to be more or less prosperous; to-morrow, he lies with broken bones or broken health; and, above all, with the terrible consciousness of every-day vanishing means. Of the three, the author is in

the worst case, since he has no partner to carry on his trade, and no “good-will” to dispose of: both principal and income, save under circumstances which are only too exceptional, are gone together.

For some little time Elizabeth Dart had experienced such prosperity as rarely falls to the lot of man, and still more rarely to that of woman. She possessed a great and ever-widening reputation; a future of unexampled brilliancy, in the case of one of her age and sex, lay before her, and of this she felt assured; she had no doubt of her own powers; she was conscious that she had only just begun to draw upon resources that were practically without limit. All that was brightest, and much that was best in society, were eager for her company under their own roof; while an invitation from herself was a social distinction. She had temporarily taken a small but pretty house in Kilburn, with a charming garden, which was Aunt Jane’s paradise. Mr. Argand had arranged with his landlord to retain possession of his house in Harewood-square, so that the two families (if they could be called such) were still neighbours. It need scarcely be said that they saw a great deal of one another. They might be said, indeed, to possess in common a town house and a country house; but, on account of the time of year—for it was still early autumn—they were more often at the latter than the former. Mr. Argand and Lizzie were to be married at Christmas; the bridegroom would have preferred an earlier date, but she had reasons, known only to herself, for deferring his felicity to the end of the year. She wished to come to him free from debt. Until she had finished her new book, and thereby discharged her obligation to Mr. Rose, she felt that she had not leisure to be happy. Their engagement, however, was announced, and increased the interest which was felt in her. It was universally agreed that so fitting a match gave quite a colour to the old belief (so fast, alas! dying out) that marriages are made in heaven. Felix Argand had a striking individuality of his own, and was widely known and deservedly popular. While everyone congratulated him, a few who knew him well congratulated her; and it was their felicitations, we may be sure, which gave him the most pleasure. Happy in herself, in her lover, in her surroundings of all kind, her cup of pleasure had been filled to the brim by good news from Casterton. The day after meeting Sir David at Doldrum House she had sent him a copy of Matthew’s poems, with a letter reminding him of his promise; and the physician had been as good as his word. He had spent most of the short holiday he allowed himself at Casterton, and made great friends with the invalid, visiting him almost daily.

“Your young friend,” he wrote, confidentially, to Miss Dart, from the “Falcon,” “interests me, you will be pleased to hear, more than his malady. There are, in my opinion, no insuperable difficulties, such as we doctors love, connected with it. I cannot say that he has been treated for it improperly, for he has not been treated at all. Time and the chapter of accidents are excellent things to trust to; but it is hard on science to ignore her powers and despise her assistance altogether. To leave everything to Nature is the simplest of remedies; but (strictly between ourselves) she is not always bent on remedy. If she has any good intentions, it is, on the other hand, well to supplement them a little. This is what I hope I have done. There are certain resemblances in the case in question to a serious, perhaps, incurable form of myelitis; but I have reason to hope that it will turn out mere spinal congestion, in which there lies always hope. If the treatment I have suggested be persevered in, I should not be surprised, a twelvemonth hence, to see M. M. (excuse a literary style which smacks of the *Lancet*) bestriding a steed of flesh and blood as easily as he now mounts his Pegasus. He has thrown up the sponge too easily. If a carriage with C-springs and a yacht were at his disposal, his cure would doubtless be accelerated; but, even as matters are, you have good cause for congratulation. Do not thank me, however, my dear Miss Dart, till we are out of the wood; nor, indeed, even then—for I assure you, without affectation, that the obligation will still be on my side. The society of your young friend has doubled my enjoyment of this beautiful spot. No wonder that it inspires genius. I don’t say a word about Miss Mary, from which you will draw, I know, the wickedest conclusions. When I reflect that I am doing my best to get a hated rival upon his legs again, I assure you I plume myself not a little upon such chivalrous conduct.”

From subsequent bulletins, after Sir David had left Casterton, it was plain that an improvement in Matthew’s condition had commenced.

One morning Elizabeth Dart sat down as usual to her daily task, and found herself unable to pursue it. Her head seemed to spin round, and she found it impossible to concentrate her thoughts; when, with effort, she had written down a word or two, she was in doubt as to whether they were spelt aright. There are few veterans of the pen to whom these symptoms have not occasionally occurred; but they alarmed her exceedingly. If the attack had been more violent, it would in some respects have been better for her, for she would then have been less conscious of her shortcoming; as it was, she recognised, not only the difficulty of conception, but the platitudes that came of it. This circumstance would not have been a portent to some writers; but she had never written platitudes. Any person of ordinary common-sense would, under such circumstances, have desisted from their occupation, but the more obstacles Nature interposed the more resolute she became to overcome them. It was as though, finding her mind a blank, she felt a necessity for supplying it with ideas; but, unhappily, they would not come. Her brain, like a nervous horse whom its rider compels again and again to face some object of its apprehension, became more and more recalcitrant. “If I once suffer myself,” was her reflection, “to imagine myself unequal to my daily task, all will be over with me: I shall become like those spiritless Bohemians who never wrote ‘unless they were in the humour’ or could not otherwise obtain a glass of liquor.” The only thought that she could entertain with clearness, and which came without invitation, was connected with her creditor, Mr. Rose. She had only written half the novel for which he paid her in advance; and if it was never to be finished she might just as well have written none of it. A small thing it may be said to disturb so great a mind, a trouble both in nature and extent contemptible enough to anyone of even moderate means. There have been geniuses even, like herself, who would have regarded it with the most philosophic equanimity, but her nature was not only exceptionally sensitive, but singularly simple and honest.

It was her habit to be quite alone while employed in composition: she could not endure interruption of any kind; but she made an exception in favour of Aunt Jane, who would come into her room half-a-dozen times in the morning “to see”—very literally, for she never spoke—“to see how her dear girl was getting on.” On such occasions Lizzie would always smile and nod, and the little widow, much refreshed by these manifestations, would retire as she came, noiselessly as a cat. This morning, when she looked in, there was no smile for her: her niece, pen in hand, was staring straight before her like a sphinx. Aunt Jane, who had a certain superstitious reverence for Lizzie while at her desk, would “probably” have made no observation, imagining the attitude to be only a new form of

inspiration, but for the fact of ‘perceiving’ the MS. book in which her niece always wrote, upon the floor.

“Why, my darling, you’ve dropped your book.”

“It doesn’t matter,” was the astounding reply. Even the Sibyl had a book (though it turned out at last to be a very little one), and it seemed incredible to Aunt Jane, clever as Lizzie was, that she should be able to write in the air as though it were paper. There was something, too, strange and distrust in Lizzie’s tones which alarmed her.

“You are not well, my child; you do not look like yourself.”

“I am not myself,” sighed Lizzie, dropping her pen and bursting into tears.

In half an hour she was lying unconscious in her bed. The nearest doctor was sent for. His face at first was grave; but cleared, and became even cheerful after a conversation with Mr. Argand, who, with his sister, had been summoned at once. It was a case of overwork, he pronounced: the brain had been taxed too heavily.

“I do not think so,” said Mr. Argand who was not unacquainted with that subject, and knew the case with which Lizzie did her work.

“Her nervous centres are disorganised,” observed the doctor, professionally plunging out of the other’s depth.

For days Lizzie lay in a high fever, not raving, but talking incessantly to herself. It was sad, indeed, for those who loved her, and had been used to her bright and thoughtful utterances, to listen to those bald, disjointed scraps: a thing quite as pitious in its way as though her physical beauty had been marred and mutilated by some hideous accident. Aunt Jane and Miss Argand were both born nurses—it is the birthright of the best women—so that there was no occasion for the services of any of those estimable handmaids of Healing who of late years have robbed sickness of half its terrors. In their gentle ministrations these two ladies found some solace for the grief that consumed them, but for Felix Argand there was no such mitigation. It was his fate to watch the sufferings of his darling—from whose neighbourhood he could not tear himself away—without being of the least assistance to her. It would be too severe upon him to quote his own self-reproach that he was as clumsy as a cart-horse; but he was certainly as nervous as a thoroughbred. The very type of thought, his mind, accustomed to unfettered freedom, was now compelled to revolve in a contracted circle, like a squirrel in its cage. He could think of nothing else save Lizzie, and of losing her. He passed a week of agony, which was repaid by a single smile that she gave him as he sat beside her pillow. It was the first sign of consciousness she had exhibited, and the doctor drew the happiest auguries from it; as it turned out, however, very prematurely. The patient grew better, indeed, in many respects, and even stronger, but there were certain symptoms which hinted of permanent mischief. She spoke little, and that in whispers, but a feverish anxiety seemed to consume her.

“Is there anything that troubles you, dearest?” inquired Felix; “anything on your mind?”

She did not answer, but her silence was no longer significant; a question had often to be put to her twice or thrice before she appeared to comprehend it.

“Do you wish to see anyone?”

“Yes,” she murmured, after a pause, “Sir David Dredge.”

The physician came; had a long interview with the patient, and afterwards with Mr. Argand. His face and manner were grave. There were peculiarities in the case that alarmed him, because he could not account for them; it was not egotism, but experience, that caused him, when he was puzzled, to fear the worst.

“She is, at least, better than she was?” urged Felix, pleading for a favourable verdict. “It is something, surely, that she has recovered consciousness?”

“In most cases it would be so, no doubt; but not in hers. She has begun to think too soon; and yet to tell her not to do so is equivalent to telling an ordinary person not to breathe.”

“You don’t mean to say that her mind is reverting to her work,” said Felix, in alarm.

“I am not sure. It would be as futile for it to do so, as regards the outcome, as though she were to attempt to construct a watch in her head; but I noticed when I spoke of absolute rest that she looked very troubled. Are you aware of there being any pressing need for her exerting herself; the conclusion of some book within a specified time, for instance?”

“No; certainly not.”

“Nevertheless, there is something on her mind. I hope there is—otherwise, from what I have seen of her, the case is very grave.”

“Do you apprehend?”—In vain Felix strove to put his question firmly.

“No, not that,” put in the physician, curtly. “Nothing immediate; nor, in my opinion, is she in what is commonly called danger. But for some people there are worse things than death.”

“You fear for her mind,” faltered Felix.

“She fears for it herself—which is still more serious,” answered the doctor. He walked to the window, which looked upon the garden, where Aunt Jane was gathering a few late flowers for the sick-room.

“Now, if Miss Dart were like that woman, she would be well in a fortnight,” he said, with irritation; “but, being what she is”—he stopped himself suddenly, remembering in whose presence he stood. It was not the fact that his companion was betrothed to his patient that stopped him; Sir David was not much troubled, in a general way, by sentiment, but Felix Argand was a very considerable personage in his way, whose feelings were worth consideration.

“I suppose that all reference to her former pursuits, or to books at all, is to be avoided.”

“Not at all; encourage her to talk as much as you can, no matter on what subjects. Let her do anything she has a mind for.”

“But if she asks for pen and paper?”

“She will not ask for them; she is only too conscious of her impotence; that, if I am not mistaken, is what is preying upon her. She says to herself, and it is only too probable that she is right, ‘My occupation is gone: I shall never write a line again.’ Nevertheless, if she does ask for them, let her have them. She must be crossed in nothing.”

That very day, the sick girl whispered to Aunt Jane, “I want to write a letter.” It seemed impossible that, in her condition, she should accomplish such a thing; nevertheless, the widow had her orders, and the writing materials were brought. She propped the patient up with pillows; and, with infinite labour, the task, which had once, alas! been so easy, was accomplished.

“Post it with your own hands, Aunt Jane; and let no one know to whom it is sent,” were the patient’s injunctions; after which, her overtaxed strength failed her, and she fainted away.

(To be continued.)

The Dean of Worcester has been presented by the Leeds Clergy School with an altar cross in brass, and a pair of altar candlesticks and vases in silver.

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.



HER MAJESTY AS QUEEN PHILIPPA



PRINCE ALBERT AS EDWARD III.

AT THE QUEEN'S HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL, AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAY 12, 1842.

THE QUEEN'S HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The young Queen and her husband, on the night of Thursday, May 12, 1842, gave a masquerade or fancy-dress ball at Buckingham Palace. Some illustrations of the costumes and scenes displayed upon this occasion were published in the very first Number of the *Illustrated London News*, which was dated Saturday, May 14, 1842. It is not without sympathetic regard for a staff of editors, artists, and engravers long departed, the personal remembrance of whom is a faint tradition in the office of this Journal, that we reprint two of their illustrations, and peruse once more, in a volume forty-four years old, the description of "this magnificent scene of historic revelry, for which such extraordinary preparations had been made by the most illustrious and beautiful of the land, enacted with all the effect that refined taste and unbounded resources could give to human enjoyment." Our veteran contributor, Mr. G. A. Sala, the Nestor and Ulysses of descriptive correspondents, was then too young, we believe, though he now pretends to be an old man, to have attended her Majesty's *Bal Masqué*, or he might have done justice to the splendour and antiquarian interest of the various costumes. The writer, whoever he was, frankly admits that he had previously, on the Tuesday, been allowed to inspect the Queen's dress at some establishment in Hanover-square, where "no less than 250 carriages of the aristocracy and *beau monde*" brought a large number of ladies and gentlemen to see the completed work of the costume-maker. "Even deprived of the jewels, which on Thursday evening threw an effulgence of light, the regal robes were picturesque beyond the most sanguine expectations. The open hanging sleeves of brightest velvet lined with miniver, the surcoat, with its grey silver ground, looking like a corselet, enriched with the loveliest flowers of gold, were part of the costume. The dress is transcendent in the brilliancy of that contrast which it is the great and difficult art of a costume-maker to produce." Does her Majesty, we wonder, still keep it in some old wardrobe, and has she ever shown it to her granddaughters? The costume was that of Queen Philippa, "the noble-hearted and tender" consort of King Edward III., whose womanly intercession for the burghesses of Calais is one of the few pleasing anecdotes in the history of our ancient French wars. Ladies will desire to be informed with more exact particularity of the details of this fourteenth-

century Queenly dress. "Over a skirt, with a demi-train of *ponceau* velvet, edged with fur, was a surcoat of brocade, blue and gold, the centre and the edges lined with miniver. From the upper edge of the centre of the miniver stomacher was a band descending of jewels laid on gold tissue, with flowers of silver *mattes* and brilliants, over a gold ground: a marvellous tissue made, as well as the blue and gold brocade, by the ingenuity of our own Spitalfields weaver. The mantle

was lined with miniver. Her Majesty's hair, folded inward *à la Clovis*, was surmounted by a light crown of graven gold." The magnificent dress worn by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in the character of Edward III., is also described. "The cloak, which, as well as every other external part of the attire, was manufactured in Spitalfields, was composed of the richest scarlet velvet, lined throughout with ermine of the first quality." Round the extremity ran a splendid gold

lace, three inches in width, bearing a raised pattern of oak-leaves and acorns. This lace was edged, top and bottom, with two rows of pearls of unusual size, in number twelve hundred. "The two sides of the cloak were connected, across the breast, by a band gorgeously studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, and almost every other description of precious stones. Underneath this cloak, his Royal Highness wore a full robe, reaching from the throat to the feet, constructed of a brocade, of which the component parts were gold and blue satin silk, costing fifteen guineas a yard. The splendour of this robe was greatly enhanced by its being slashed with royal blue velvet; the slashes being studded, like the connecting band of the cloak, with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. The collar of the robe was arranged, with respect to the brilliancy of its jewels, to match that of the cloak." We think this will be enough for most of our readers; but it is worth quoting to show that the Court of Queen Victoria was sumptuous, upon occasion, forty-four years ago. Sir John Gilbert, R.A., was the Artist who then drew for us the two illustrations of her Majesty dressed as Queen Philippa and Prince Albert as Edward III.

The Historical Costume Ball was designed to represent the meeting of the two Courts of Anne of Brittany and of King Edward III. and Queen Philippa, as related in the *Chronicles of Froissart*. Anne of Brittany was personified by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, who assembled her mimic Court in a separate room, and entered with great state, led by the Duke of Beaufort, attired as King Louis XI. of France. The Queen of England was seated upon a throne constructed from an authentic pattern of the fourteenth century, placed in an alcove lined with purple velvet, on which were emblazoned in gold the English Crown, the Cross of St. George, and the Arms of England and France. As the French procession came in, marshalled by the Heralds in their antique garb, with tabards of Edward III.'s reign, it was a scene that old Froissart himself would have recognised; but, when the dancing began, and the quadrilles were formed, in which her Majesty took part, the spirit of modern society prevailed over the stiffness of an historical pageant. "A galaxy of lovely women, in the most gorgeous costumes, assembled round the fair and youthful Sovereign."



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1843.

JUBILEE YEAR OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN: HER MAJESTY'S EARLY LIFE.

EARLY DAYS IN SCOTLAND.

It was not until 1848 that her Majesty and the Prince Consort fixed their Highland Home at Balmoral Castle, on the Dee, of which she has given us an agreeable account in the two volumes "Leaves from the Journal of our Life," published in 1868, and "More Leaves," in 1883. The earlier visits of the Royal pair to Scotland were in 1842, 1844, and 1847, narratives of which are to be found in the first volume mentioned. On the first occasion, in 1842, they went by sea in the Royal George yacht, escorted by a naval squadron, landed in the Firth of Forth, and were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, seeing Edinburgh, of course; whence they travelled to Perthshire, and were received by Lord Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, "in a princely style, not to be equalled for grandeur and poetic effect; it seemed as if a great chieftain, in olden feudal times, were receiving his Sovereign." The Queen used to read Sir Walter Scott's poetry and the Waverley Novels to Prince Albert, and they were captivated by the romantic aspect of Highland scenery, costume, and manners, as preserved in the show-places of that country. His Royal Highness was pleased also with Highland sport among the stags and roe-deer, the grouse, and the capercaillie. They visited Lord and Lady Willoughby at Drummond Castle, and returned by sea after a fortnight spent in Scotland.

In the second visit to North Britain, in September, 1844, the Queen and the Prince took their "good little Vicky" with them, going by sea to Dundee, where they landed, and were conducted by Lord Glenlyon to Blair Athol. Her Majesty was delighted with the fine mountain scenery in that neighbourhood. "We drove along Glen Tilt, through a wood overhanging the river Tilt, which joins the Garry; and, as we left the wood, we came upon such a lovely view; Ben-y-Ghlo straight before us, and, under these high hills, the river Tilt gushing and winding over stones and slates; and the hills and mountains skirted at the bottom with beautiful trees; the whole lit up by the sun, and the air so pure and fine. Oh, what can equal the beauties of nature? What enjoyment there is in them! Albert enjoys it so much, he is in ecstasies here; he has inherited this love for nature from his dear father." They saw the Falls of the Bruar, the Falls of the Tummel, the Pass of Killiecrankie, and ascended, on ponies, the hill of Tulloch, commanding a vast panoramic view. In riding back, they crossed a ford, stopping to let the ponies drink; "it was" says her Majesty, "the most delightful, most romantic ride and walk I ever had." Another day, there was deerstalking, or rather a driving of deer for Prince Albert, Lord Glenlyon, and other gentlemen to shoot. Glen Tilt, of course, and every remarkable point of scenery in that district, were seen and admired. Lady Canning was the Queen's companion, and they made sketches. Her Majesty was quite sorry to embark and leave the shores of Scotland. "The



EARLY DAYS IN SCOTLAND: THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT FORDING THE RIVER GARRY.

English coast appeared terribly flat; I missed the fine hills so much; there is a great peculiarity about the Highlands and Highlanders; they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful; independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude, that had such a charm for us."

The third Royal visit to Scotland, in 1847, was a cruise on the western coast in the yacht Victoria and Albert, with a survey of the Firth of Clyde, a loyal reception at Glasgow, a brief stay at Inverary with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and one of three weeks at Ardverikie, on Loch Laggan, a lodge belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn. In the rather long voyage from Osborne, Isle of Wight, her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who took with them their two eldest children, saw Dartmouth, Falmouth, the Scilly Isles, Milford Haven, the Menai Straits, and Loch Ryan, and admired the views of Arran and Bute. At Inverary Castle they felt quite at home, the Duchess being an old friend, "dear Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower," and the Duchess of Sutherland being also there.

weather had lasted, the Queen had greatly enjoyed "this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles; they are so beautiful," she writes, "and so full of poetry and romance, of traditions and historical associations."

Her Majesty's yachting trips of 1846, along the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall, and to the Channel Islands, were more favoured by the weather; and in 1849, she visited Ireland, entering the cove of Cork, now "Queenstown," in her own yacht, which afterwards conveyed her, with the Prince, to Dublin Bay. She thought the crowd of Irish people in the city streets very good-humoured, enthusiastic, but excitable and noisy; the beauty of the Irish women, at Cork, was very remarkable. At Dublin, where Lord Clarendon was then Lord Lieutenant, the people of all classes met her Majesty with a burst of hearty welcome that she could never forget, though it was the year after Mr. Smith O'Brien's attempted insurrection, and the country had recently been under martial law. She was only sorry to see the people so poorly dressed. Looking at Belfast on her further voyage to Scotland, and being greeted there with a very cordial reception, the Queen

landed at Glasgow, with her husband and children, and travelled thence to Balmoral. Ireland but once again, in 1861, and then only at the Lakes of Killarney, was cheered by her Majesty's presence. Yet there is romantic scenery enough also in that country, with romantic, historic, and poetic associations, and a warm-hearted people, originally capable, like the Scottish Highlanders, of much personal affection towards any of the Royal family who might sometimes come amongst them. Loyalty is a word used with different meanings. If it be applied to this sort of attachment to the persons of a reigning House, let us remember that the Irish were loyal to her Majesty's ancestors both in 1715 and 1745, when the Highlanders of Scotland joined in the Jacobite rebellions. But we will not pursue this line of political or historical reflection. Our good Queen has cherished the kindest possible feeling, with perfect impartiality, towards all in every part of the United Kingdom.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Reprinted from the "Illustrated London News" of May 28, 1842.

NOVELS.

Mr. William Minto, the Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen, is well known in the literary world by his "Manual of English Prose Literature" and by his "Characteristics of English Poets." Whether *The Crack of Doom*, a Novel: by William Minto (Blackwood and Sons) is from the pen of the same author we are not told, and this, perhaps, is well, as the story can be better judged on its own merits than if it were known to be the work of an accomplished writer. That it has merits may be taken for granted by the reader before perusal, since it is republished from *Blackwood's Magazine*, a periodical deservedly in high repute for its fiction. It is a novel of the day—we might almost say of the hour. Journals known to everyone are introduced by name; so is Mr. Spurgeon; and the proceedings of the Salvation Army, though unconnected with the main thread of the story, are described with considerable minuteness. The approach of a comet, heralded by a sensational article in a newspaper on the threatened destruction of the globe, is the peg on which Mr. Minto hangs his plot. The article is written by Hugh Millerby, the hero of the tale, who employs his time in studying life. He is rather a weak invertebrate fellow, and when Grace Quickset, the daughter of a celebrated man of science, refuses him in a mild way, at her father's request, and afterwards writes to him a pretty letter that ought to have kept him steadfast in affection and hope, the reader has no pity and much contempt for the way in which Hugh allows himself to be snared by an artful woman, as malicious as she is disagreeable. And it must be confessed that Miss Quickset's conduct is not that of a refined and well-nurtured English girl. She has an offer from Adam Napier, an honest fellow favoured by her father, and promises him an answer in ten days, but at the same time she is attracted by a clever swindler calling himself Count Ramassy, who maunders to her about his loneliness. This is what follows. Grace is with her father and the Count in a darkened room arranging some magic-lantern slides, "when suddenly an arm was thrown round her, and she was held for a moment in a passionate embrace. She was surprised and disturbed, but she had too much sense to make a scene by screaming. After a little, she said that she would see the rest of the illustrations at the lecture, and went out." Hitherto, we are told, the girl had been preserved like a plant in a sheltered garden; but this sensitive, home-kept young lady scarcely acts as we might have expected after such an encounter. She goes out, and, finding Adam, walks and talks with him, and afterwards allows the Count to converse as if regardless of his insult; and hearing that he is under a strange vow, agrees to meet him in the morning, before breakfast, to learn what that vow imports. It is but fair to say, however, in extenuation of Grace's conduct, that she has just heard of the defection of her first lover, and is tortured with the thought of having written to him to soothe the pain of his rejection. "She did not think she cared so much for the fickle Millerby. She would not have believed anything he could do would so disturb her." And so, in a defiant way, the girl meets the Count, who asks her to marry him secretly. She looks at her watch, and says she must go. "One moment," the Count said, suddenly. "Have you the courage?" He looked at her with burning eyes, and made a step forward as if he would repeat the offence of yesterday. "You must not do that," she said, firmly, stepping back. Then, on the spur of the moment, she added lightly, "I will tell you in a few days," and hurried off." This may be true to human

nature; but Grace wins little sympathy from the reader, and we do not know that any character in the novel, and a great number are introduced, can be called attractive. Perhaps the most interesting is Mrs. Rorke, a brilliant novelist, and deserted wife. But we should like Mrs. Rorke to have displayed a little just indignation when an old lover, who had courted her in her maiden days, offers to take her under his protection. She is satisfied with saying and showing that such a life would be one of "intolerable misery." By far the most conspicuous personage in the story is the sham Count, whose amazing pretensions sustain the curiosity as to the final result. "The Crack of Doom" is a clever novel, and bids fair to enjoy its brief season of popular favour.

A really good story of the sensational order is unfolded in two of the three volumes entitled *Keep My Secret*: by G. M. Robins (Richard Bentley and Son); but the third volume is not equal to its fellows, as its melodramatic proceedings are far too hurried and confused, its agony is piled up too recklessly, its horrors are not sufficiently relieved by the bright descriptions of sprightly dialogue for which the other two volumes are most creditably distinguished. Not that brightness, sprightliness, and tenderness are conspicuous by absence at the conclusion of the tale; but in the beginning and in the middle they are conspicuous by actual presence. The main incident is very painful, very shocking; not impossible, not incredible, but unquestionably very improbable. An impulsive little girl, nine or ten years of age, mistakes for a cruel tyrant a most kind-hearted, long-suffering, noble-minded gentleman; and, fired with the memory of Charlotte Corday (who was her ancestress), goes in the dead of night to the room where the said gentleman is sleeping, and justifies her suggestive name of Damien by plunging a "Damascus dagger" into the sleeper's bosom, just missing the heart. The gentleman recovers, by the mercy of the novelist; and the little girl, having confessed her crime, discovering—to her astonishment—that she is regarded as a hateful little monster rather than as an admirable little tyrannicide, having been examined by a medical man and pronounced to be quite as sane as himself (if not a great deal saner), is very generously and touchingly forgiven by her victim, and is then let loose upon the world, with her dreadful deed hushed up, and with her secret unknown to all but two or three discreet persons, unknown even to her own mother. She herself is bound by her victim (who extorts a solemn promise from her) never to reveal that secret. Hence the straits in which the heroine finds herself as the tale proceeds; hence the proper, heroic solution of the difficulties. This is a sensational incident with a vengeance; and there are other—episodical—incidents quite as sensational, nay, more sensational, and far more and more literally with a vengeance. Yet, for all this, the story does not impress one at all disagreeably on the whole; its pleasant characteristics, which are very pleasant indeed, predominate, being the more effective, if not the more numerous. The worst of it is that the awful sin of murder, committed or attempted by so very charming a heroine with the most chivalrous intentions, a heroine without a particle of cruelty or blood-thirstiness in her Anglo-French constitution, seems to lack heinousness, and to assume the aspect of a rather severe practical joke only: and this, it must be admitted, is of mischievous tendency. Sin and crime can never be painted too black, or made to entail too serious consequences.

The anonymous author of the "Atelier du Lys," as this new work, entitled *Hester's Venture* (Longmans) bears

ample testimony, would probably make an excellent and a readable novel, whatever the theme might be: still, the theme goes for something, even with the best of writers, and, in the present instance it must be acknowledged to be not a little common, as also are most of the incidents, compared with what the same author has chosen for treatment upon other occasions. The heroine of the story is a well-drawn character, an admirable specimen of an English girl of gentle birth, good education, high breeding, and worthy sentiments; but there is nothing very extraordinary about her or about her "venture." Nor is she so clever a study as her most amiable and estimable grandmother, or as her highly respectable but uncongenial half-brother, or as his peevish, under-bred, but not altogether despicable wife, or as the shrewd German manufacturer, with his good-natured English partner-for-life. Still the most striking and most interesting personage is the highly-gifted but not very noble-minded actress, to whom the reader is chiefly indebted for keeping things lively. She belongs to a class, with which novelists have made us pretty familiar; but she has peculiarities of her own, and they are sufficient to make her a distinct variety. It is a quiet story, with no very novel or exciting occurrences; but it is well written, pleasant for the most part, readable throughout, deriving its interest rather from its skillful pieces of portraiture than from dramatic scenes (though there are one or two) or thrilling narrative.

It is a great thing in literature to know how to write—an art, strange to say, beyond the skill of some novelists, who are fairly popular, notwithstanding. Mrs. Oliphant, while pouring out tale after tale, as if the fountain of her fancy were inexhaustible, is not satisfied with mere fluency and fertility of invention. Of inventive faculty, there may not be much in *Effie Ogilvie, the Story of a Young Life*, (2 vols., Maclehose), but there is much beauty of expression, and no small knowledge of human nature. The incidents are comparatively few, and they are all associated with the central figure of the novel. Effie is a charming heroine, full of nature and passion, and of that deep sense of truth and right, which is less uncommon in youth than in mature age. Her stepmother, Mrs. Ogilvie, is the type of the coarse common-sense which is one form of worldliness; and she has no doubt that she is doing her duty in encouraging Fred Dirom as Effie's lover when he is wealthy, and rejecting him when he falls into difficulties. With consummate skill the novelist shows how Dirom's sincere but superficial attachment awakens the sense of love in the young girl, although not love for him; and when Ronald Sutherland, her boy-lover, returns from India in a position to marry, it is easy to see to whom her warm heart should have been given. Mrs. Ogilvie is shrewd enough all along to perceive the state of Effie's heart, but she has not the least perception of its strength and nobleness, and does not understand the girl's determination to stand by Fred Dirom when the day of trouble comes. Neither does he understand her in the least, and mistakes heroic self-sacrifice for regret at her disappointment. "Of all the passionate impulses that had coursed through her veins he knew nothing, nothing! He could not divine them, nor understand even if he had divined." Some of the minor characters play their parts well, and two old maiden sisters, especially, are drawn with no feeble hand; but, after all, as the author no doubt intended, Effie is the life of the story. We recommend our readers to make her acquaintance.

A meeting was held at Manchester, on the 11th inst., to organise a Jubilee Exhibition in that town.

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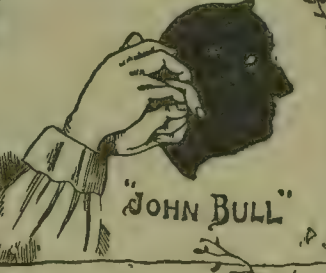
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And excellent bread it doth make her.


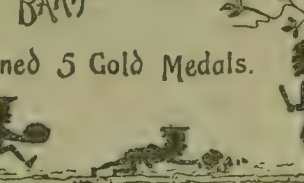
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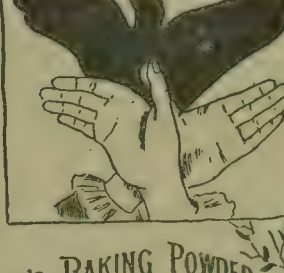

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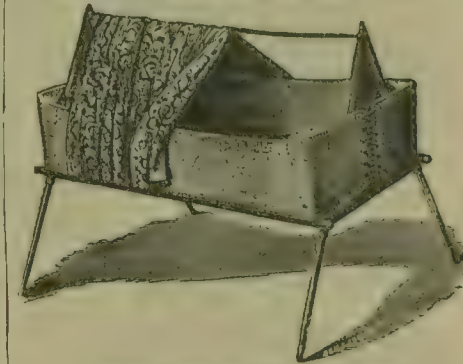



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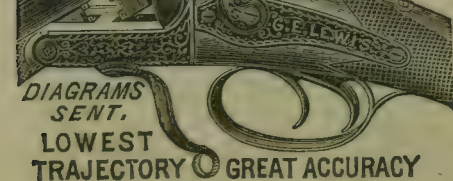
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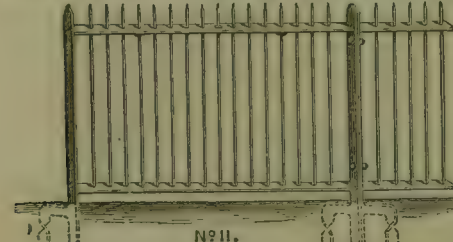
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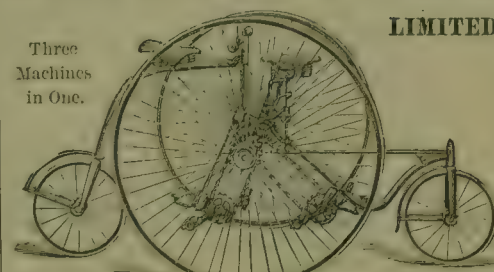
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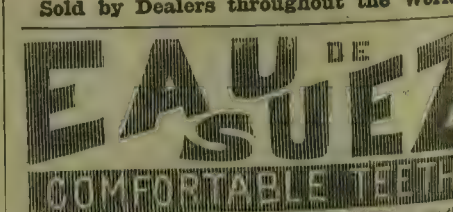
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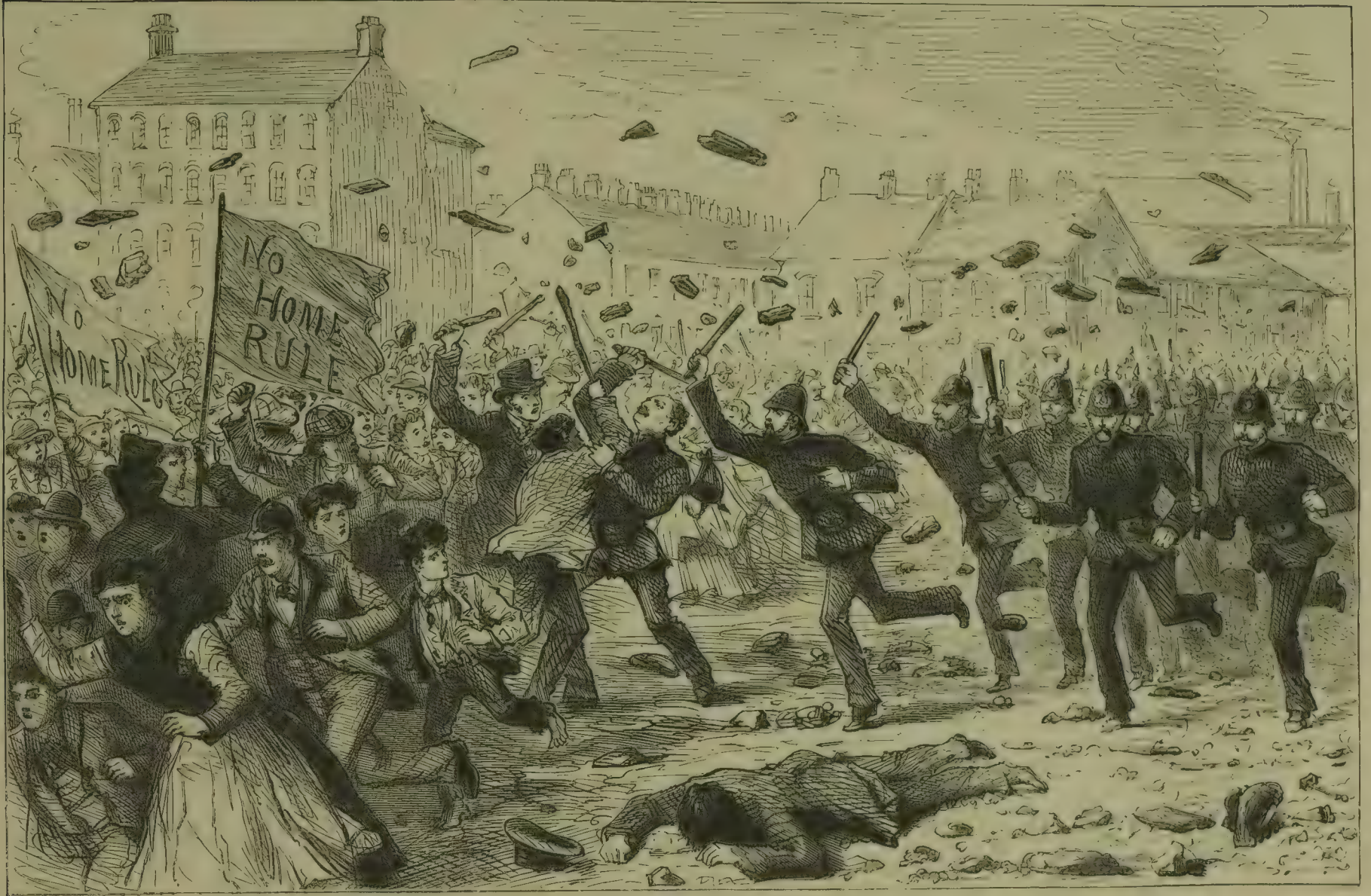
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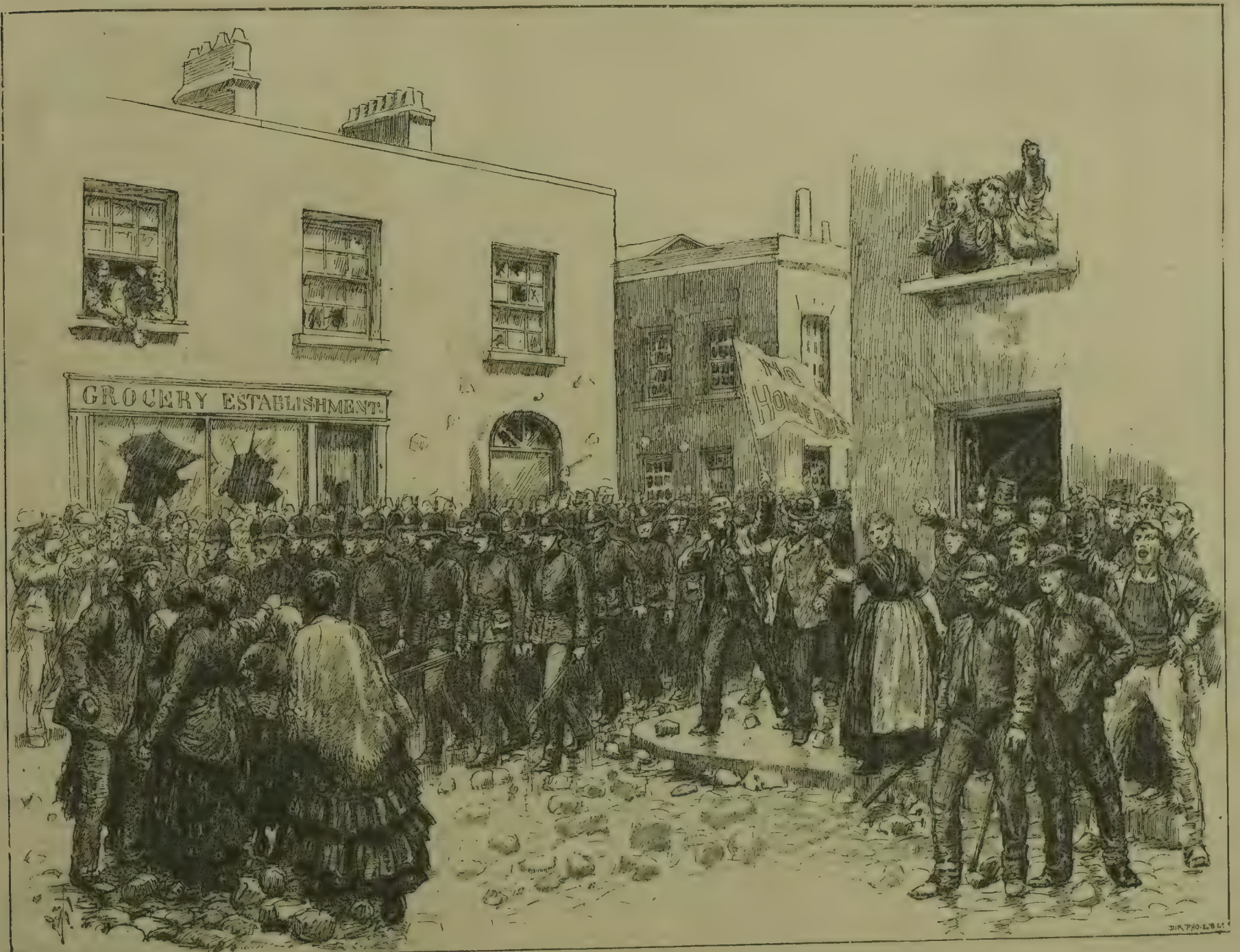


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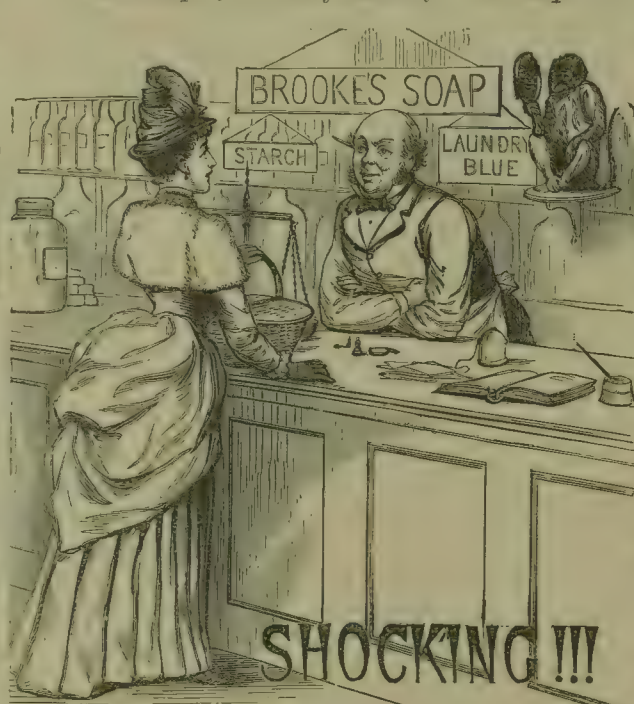
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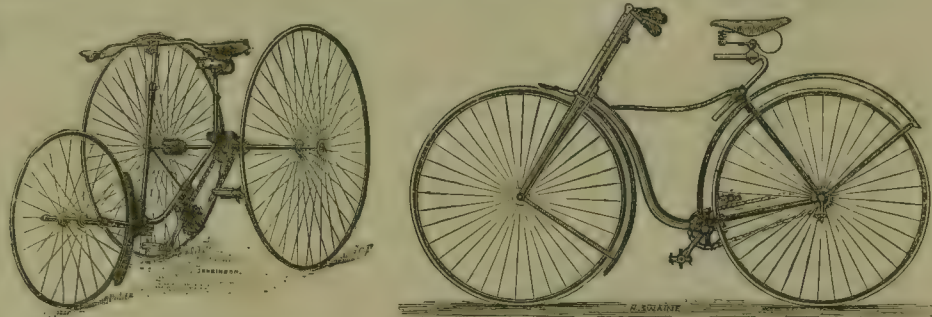
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with three codicils, of the late Henry Pearce Hughes, of No. 77, Holland Park; The Priory, Walthamstow; and No. 10, Basinghall-street, wool-broker, who died on April 14 last, has just been proved by Mrs. Hetty Hughes, the widow, Henry Pearce Hughes, the eldest son, and Alfred Westwood Mackenzie, the executors named therein, at a little over £301,000. The testator leaves legacies to each of his children, and sundry annuities to other members of his family, and bequeaths the residue of his property to his widow, for life, and at her death to be divided, in equal portions, amongst his eight children. The Priory estate, Walthamstow, is confirmed as settled upon the widow. The executors are authorised to advance a very large sum for the purposes of the business, which is left to his three sons, and are generally requested to assist in its development and furtherance.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1884), with two codicils (dated Oct. 14, 1885, and Jan. 30, 1886), of Mr. William Browning, late of Abchurch Chambers, Abchurch-lane, timber merchant, and of No. 16, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, who died on April 27 last, at Pau, Basses Pyrenees, was proved on the 18th ult. by Henry Mott and Herbert Angelo Mott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £130,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jermyn-street; £10,000, upon trust, for his niece Maria Von Marshall, for life, and then for her children; £2000 to each of his executors; £4000 to his nephew Charles Browning; £2000 to his nephew Daniel Browning; £1000 to his cousin Arthur Frederick Browning; an annuity of £300 to his cousin Raphael Angelo Browning and Sophie, his wife; and numerous legacies to relatives, clerks, servants, and others. One third of the income of his residuary estate is directed to be paid to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Chesterman, for life; and, subject thereto, he leaves one moiety of the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for the benefit of his nephew John Browning; and the other moiety, upon trust, for the benefit of his niece Sarah Mary Browning.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 18, 1884), of Mr. Lewis Davis Wigan, late of Oakwood, Maidstone, Kent, banker, who died on Feb. 21 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Mary Wigan, the widow, Frederick Wigan, the brother, John Gretton, and John Alfred Wigan, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors, brothers, sister, and clerks in bank; all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely. He nominates his eldest son, John Alfred, to succeed to one half of his share in the banking business at Maidstone.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 23, 1881) of Mr. Andrew Buchanan, of Auchentorlie, in the county of Dumbarton, who died at No. 21, Grosvenor-crescent, Edinburgh, on Feb. 20 last, granted to Captain Richard Dennistoun Buchanan, the brother, the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., Lord Balfour, Charles Dalrymple, and George Yuille Strang Watkins, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 8th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £70,000.

The will and codicil of Mr. Edward James Stopford-Blair, late of Penningham House, Newton Stewart, in the county of Wigton, and of No. 53, Eaton-place, who died on Sept. 17 last, were proved on the 17th ult. by Edmund Severne, George Marsham, and Robert St. Lawrence Tighe, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £59,000. The testator leaves the Episcopal church of All Saints, Penningham, with the parsonage house and the patronage, to his wife, for life, and then to the Representative Council of the Episcopal Church of Scotland; £10,000 to the Representative Council of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, to provide stipends of £300 per annum for the clergyman, and of £50 per annum for the organist of the said church; £600 to the Industrial Home, Newton Stewart; and legacies to his executors, and to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Severne. The residue of his real and personal estate, except the entailed estate of Penningham, but to include any charges he has made thereon in her favour, he gives to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Letitia Stopford-Blair.

The will (dated March 30, 1874), with four codicils (dated June 4 and Aug. 14, 1874; July 1, 1875; and Feb. 13, 1880), of Mrs. Frances Emily Bridgman-Simpson, late of Babworth Hall, in the county of Nottingham, and of No. 26, Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on March 14 last, was proved on the 11th ult., by Henry Baring, the nephew, and Benjamin Huntsman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testatrix gives numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to members of her own and her late husband's family, god-children, friends, servants, and others. Two fourths of the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her brother William Frederick Baring for life; then, as to one fourth, subject to an annuity to his present wife, if she survive him, to his son Henry; and as to the other fourth, to Henry, the son of her brother Henry; the remaining two fourths of the residue she leaves, upon trust, for her brother James Drummond Baring, for life, and then for her said nephew Henry, the son of her brother Henry.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1875) of Mr. Coleraine Robert Vansittart, late of the Army and Navy Club, Pall-mall; of Shoteshbrooke, Berks; and of Foot's Cray Place, Kent, who died on April 14 last, at Paris, was proved on the 10th ult. by John Lewis Garden, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, in trust, for Diana Bexley, if and when she attains twenty-one, or marries under that age.

The will (dated July 15, 1880) of Miss Frances Margaret Gabriel, late of Calne, Wilts, who died on Feb. 14 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Charles Henry Gabriel, the brother, and William Wallace Gabriel, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for the children of her late brother, Samuel Hawkes Gabriel; £3000 each to her sisters, Ellenor Martha Gabriel and Judith Maria Gabriel; and £2000 each to her niece and nephew, Charlotte Fanny Gabriel and Charles Wallace Gabriel. All her real estate, and the residue of the personality, she gives to her brother, Charles Henry Gabriel.

The will (dated April 19, 1877), with a codicil (dated Sept. 18, 1882), of Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.M.G., formerly of East Sheen, but late of The Roost, Bournemouth, who died on March 27 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Lord Montague of Brandon, and John Marshall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000. The testator leaves his freehold house, Ashworth Lodge, East Sheen, and his leasehold residence, The Roost, Bournemouth, to his wife, the Hon. Theodosia Alicia Ellen Frances Charlotte, Lady Taylor, for life, and then to his daughter, Una Mary Ashworth Taylor; and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife. His other children have been already provided for by settlement.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD LADY (Paterson, U.S.A.).—We have pleasure in conveying your congratulations to the winner of the second prize in the Irish tourney. Mrs. Rowland, we doubt not, will be pleased to receive them.

DEB.—Correct in all cases, except the first. Try 1. R to K B 7th.

R C L (Dublin).—Please describe your problem in a diagram.

ZERO (Cambridge). Look at 1. R to K 3rd.

L D.—We are greatly obliged for the trouble you have taken; but four-move problems, unless made by exceptional merit, are unsuitable.

G H (Rowden).—Too elementary for our readers.

P S W (Shrewsbury).—We see no mate if Black play 1. P to B 4th.

EMMO (Darlington).—We shall be glad to receive any contribution of yours.

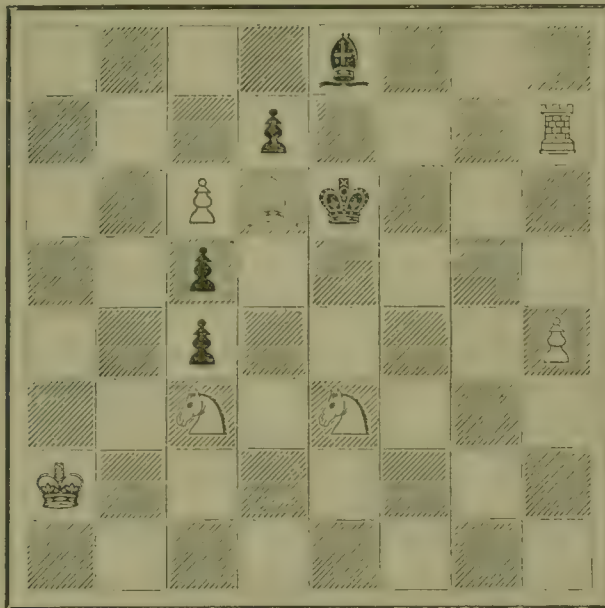
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MRS. T. B. ROWLAND'S PROBLEM received from G P (Paterson, U.S.A.); of Nos. 213 to 232 received from Ben; of 218 from R C L (Dublin); of 219 from R. Manson (Corfu) and Rev. John Wells (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of 220 from EMMO (Darlington), T. Roberts, E. L. G. Peterhouse, E. E. H. J. R. M. Anderson, A. O. Hechte, Commander W. L. Martin, and Thomas Chown; of 221 from John Coonan, Alpha, Emilio Frau, G. E. P. EMMO (Darlington), Venator, H. Pace, E. L. G. and A. O. Hechte.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2202 received from Lieut.-Colonel Newbrigg, Joseph Ainsworth, R. H. Brooks, H. Lucas, L. Desanges, G. W. Law, John Coonan, G. Oswald, W. R. Ralston, L. Falcon (Antwerp), V. Hillier, EMMO (Darlington), N. S. Harris, H. Z. Shadforth, A. G. Hunt, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J. S. M'Far, Jupiter Junior, E. Casella (Paris), Edmund Field, H. Pace, R. Tweedell, J. Hall, C. Daragh, Peterhouse, R. L. Southwell, E. L. G. S. Bullen, E. E. H., E. Elsbury, Edward Bygott, E. Featherstone, J. K. (South Hampstead), Oliver Icingha, H. Vardell, Comp. (Lynn), Otto Fulder (Ghent), Thomas Chown, Nerina, A. O. Hechte, Ben Nevis, E. Louren, Commander W. L. Martin, J. A. Schmuicke, H. Reeve, and Columbus.

PROBLEM No. 2204.

By H. W. SHERRARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Challenge Cup Tourney of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club, between Messrs. N. FEDDEN and W. J. HALL.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	17. Castles (Q R)	B to K 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. K R to K sq	
Premature. 2. P to K 3rd is the correct line of play.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	19. K B to B 4th	K to B 2nd
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Pretty enough.	
5. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	20. R takes B	P takes B
6. Q takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd	A most imprudent capture; 19. Q R to Q sq seems to be the best move here.	
7. B to K 3rd	P to K B 3rd	20. Q R to Q sq	K R to Q sq
8. P to B 4th	Kt to K 2nd	20. Q R to Q sq is a better move. Had he taken the R with K White would have mated in eight moves.	
9. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q R to K sq	K R to K sq
10. Q to Q 2nd	B to Kt 5th	22. Q takes P	Kt to K 4th
11. B to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd	23. R to K 7th (dble. ch.)	
12. B to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd	and mates in two moves.	
13. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt		
14. Q takes B	P to Q 4th		
15. B to B 5th	Q to Kt 2nd		
16. P takes P	P takes P		

Played at the Manchester Chess Club between Mr. A. STEINKUHLER and another Amateur.

(Fianchetto Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Kt takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P takes P	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	16. B takes P	R to K sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	17. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 3rd
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	18. B takes P (ch)	Kt to R sq
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	19. B takes R	B to K 3rd
7. Castles	P takes P	20. Q to Kt 5th	Q takes P (ch)
The compromised defence.			
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	21. K to R sq	Kt to B 4th
9. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	22. R to K-B sq	Q to Q 5th
10. Kt takes P	K Kt to K 2nd	23. Q R to Q sq	Kt takes B
11. K R to Q sq		24. R takes Q	
More attacking than 11. Kt to K 2nd; a move, moreover, to which Black has a good defence in 11. P to Kt 4th.			
11. Castles		Leading to a very pretty finish.	
12. B to R 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	25. R to B 8th (ch)	B to Kt sq
13. Kt to Q 5th	P to Q 3rd	26. Kt to B 7th.	
		Checkmate.	

Ireland is in the front just now in the chess world, as she is in the world political. In the correspondence match between the Irish Chess Association and Sussex two more games have been finished. Mr. M. S. Woollett, of Dublin, drew against Mr. Arthur Smith, of the Sussex Association, and Mr. William Palmer, of Dublin, drew with Mr. S. G. Coulborn; thus making the respective scores—Ireland, 6½; Sussex, 5½. Two more games have yet to be completed, the players being Colonel Minchin, of Eastbourne, versus W. H. S. Monck, of Dublin, and Mr. A. Jones, of Hastings, versus G. F. Bracy, of Dublin. Mr. T. B. Rowland, of Dublin, informs us that the solution tourney in connection with the *Dublin Evening Mail* has resulted as follows:—First and second prizes: W. Carewell, of Dublin, and J. M. Brown, of Leeds; third, fourth, and fifth prizes: G. A. A. Walker, of North Shields, Mrs. S. Johnson, of Milltown, and Mr. Albert W. Quill, B.L., of Dublin; sixth, seventh, and eighth prizes: Alexander S. Orr, Blackrock, R. Jackson, Dublin, and Max J. Mayer, of London, in the order named. Six English and thirty-five Irish solvers competed, six ladies among the latter.

Three interesting works on chess have been recently issued from the press:—1. Mr. Thomas Long's "Peeps at the Chess Openings" is an excellent supplement to his earlier works, "Key to the Chess Openings," and "Positions in the Chess Openings," and is arranged on the same plan. Diagrams of the positions arising in the variations dealt with are given every three or four moves, an excellent system for teaching the student the art of reading printed games without the use of the board. Every student who has to set up the pieces, often playing over a game for the purpose of studying another, must have often sighed for the power which musicians call "reading at sight." Here, then, is his opportunity, for he will find, as the writer found many years ago with Pohlman's "Philidors," that a few months' practice and reading from Mr. Long's little book will enable him to dispense with the use of his chess-board in the railway-carriage or the study. The book is published by Wheatley and Co., Huddersfield, and its quarto form, wide margin, and neat binding are highly creditable to the taste of that firm.

2. Mr. Charles White, well known for many years past in the problem world as "C. W. of Sunbury," has published a collection of his problems in a neat little volume, containing 112 diagrams. The themes treated may be considered a little old-fashioned nowadays, but they are not, in our judgment, less interesting on that account. We have not, in Mr. White's problems, the deceptive variety of plausible attack to be found in the best problems of the present time; nevertheless, there is no lack of surprising and ingenious combinations as well as brilliant mates, especially in the three-move problems. The publisher is W. W. Morgan, 17, Medina-road, N.

3. The games in the late match for the championship of the world between Herr Steinitz and Dr. Zukertort have been promptly republished in a neat and handy volume by Herr Regner, of Leipzig, under the editorial supervision of Herr Minekowitz, of the same city. Most of our readers are acquainted with the games, all having been published in this column; but, for convenient reference, we cordially recommend this little volume to a place on their bookshelves.

THE HOUSE-HUNTER.

Mrs. Lirriper was much troubled by a tribe of "Wandering Christians," who passed their days in looking for lodgings which they never took, and never, as she judged, had any intention of taking. But her judgment was, I think, a harsh one; I take them rather to have been a set of humble idealists, who made for themselves castles in the air, whereof they proposed to inhabit one storey only—or rather who did not make those castles "out of their own heads," but founded their imaginings on the existent places they visited: not castle-builders, we may say, but castle-hunters.

A people I have often thought of aim a little higher than these seekers of lodgings: they are house-hunters, whose house will to the end remain in the air—"in Spain," as the French say: in a beautiful southern country, full of sunshine and gladness. I picture to myself a little couple, related to many a couple in Dickens. They are a City clerk and his wife; or sometimes they are only engaged—it is a long, long engagement, and they are both over fifty, and I don't know when they are to be married; or sometimes (and this perhaps is my favourite picture), there is only the City clerk, and the wife as well as the house is in the air. Either she is simply an ideal; or she is someone he just knows to bow to—someone out of reach (as what wife is not out of his reach, poor fellow!) or even a fancy someone like someone he knew long ago.

He is in the City, as I have said; and he is old-fashioned, and still goes to his little grimy chop-house, where the waiter knows all the customers, and never washes, and where you get a capital chop and the best of beer and stony potatoes; and there he takes his mid-day meal. Then, at five o'clock, he toddles out of the office, and buttons up tightly in the cold spring evening, and gets on to the bus which takes him to the Angel. There he gets down, and walks to his quiet little Islington street, a turning out of the Liverpool-road, before you come to the high pavement. He reaches his lodgings—on the ground-floor, now, for he is moderately prosperous, and much respected by the two-pair front—and then, over his tea, he takes the newspaper from his pocket, unfolds it, and settles down to a long enjoyment of its advertisement columns, a little smudgy from folding while damp, and doubtful in the matter of 3's and 5's, which, when you are looking for a £30 villa residence, is serious. The cheapest house near London he finds to be situated north, south, east, and west; with a microscopic capital, he could buy an excellent semi-detached residence, which would thus apparently cost him only about eight pounds a year—the advertiser, oddly enough, somehow always forgets to mention the ground-rent to be paid; rivers ripple past the back gardens of numberless villas, and every front window overlooks a lovely valley. He makes, in his fancy, pictures of many of them (oh, so unlike the originals!), and takes them next morning with him to the City—

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Or say he is married: for pity's sake, let us say he is married—it costs no more to the imagination, and it makes a non-existent person much happier; which, when one considers the condition of too many existent people, is something gained. His wife is small, timid, cosy, methodical—another figure out of the charming gallery that Dickens created for us to love; and there is a cat, of course, who takes part in all the consultations, and is much considered—it being, indeed, a grave question whether Thomas will stay in the new house (as cats are known to be attached mainly to places), or whether he will not on the very first night escape, and furnish another anecdote of the marvellous sagacity of our dumb relations: finding his way right across London, braving uncounted perils of omnibuses (yet not run over—a thought so ungente "couldna be the thought of" our Mrs. Morrison), but getting home at last to the little street and there descending into the area and sitting miserably in his accustomed place, refusing the good-natured offers of the milkman and even of the cat's-meat gentleman; and perishing at last, a sacrifice to the heartless happiness of his old masters so far away in the country.

For it must be far away—miles and miles away from the City, among green leaves and fresh air; our clerk has been heard to say that he does not think even Brixton would do—unless indeed at that furthest bourne which includes Tulse-hill and impinges upon Streatham. The little house and its surroundings rise up clear before the earnest couple, as each adds a detail to the description, and each thinks the other's ideal must be exactly like his or her own—though, did they but know it, *his* house is of red brick all over, while *hers* is buff only picked out with a red line here and there. But it stands out with its tiny patch of ground before it and little square garden behind, no common "house in a street"—they say with pride—but semi-detached, at least. There is a bow-window to the dining-room, and flowers gay in pots before it; and over the bow-window a mass of brilliant flowers fills up the space beneath the best bed-room window. The view will be very cheery from the front, for the road is an omnibus route to the City ("Though I'm afraid they'll consider that in the rent, Maria," says he. "And well worth it, my dear!" says she); and he will get so well known to the driver of the 8.15 omnibus (if there *did* happen to be an 8.15 omnibus, it would take him up to the minute!) that that worthy Jehu will stop at No. 24, even though he does not see our clerk waiting at the garden gate. And this—though as a rule we like the minute at the gate to get our gloves on—will be a great convenience in wet weather.

And little journeys are arranged, when the evenings get longer and lighter, to see the most tempting of the dwellings described by the artful advertisers, where, if he be unmarried, he is (he doesn't know why) at some pains to conceal the fact from the "respectable persons" in charge.

He walks the drawing-rooms with gigantic strides, and makes dogmatic assertions as to its length in yards. He considers the drawing-rooms—it would be an improvement if there were folding-doors; "which," says the respectable person, "very likely they would consider it, for a good tenant." He regrets that there is not a third sitting-room on the ground-floor—of course he regrets it; he would not be human if this remark did not escape him. Then he goes down-stairs, and asks if it is dry; and the respectable person can only say *she* has been eighteen months in the house, and her husband, who is a delicate man, and never felt a symptom. Then he goes up-stairs, and the staircase wants repapering ("which they would do with a tenant that suited"), and he is critical upon the spare room, though he might use it—Heaven help him!—as a nursery; and describes the attic as "nothing more than a box-room"—which one servant could sleep there, says the respectable person, though of course there is the heat in summer, so near the roof.

Well, he gives the respectable person threepence, and says he will think it over, and make a definite offer in writing; and when he gets home he thinks it over, and can never quite screw up his courage—and guiltily feels how he has led on and disappointed the house agent, and for months avoids passing down Moorgate-street, lest Messrs. Letter and Onebrick should be watching at the door to seize and upbraid him.



THE PETROLEUM OIL WELLS AT BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

NEW BOOKS.

The interest that attaches to our Indian Empire cannot easily be exaggerated, and books descriptive of that wonderful land have a strange fascination for home-keeping Englishmen. So much is there to see in the country that every traveller looks at it from a fresh standing point. Few writers, however, on the subject come to it with so much knowledge and with such a poetically happy art of expression as Mr. Edwin Arnold. *India Revisited* (Trübner and Co.) is a book full of suggestiveness, of information, and also, we need scarcely say to those acquainted with Mr. Edwin Arnold's writings, of opinions fairly open to discussion. His interpretation of Indian "idolatry" as a mere "aid to faith," and of the hideous forms worshipped as "symbols," would serve as a defence of all Pagan religions, of all the vice and cruelty with which those religions are associated. Mr. Arnold can look upon the examples of suttee commemorated by the red hands stamped upon temple wall, city gate, or house front as "holy, admirable, and elevating," observing that it was "a splendid courage and a beautiful faith that inspired those Indian wives." Poet-like, it is his wont to search for the soul of goodness in things evil, a difficult task in India, as many of his statements prove. Happily, the most horrible rites practised under the name of religion have been stamped out by British rule, and there is little doubt that even caste will give way in time. Many an interesting sign of progress is recorded by Mr. Arnold. He relates how, at Bombay, he visited a Hindoo household, "where all the ladies of the family frankly met and conversed with their English friends," and how he and his companions were received in a specially friendly way by the daughter of the late Guicowar of Baroda, who sat unceremoniously outside the purdah, and chatted in Mahratta as freely as an English lady. "The time was when no male eye except her husband's and brothers' could have gazed on the unveiled countenance of a Princess of the great house of the 'Cow-herds.'" The cruel sports, by the way, with wild beasts, once in vogue at that court, are now abolished. Mr. Arnold's description of cities is so vivid that the reader will probably gain a more correct idea of them than he has yet received from books of Indian travel. The "rose-red city of Jeypore, with its beautiful streets and fairy-like palaces," is fixed for ever in the memory by the author's picture in print; and a city of far greater interest to Englishmen is depicted with the same masterly pen. Indeed, there are few pages in the volume more attractive than the account of Delhi, and of the brave deeds enacted there in 1857. The siege of Delhi is a story that should be known to everyone, and truly does the writer say that "cold must be the heart of him who can stand where those true soldiers died and not feel proud to be of the same race." In going over familiar ground, Mr. Arnold has the art of saying new things, or rather, he sees with fresh eyes. Everyone has read about the Taj, that marvel of Indian architecture and of conjugal affection; but there is no monotonous repetition in the traveller's account of it. Scenery as well as towns, tropical vegetation as well as architecture, what the people do and say as well as the outward show of things, what there is of

beauty in India and what of moral significance—all pass under Mr. Arnold's notice, and give variety to his narrative. The book is not likely to escape criticism, but it is a book full of knowledge and of eloquence; and every statesman, it may be hoped, will agree with the author when he writes—"There are no longer two policies—one which suits the Empire, and one which satisfies India; there is but one henceforward to find and to follow—the policy, that is to say, which is best for India."

A volume full of gossip and information has been just published in "The Book-Lover's Library," entitled *Old Cookery-Books and Ancient Cuisine*, by W. Carew Hazlitt (Elliot Stock). The facts collected with much research by the writer are not without interest for the curious reader who delights in odd bits of knowledge not readily accessible. It was Oliver Goldsmith who said that the French were such excellent cooks that they could make soup from nettle tops; and in the culinary art there can be no doubt they have been and are in advance of their English rivals. It has been the fashion to sneer at the Frenchman's taste for frogs; but there was a time, as Mr. Hazlitt reminds us, when in England portions of whale were cooked for the Royal table, when porpoise was served up whole, and when the grampus also was eaten. Neither were Frenchmen more refined in taste, since "in Elizabeth's reign a powdered or pickled horse was considered a suitable dish by a French General entertaining at dinner some English officers." In the fifteenth century a taste for what were called "subtleties" was in vogue in England; and at the coronation of Henry V., among other dishes, there was a pelican sitting on her nest with her young, and "an image of St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the doctors." One of the minor "subtleties," Mr. Hazlitt states, was a peacock in full panoply, the body being skinned and cooked and then sewn up again in the skin. "In 1466, at the enthronement of Archbishop Nevile, no fewer than 104 peacocks were dressed." From the "Compleat Housewife," 1736, a great number of receipts are given, some of which might perhaps be still tried with advantage. Then the author has something to tell about the famous Mrs. Glasse, who is always credited with having said, "First catch your hare"; but, alas! for the lady's fame, Mr. Hazlitt can find no authority for the anecdote. Mrs. Rundell's name was at one time equally popular, and her manual was followed by that of Miss Acton; so that in the earlier as well as in the later years of our century several of the best cookery-books have come from female writers. We must not, however, forget Dr. Kitchener, whose "Cook's Oracle" was highly popular. He wrote, also, a "Traveller's Oracle" and an "Invalid's Oracle," out of which Christopher North extracted considerable food for laughter in *Blackwood*. Of all the more recent cooks, the writer considers that Alexis Soyer is most remembered; but his name may be said to belong to the present day, and warns us to bring this notice of a pleasant volume to a close. Perhaps our brief remarks will suffice to show the reader the kind of matter he is likely to find in it.

The poet Cowper is somewhat out of fashion at present; and, perhaps, in an age that prefers the artistic subtleties of

Rossetti and the gross eccentricities of Walt Whitman—in an age, too, devoted to sensational fiction—this is not a matter for surprise. His day will come again, however, for all that is best in him is based on Nature and true to life. *The Town of Olney*, by Thomas Wright (Sampson Low), is a pleasantly written little volume on the literary and historical associations of Olney, illustrated with photographs and wood-engravings. The subject is well worn, and yet not so much so as to make Mr. Wright's labour superfluous. He corrects several errors, and is also able to give to the reader much fresh information. One mistake is pointed out in the preface. In the introduction to the "Globe Cowper," Mr. Benham states that the occupations of Olney were and still are "very prejudicial to health, wealth, and godliness." Mr. Wright asserts, on the contrary, that it is one of the healthiest towns in the kingdom, quite as wealthy as so small a town can be expected to be, and, indeed, "a quiet, industrious, respectable, and progressive town." The spots associated with Cowper's poetry are so illustrated by pen and pencil that the visitor to Olney might use the volume as a guide. It will enable him to judge of what the town was in the poet's time, and to understand the changes that have taken place. As several of the chapters appeared originally in periodicals, it is almost inevitable that there should be some discursiveness in them, and a little of what is called "padding"; but the volume is readable throughout, and even readers already familiar with the literature of the subject will glean from it new facts and suggestions. Mr. Wright dates from Cowper School, Olney, and it is easy to see that the labour he has expended on this volume has been undertaken with the generous enthusiasm of a local historian. The best letter-writer in the language, one of the best, if not the best, of descriptive poets, a delightful writer of occasional verses, and a charming humourist, Cowper has made the little town of Olney famous throughout the English-speaking world. We are glad, therefore, with Mr. Wright as a companion, to visit it once more in imagination, and we shall be better pleased still, with his book in our hand, to walk over ground on which this household poet has conferred a literary immortality.

A recreation-ground twenty acres in extent, called the Radnor Park, at Folkestone, was opened last week by Lord Folkestone, M.P., who remarked that the appeal to class interests which they had heard so much about of late must give way to the mutual co-operation of all classes for the common good. His father had given that park to the people, and they and Lord Radnor must work together for the benefit of both.

Messrs. William Clowes and Sons, of 13, Charing-cross, have received official instructions to print and publish for the Royal Academy an illustrated edition of this year's catalogue. It will contain 150 full-page reproductions in typogravure of the chief works in the exhibition. From the specimen page sent, which is a representation of Mr. Calderon's "Naomi and Ruth," it may be assumed that the book will be a worthy memorial of the pictures in this year's Academy, and that the selections will be carefully made.

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AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM.

THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.



A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the out-pouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

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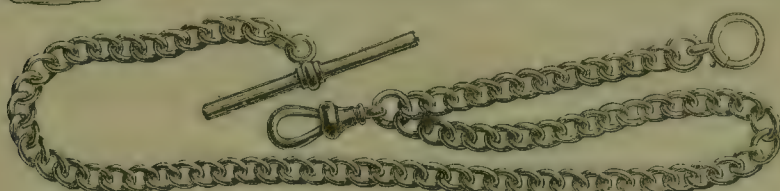
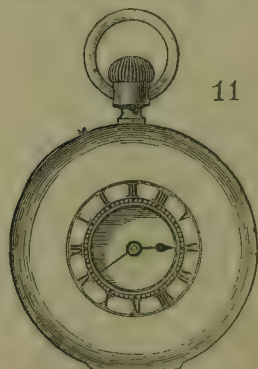
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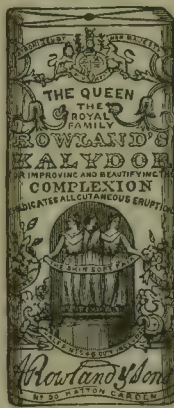
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THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX AT GHIZEH, NEAR CAIRO, WITH THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS.

CYNIC FORTUNE:

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "RAINBOW GOLD," "JOSEPH'S COAT," "A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE," "VAL STRANGE," "A MODEL FATHER," &c.



A woman, with a red handkerchief bound in slovenly picturesqueness about her head, sat behind a little counter. Kenyon approached and asked his way. See page 2.

"GOOD NIGHT; Good-bye; Bon voyage!"

"Good-bye; and thank you a thousand times! How many fellows are there in the world, Kenyon, who would travel a thousand miles, or thereabouts, to give an old chum the pleasure of dining with him?"

"I came to get the pleasure—not to give it."

"Well, it's like you, either way. The best-hearted fellow in the world! Good-bye!"

The farewells were spoken in the vestibule of the Hôtel des Postes, and the speakers were English: the one broad-

shouldered, brown-bearded, bright-eyed, and florid of complexion; the other bent, pale, and meagre.

The hall porter, standing with an air of absolute unconsciousness of anybody's presence, in readiness to open the door, threw back the portal as the florid man shook his friend by the hand for the last time, and let in a gust of biting air and a cloud of melting snowflakes.

"What a night!" said the host. "You are not going to walk, Kenyon?"

"There is no such thing as a fiacre abroad on such a night

at such an hour as this," replied the other; "but I know my way. Good night; Good-bye!"

The door closed behind the stalwart, well-clad figure, and Robert Kenyon, bending his head to the storm, rammed his hands into the pockets of his overcoat, and strode along with a mind full of pleasant fancies. He was Paris bred, and knew his way well enough; but, though Paris bred, this was his first visit to the old city for more than twenty years, and his mind, not unnaturally, was busy with memories of his student days.

He hummed laughingly, as he went along, a couplet of Barbier, which he set to an improvised tune of his own :

*Le gargon joufflu, bien frais et dans son gloire
Chantant, à plein gosier, les belles après-boire.*

"And, ah! the jolly days," said he—"the merry, merry days, when we were young!"

Suddenly stopping short in his walk, and speaking aloud, with the oddest and abruptest emphasis, he said, "Confound the fellow! what right has he to intrude his ugly image on one's mind?" and so walked on again.

The snow was falling heavily, and was melting as it fell. The tall, gaunt houses, unlit from roof to basement, seemed to soak the night with their own darkness; and from every roof and window-sill, and spout and gargoyle, the melting snow dripped incessantly.

"Confound the fellow!" said Kenyon, as he walked along. "I was out of tune with the night until his memory came to me; and he puts me in tune with it. A dismal tune it is, too."

Except for the constant dripping of the melting snow, and the sound of his own footsteps, the night was noiseless. A score of yards away the street gas-lamps were invisible, lost in the drifting fall of futile snow, which blackened as it touched the pavement.

Kenyon, muttering, with occasional ejaculations of discontent against himself, against the object of his thoughts and against the weather, walked on until he came to a spot where the road divided. On the left there lay a handsome, spacious street, and on the right a mere lane, leading, as he knew, to a congeries of dirty and intricate by-ways.

"Now, in my student days," said he, pausing, "it might have been a dangerous business to take the shorter and directer way alone, and at this time of night. But nowadays old Nap has worked such wonders, and the new gendarmerie are such clever fellows, the place ought to be safe enough. I think I know the road, and it will save me at least a mile. Here goes!" He marched on sturdily and in silence, absorbed in his own thoughts; but, in the course of some twenty minutes, pulled up short beneath a projecting gas-lamp and looked about him somewhat doubtfully.

"My memory," he said, half laughingly, "is less trustworthy than I fancied it. I don't know this quartier certainly, and there is not a soul of whom I can ask the way. Where could I have gone wrong? I fancy I should have held straight along Pewter Pot-street; and if that be so, I stand too much to the right. Well, then, the next turn to the left will do it."

He took the next turning to the left, and found himself in a street where the odour of decomposed vegetable matter rose heavily to his nostrils, unconquered by the falling snow. The filthy road was illumined by one solitary blotch of yellow light. This light gleamed dimly through the greasy panes of a gargote, and from within came a sound of voices.

"Help, at last," said Kenyon, gaily to himself, as he pushed open a door which shrieked upon its hinges.

Half a dozen people—dull-eyed, vacuous, drunken—beamed at him sullenly as he entered. A woman, with a red handkerchief bound in slovenly picturesqueness about her head, sat behind a little counter, amidst a disorderly array of bottles and dirty glasses.

Kenyon approached, and asked his way.

"Monsieur will take something to drink?" said the woman.

"But yes; if Madame wishes it," said Kenyon. "Give me a small glass of cognac."

He drew from his left hand a furred glove, and the eyes of one Gustave Peltzer, a personage well known to the police of Paris, lost their vacuous and sullen glare, and, all on a sudden, sparkled brightly, as though they reflected the glitter of the valuable diamond which shone on Kenyon's hand.

The visitor, to get at his pocket, unbuttoned the heavy overcoat he wore, and Gustave Peltzer's eyes sparkled again to see the heavy gold chain which swung across his waistcoat.

Kenyon laid down a five-franc piece upon the wooden counter. The woman took it, and threw it into a drawer. "We have no little money here to-night, Monsieur."

At this, Kenyon quietly rebuttended his coat and drew on his glove, looked calmly round him, and, for the first time, appreciated the chances of the situation. "Good, Madame," he responded, cheerfully enough. "Be so kind as to direct me."

The woman looked from one to another of her customers before responding. She met one pair of eyes alone—the eyes of Gustave Peltzer, still glistening with the light of Kenyon's diamond in them. The other men were sunk in a drunken stupidity, and had no answer to give to her inquiring look.

"Will Madame be so good as to direct me?" said Kenyon, once more naming his destination.

"But willingly," said the woman in the red head-dress. "Leaving the door, you turn to the left; you take the first street to the left, the first to the left again, and you are on the Boulevard."

Kenyon, with a casual "Thank you," touched his glass with his lips, reset it on the counter, half raised his hat, and left the place.

"That is a strange way to the Boulevard, maman," said Gustave Peltzer.

"Why?"—responded Madame; "if it gives a poor and honest man an opportunity!"

Gustave Peltzer rose without so much as looking at the landlady, and, leaving the house, followed in the footsteps of Robert Kenyon.

The snow, which had fallen persistently for an hour or two, had just begun to take a grey and feathery hold upon the greasy pavement. The dripping from the low eaves of the houses still continued, but had a dragging and relenting sound. A footstep on the flagstones left a black oval smear; and Gustave Peltzer, with a ragged overcoat drawn tight about him, and his hat jammed low upon his brows, could not only hear the footsteps of the man before him, but could trace them as he walked.

The footsteps before him went on, with a something firm and resolute in their sound, which daunted the skulking rascal in the rear. Gustave was a jail-bird, and ill-nourished. He contrasted, mentally, the want of width and weight in his own starven frame with the broad shoulders, florid features, and deep chest of the man who owned the diamond and the watch-chain. The contrast was unpleasing; but Gustave proposed to balance it—nursing in his right-hand pocket a brutal weapon of whalebone, heavily topped with lead. He had a lurking way with him, which would have betrayed him to a member of the protective force of any country in the world. His very step was thievish—*niching mallecho*—and his eyes shot from side to side as though he mistrusted the darkness; as, perhaps, he did.

The leader, following the directions of the woman of the restaurant, took the first turning to the left, and the first turning to the left again. He walked on, now humming a fragment of an air, now silent, until he found further progress arrested by a blank brick wall. At this, he turned and looked about him, with an ejaculation of momentary ill-humour. A score of yards away, a slouching figure shuffled towards him.

"My friend," he said, in his cheery English voice, "can you direct me to the Boulevard des Italiens?"

Gustave Peltzer shuffled, sideways, into a little alley which lay to his left.

"Holloa! there," cried Kenyon. "Do you hear? You, there! Do you hear?"

Peltzer shuffled back from the alley into the shabby street, and approached subserviently. "Monsieur," he said, "did me the honour to address me."

"I asked the way to the Boulevard des Italiens," said Kenyon.

"Ah!" returned Peltzer. "Will Monsieur permit that I show him the way? In these hard times, a poor man is glad to earn a sou or two."

"Certainly," said Kenyon. "Show the way."

"Will Monsieur follow me?" said Peltzer; and, the Englishman assenting by a mere nod and murmur, he shuffled on before.

Half-way down the street, he crossed, manoeuvring so as to fall behind. At the moment when he felt himself hidden from his stalwart companion's eye, he whipped his brutal weapon from his pocket and struck a desperate blow with it.

Kenyon's hat spun into the roadway, and Kenyon himself turned upon his assailant. But the blow was repeated, and repeated so swiftly and with such force that he fell to the ground with his arms thrown out crosswise, and lay there still as a stone.

The footpad knelt above him with a feverish, trembling haste, dragged the glove from the impassive left hand, and was fumbling for the diamond ring, when the sudden crash of a door thrown open brought him to his feet, and the sight of a figure standing in the doorway sent him flying as hard as his shaking legs could carry him.

The unintentional rescuer seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance, and raced after the flying figure; but Peltzer turned and twisted with so much dexterity that the pursuer lost him, and stood breathing hard in the roadway. In some half minute he became aware that the pursued had doubled back upon his own course, and had returned almost to the street from which he started. He might, indeed, have returned to the street itself, for the low-browed alley in which he had taken refuge when the rescuer last caught sight of him led back to it. The new-comer took that course, glancing suspiciously into all nooks and corners, but finding nothing to give sign of the fugitive's whereabouts. This fact of itself was, perhaps, proof of some preoccupation, for at his feet the signs lay plain for any man to read. Even in that dim light he could have tracked the flying footsteps by the marks they left upon the pavement; but he never so much as thought of this.

Once in the alley, a single turn led him to the street he had originally quitted, and there a mere score of footsteps brought him to Kenyon's side. As he stood and looked down upon the prostrate figure, he saw the white left hand lying helpless on the dark cloth of the overcoat, exactly as Peltzer's hands had left it, and on one of the fingers of the hand the glimmer of a ring. He looked up and down the street, glanced swiftly and nervously at doors and windows, and then, stooping, took the helpless hand within his own, and examined the ring more

closely. Then, with a new nervous look upon him, he set his arms about the prostrate man, and by a great effort lifted him and staggered with him through the open doorway.

He walked unsteadily under his heavy burden along a narrow passage, and at the end of it came ponderously in contact with a door which, being ill-secured, yielded to the double weight and opened on a squalid room, lit by the flame of a single candle. A mean bed occupied one corner of this apartment, and upon it the rescuer laid the rescued. Then he looked about him, repressing his own laboured breath, and listening, less with the air of a man who had just prevented robbery than with the air of a man who meditated it.

Except for a sigh or two from Kenyon's lips, the riot of his own heart, and now and then the asthmatic wheeze of his own breathing, he heard nothing; but his face was full of guilt and fear. Suddenly he started, and with steps as mean and treacherous as those of the thief he had lately scared, he traversed the narrow passage and came upon the street. There he looked about for the fallen hat, and, having found it, re-entered the house, lightly and noiselessly closed the door behind him, and returned to the chamber.

II.

The room was large and bare, with plastered walls and an uncarpeted floor. It was furnished with a couple of rush-bottomed chairs, and a large unclothed wooden table, fixed to the wall by iron clamps, and supported at the outer edge by iron rods. This table was strewn with a heterogeneous assortment of books and manuscripts, bottles of glass and stone, iron and copper tubes, glittering implements of bizarre and bloodthirsty appearance, an electric machine, balls of silken twine, and a miniature furnace, with a crucible and glass retorts. Above the table was a plank of rough deal, serving as a shelf, and supporting a large jar of spirits of wine, in which grinned a dreadful something like a miniature monkey, blackened by the action of the spirit, and hideous to behold. The air was heavy with an odour which was at once acrid and greasy, like that of a dissecting-room.

The rescuer took the candle from the littered table, walked to the bedside, and looked at the injured man. At the first glance he started, and, dropping upon his knees, set his face close to the other's, and peered at him eagerly for a minute or so. Then, rising slowly, with a bewildered air, he replaced the candle upon the table, seated himself mechanically, and, with his hands upon his knees, stared straight before him. In a while, he again took up the candle, approached the bed, and peered at the unconscious face with short-sighted eyes. Then, again, he set down the candle, and resumed his seat.

"There may be," he said, speaking in English, in a mumbling voice—"there may be stranger things than this; but of all the strange things I have ever known to happen, this is the strangest. I should know him amongst a million."

Kenyon moaned, and stirred upon the bed; and the rescuer, rising hastily, but with an exaggerated caution, stepped on tiptoe to the table, and, pushing about with his hands amongst the litter of papers and miscellaneous articles which covered it, found, after a minute's searching, a pair of tinted glasses. These he polished, nervously, with the skirt of his coat, and then set them astride his nose. He disordered his already tangled hair, and pulled it low about his forehead; and then, standing with an air of irresolution and bewilderment in the middle of the room, looked furtively over his glasses at Kenyon, who moved and moaned again. Whilst he still stood there, Kenyon opened his eyes and struggled, with a wild look, into a half-reclining posture.

"What's all this? Where am I?"

"Plait-il, Monsieur," said the other, in a shaky voice.

Kenyon turned his face towards him, and dropped back upon the pillow.

"Monsieur is English?" said the rescuer. "Unhappily, I do not speak that language, though I read it. Monsieur said"—

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, speaking, this time, in the language of his companion, "I forgot I was in Paris. I remember now—I was attacked in the street—I was struck from behind."

"Yes. I came up just as you fell, or it would have gone hard with you. The man who attacked you saved himself, and I brought you in here. It is nothing serious, I fancy; but you must rest a little. But I have not yet had time to see if you are injured. Permit me, Sir. I am a doctor of medicine."

"So am I," said Kenyon. "I am not much hurt, I fancy."

The rescuer passed a hand, which felt trained and skilful, about Kenyon's head.

"There is a little bleeding here," he said; "it will be well to stanch it. A cold water compress will serve."

He turned over the contents of a tattered basket, which lay in one corner of the room, and, having found a piece of linen there, tore it into strips, soaked the strips in water, and bound up the wound.

"It is little," he said. "It was the fall rather than the blow which stunned you! and yet the blow was a shrewd one. There is a lump as large as an egg here."

"You are very good," said Kenyon, feebly: "and I scarcely know how to thank you." His French was fluent and

correct, more English in rhythm than in accent. "But it is late, and I deprive you of your bed."

He made a motion as if to rise, but his companion's hand restrained him.

"You are not well enough to move yet. Repose a little."

The slight exertion Kenyon had made had turned his face pale, and had made his breath more irregular.

"I keep late hours always," said the rescuer, "and should not go to bed yet, if I were alone. Rest a little; and then, if I can find a fiacre, you shall go home. I am afraid you will not be strong enough to walk to-night."

"You are very good," said the patient, again. "I am ashamed to give you so much trouble. Did you see the man who struck me?"

"Yes. I pursued him; but he was too nimble, and I lost him. It is a bad neighbourhood; and I was alone and unarmed."

"The neighbourhood used to be bad enough," said Kenyon, "in my student days, when I lived here years ago; but I had thought that it was safer now."

"Your student days!" said the rescuer, drawing his chair a little nearer. "Forgive me if I am in error, but I fancy that I have the pleasure to know you. I do not recall your name, but were you not under Poul, at the Hôtel Dieu, from '57 to '60?"

"Yes," said Kenyon, turning his eyes upon him; "I was there. My name is Kenyon—Robert Kenyon."

"Ah!" said the other quickly, "the Englishman! I remember now. I should have known before. I was there in the same years. You may not remember me. I was of another clique than yours. My name is Auguste Moreau. Your cousin," he added, "was a close comrade of mine."

Kenyon's eye travelled over the sordid litter of the room, and then returned to his companion. The rescuer continued. "Ah! you note the place. I have fallen upon evil times, Monsieur Kenyon; but your cousin and I are still close friends."

"Oh!" said Kenyon, struggling up again, "he is alive yet, is he?"

"You did not know that?" asked the other, in a voice of surprise.

"Know it?" said Kenyon. "No; I neither knew it nor cared to know it."

"I can understand that," said Auguste Moreau. "But he is poorer, and in greater misery than even you would wish him to be, though all he has told me were true ten times over."

"Told you?" said Kenyon, falling back again. "What has he told you?" His voice trailed off so as he spoke, and fell into such a feeble indistinctness, that his companion rose, and, before replying, sought and found a blue phial amongst the littered contents of the table, and pouring out a carefully measured quantity into a glass, held it to the wounded man's lips, and besought him to drink.

Kenyon obeyed, and a moment later a faint flush of colour touched his cheek.

"What has he told you?" he repeated then.

"He told me," said the other, "years ago, and has told me a thousand times since, that he wronged you greatly. He says you loved a young girl, you and he, and that she liked you the better of the two. It was before you came to Paris; and you, though you were cousins, barely knew each other. He invented, in his jealousy, a lying story about you. The story was believed for a time, and he had hope of being accepted by the girl; but he was discovered and disgraced. It cost him all his fortune, for his father cast him off. He has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Naturally," said Kenyon, "he has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Ah! Sir," said Moreau, eagerly and quickly, "it is not only that he lost his fortune; he repents the act itself."

"A scoundrel always repents the act itself," said Kenyon, "when the act itself fails, and has been punished."

"He has suffered," said Moreau; "he has suffered bitterly and profoundly. He lives in a misery as complete as this." He waved his hand to indicate the squalid room.

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Kenyon.

"Sir," said Moreau, "I am a believer in a Divine Providence. Why is it that you are struck down by a strange hand in a foreign city at my door? Why is it that at the moment when you are struck I open my door, by pure chance, to look upon the night, and am so able to save you from further violence? Why is it that, after all this lapse of years, I am able to recognise your face? This is the hand of God, Monsieur Kenyon. But for this you would not have known that your unhappy cousin lived; but for this you would never have known that he lives in misery."

"Providence," said Kenyon feebly, but chuckling, in spite of feebleness, as he spoke, "might have brought a less disagreeable fact to mind in a less disagreeable manner."

"You will not refuse him your forgiveness now?" said Moreau—"you will not refuse him your assistance?"

"Ecoutez!" said Kenyon. "The blackguard was my cousin, but we were pretty nearly strangers. I hardly knew him. It is a hundred to one that, if I met him in the street to-morrow, I should not know him now. He behaved

like a rascal, not once, or twice, or thrice, but always, and consistently. I have neither pity nor help for him."

"Sir," said Moreau, "when last I saw him, and he spoke of you, he shed tears. Should I tell him of your refusal of forgiveness, he would break his heart. He blessed God that his own wicked designs were frustrated. He is conscious of the wrong he did you. He repents sincerely. Believe me, Monsieur Kenyon, he is a man with a conscience."

"I remember," said Kenyon, "that he always kept a conscience."

Moreau was silent for the space of some three or four minutes. "Let me tell him, at least," he said then, "that you forgive him. I do not think he will trouble you for more than that."

"My good Sir," said Kenyon, "it would be easy to say that I forgive him; but I am in the habit of saying what I mean; and I could never mean it."

"The word would cost you little," said Moreau.

"Monsieur Moreau," said Kenyon, "I am infinitely obliged to you. Do you think you could add to all your other kindnesses by finding me a carriage?"

"You are not fit to move yet," said Moreau. "If your friends are in anxiety concerning you, I can find you a messenger, late as it is. In the meantime, you had far better rest."

Kenyon tried to rise, but his head seemed made of lead, and he fell back and lay still, groaning with impatience. "I have no friends in Paris," he said, a minute later. "There is nobody to be anxious for me here."

"That is well," said Moreau. "In an hour or two you will be better. Try to sleep." He drew himself away quietly, and, taking a seat at the table, with his back turned to his patient, began to arrange the scattered manuscripts there.

"You meet my cousin Gabriel sometimes, you say?" said Kenyon.

"Often," said Moreau, drily.

"You may tell the rascal this," said Kenyon, half groaning: "the share of the money that would have been his, if he had not behaved as he did, may be his still. It is not much, whatever he may say; but whatever it is, he can have it, on one condition. Tell him to write to my lawyer, giving his address. The money shall be sent to him, on one condition." He paused there.

"What condition?"

"That he makes no approach to me. Tell him that if he writes, he must make that a distinct promise, and he shall have the money."

"I will tell him," said Moreau. His fingers toyed with a little morocco case, which fell open as he played with it. A hypodermic syringe dropped from the case, and he tried its point upon his finger. "You have no other message for him?"

Kenyon made no answer; but, after a while, groping with feeble hands, he managed to unfasten his overcoat, and to draw a pocket-book from his breast-pocket. Opening this, he found a bundle of bank-notes, and, selecting from the rest one for a hundred francs, he dropped it on the bed, and, restoring the others to their place, and the book to his pocket, spoke again.

Moreau's ears had been attentive to the rustle of the crisp bank paper.

"Will you permit me, Monsieur Moreau," said Kenyon, "to make you my almoner? There is much poverty in this neighbourhood, doubtless; and you, as a medical man, are sure to be in close contact with it."

He searched blindly for the note, and, finding it, raised it an inch or two; and Moreau accepted it.

"I thank you, Sir," he said; and, with that, resumed his seat.

Then there was silence for a long time—a silence so profound that the dripping of the melting snow without was clearly audible. Moreau's own breathing seemed exaggeratedly noisy to him. The breathing of the man upon the bed seemed loud and stertorous; and, for some reason, the rescuer's nerves were so perturbed that every now and then he started at the fancy of a third breathing, which seemed, when it touched his ears at all, to be low and smothered and irregular. He listened hard, until the constant drip, drip, dripping of the melting snow and his patient's breathing were mingled with a sound like that of a murmuring tide; but even through this there broke, or seemed to break, the real or imaginary sound of the muffled and irregular breathing of some third person near at hand. He sat for an hour like a statue, and then, turning slowly, looked towards the bed. The candle was waning fast by this time, and a great red wick toppled sideways. The room was almost dark. He snuffed the light, and, taking the candle in his hand, stole stealthily, step by step, across the room, and peered once more into Kenyon's face. The wounded man was sleeping, and sleeping so soundly that even when Moreau lowered the candle to within an inch or two of his beard his eyelids did not even flicker. His breathing had settled to the steady pulse of sleep; but his inert form was no stiller than that of the waking man beside him. Suddenly, with a movement almost as noiseless as it was rapid, Moreau turned and crossed the chamber. He took from the shelf above the table a small stone bottle, thickly smeared at the nozzle with yellow wax. He broke the wax

away, and, having removed the cork, he took the hypodermic syringe from its case, delicately inserted the point of the instrument into the bottle, and then glided like a shadow to the bed and bent over the sleeping figure. With a touch as light as air, he turned down the collar of the overcoat and bared the neck, and, with one rapid motion of the thumb, he shot the contents of the syringe into the selected vein. The colour in the sleeper's face flickered out, a momentary tremulousness agitated the skin, and one quivering breath passed his lips.

That breath was Robert Kenyon's last.

III.

Auguste Moreau was conscious of having done a dreadful thing, but he was also conscious of a reason for it. To commit murder without reason would be, surely, to touch the limit of unreasonableness. Robert Kenyon had had many things the possession of which seemed highly desirable to Auguste Moreau. Some of them the killing of him secured at once; some of them it seemed likely to secure. Amongst the things to be secured at once were any and every scrap of paper the dead man had about him, his money, his jewellery, his very sleeve-links, since they bore his initials, and might serve to proclaim his identity.

Auguste Moreau seemed peculiarly desirous that his victim's identity should remain obscure when his body should come to be found. He made a careful search of Kenyon's clothing, and wherever he found his victim's initials he cut them away. The parchment tabs within the collar of undercoat and overcoat, inscribed "Robert Kenyon, Esq.," he cut away with a bistoury, and, folding them neatly, bestowed them in his own waistcoat pocket. The ring upon the left hand little finger had an engraved cornelian for a seal. Moreau tugged at this quite vainly; for the middle joint was enlarged, and the ring was a fixture there. But he solved the difficulty at last, by filing through the thinner part of the ring, and bending it backwards until it quitted the finger.

He went through the whole of this dreadful business with an apparent calm, wondering at himself, now and again, that it should be so. He had done many things in his lifetime, at the dictates of necessity, of which neither his own conscience nor the general sentiments of humanity could approve; but this was his first essay at murder; and he had hitherto supposed that murder was a nervous sort of act, and could only be performed under circumstances of special rage—an act into which even a man with a conscience might be surprised, but which he would assuredly regret at once. He was surprised to discover that he had no regrets, and to feel as if the whole terrible thing were an affair of every day, with only an underlying hint of horror in it.

Suddenly, and without any warning, so far as he had noticed, the candle fell into its socket, and flared out. Then, whilst he groped tremblingly to secure materials for a light, he began to know that this underlying hint of horror was capable of expansion into an overwhelming and all-shadowing fear. When he had found the candle and the matches, he fumbled with them for a full minute; his knees knocked together in the extremity of his fear, and his hands trembled so wildly that he could scarce bring the match and the match-box together. When he had succeeded in getting a light, this sudden gust of nervous terror died away; but Moreau was no longer the uninterested personage he had been, and his glances towards the bed began to take a hurried and furtive fearfulness. He had found a sheet of paper, pen and ink, and half a dozen wafers. He wrote, turning, after the formation of almost every letter, one swift and fear-stricken glance over his shoulder. "Quitté la ville. De retour Samedi." He tried to moisten the wafers with his tongue, but this was a failure, for his tongue and lips were dry as sand. He seized and emptied a carafe of stale water, keeping his eyes fixed on the dead man's face as he threw his head slowly backwards in the act of drinking; and then, backing from the bed, and not once venturing to look away from it, he opened the door of the room and, with groping fingers, affixed the writing to one of the panels on the outer side.

There was a cracked fragment of mirror hanging upon the wall, and, when he had closed the door, he advanced to this, and selecting a pair of surgical shears from amongst the scattered implements on the table, cut away his tangled growth of beard, trimming it close to the outline of his face, and shorn the elf-locks of his hair. This, at another time, might have seemed to take a score of years from his apparent age; but, at that moment, his age was the precise age of abject horror, and mere time had no question with it. He made an indeterminate attempt to draw away an overcoat, which had been loosely thrown upon the bed, and was now partly covered by Robert Kenyon's body. But, after one or two feeble and ineffectual tuggings at it, made with a frightened slyness, as if he dreaded to awake a sleeper, he relinquished it, and moved backwards from the body. He took up a battered and greasy hat, and, having set it on before the mirror, without so much as a glance at his own reflection there, he stooped over the candle and blew feebly at the flame. The flame wavered, and he made no further attempt to extinguish it; but, shuffling backward step by step, with his eyes on Kenyon's face, fumbled

for the handle of the door behind him, opened it, passed out backwards, closed it, and locked it between him and the murdered man. Then he seemed to recover something of his courage, and passing both hands over his face, he gave a gasping sob of relief, moved swiftly to the door, passed out, and, at a good round pace, walked down the street.

His receding figure had scarcely vanished at the corner of the street when the door he had closed behind him but two minutes earlier reopened, and who should emerge from it but that same Gustave Peltzer who had been scared from his harpy work by Auguste Moreau an hour or two before! Gustave was in a state of high excitement; his eyes glittered; his feverish footsteps went mitching silently and swiftly over the snow-covered pavement; and when he reached the foot of the street he ran from corner to corner, peering round each, like an ape or a cat, or any cowardly sly thing bent on mischief. He sighted Auguste Moreau, and he followed. The dripping of the melting snow had ceased: a keen wind was blowing; and the snow lay crisp upon the pavement. A full moon, struggling against long streaks of diaphanous cloud, shed a light which was sometimes almost as clear as that of day, and sometimes quite illusory.

Gustave Peltzer, skipping and hopping noiselessly, crouching in doorways, peering from entries, taking skirmisher's advantage of every abutment upon his way, followed Moreau for hours. The chase seemed likely to be a long one, for the murderer walked aimlessly and fast. Sometimes he threaded so rapidly the labyrinth of little streets that Peltzer sweated with an apish anxiety lest he should lose him; but the pursuer's knowledge of the blackguard quarter served him well, and he never missed his quarry for more than a minute at a time. The moon went down, and the keen wind cleared away the clouds which lingered in remembrance of the snow-storm. For a while, the sky seemed black, and then, lightening a little, it stole through all the intervening grades to the bright flame of early day. People began to move about the hitherto deserted streets; and the pursuer felt himself grow a little bolder, though he dared not, even now, approach too near. Once, when the early traffic had grown rapid, and there were many hurrying footsteps in the street, he came near to betraying himself; for, having allowed Moreau to round a corner, fifty yards in front of him, he had come swiftly up behind, and, turning the corner suddenly, had well-nigh run his quarry bodily down. The man stood thinking, with the tip of a forefinger touching his lower lip, and his eyes bent frowningly upon the ground. Peltzer, with bent head and fluttering heart, slunk past him, and, glancing over his shoulder, saw him suddenly straighten himself, with a gesture of resolve, and set forward once more at a faster pace than ever. From this moment, Moreau began to peer, in his short-

sighted way, at every public clock, and once or twice paused for a second to look in at the newly-opened watchmakers' windows. His footsteps always quickened after such a pause; and it was evident, now, that he was walking with a purpose.

To the honest Peltzer's disgust, the purpose revealed itself when Moreau reached the Northern Station, and, entering hastily, demanded a third-class ticket for London. Peltzer, hovering near, behind an opportune pile of luggage, heard the other's colloquy with the clerk.

When would the train start? In ten minutes.—When was it due at Boulogne? At such an hour.—When did the boat reach Dover? At such an hour.—When did the train reach

The man thus addressed turned and recognised his captor with a notable absence of enthusiasm.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, in English-sounding French. "Don't pull my arm off."

"One word," said the other, still holding him, and touching with a finger of his disengaged hand the coupon the new-comer had flourished as he walked. "You go to London?"

"Yes. What is the matter?"

"You have five minutes; give me one."

Without waiting for "Yea," or "Nay," he dragged his companion to the door leading to the platform. Moreau was standing with his back towards them, scarce ten yards off.

"You see him—that man there?"

"Well?"

"He goes to London also."

"That is very interesting. Thank you." The new-comer spoke gravely, almost solemnly. He was a man rather under the middle size, unmistakably British in build and face, with smooth-shaven cheeks and chin, and curiously mobile features. His generally pervading expression was one of half-apologetic humorous impudence.

"Where that man goes," said Peltzer, speaking with so much eagerness that one word tripped up the other, "you must go."

"Tenez done," responded Mr. Sullivan, with a repetition of his former manner.

"Mille diables!" broke out Peltzer, "have I the air of jesting? Do I speak to laugh? Listen. We are wasting time. You must follow him. All there is to know of him, you must learn; and you must not let anything take you from the track until you have learned his name and have run him to earth, where he can be found when wanted. Will you do this?"

"Why should I do it?" demanded Sullivan, not unnaturally.

"Because there is money to be got by doing it—perhaps much money—in all cases, money—money enough to pay you. Find all you can, and bring or send the information to the old place—you remember?"

"I remember; but this is all very mysterious."

"It will not be mysterious long. Will you do it?"

"Well," said Sullivan, "I may be pledging myself to follow the Wandering Jew, for all I know. Tell me something definite."

"I can tell you," said Peltzer, "nothing more than I have already told you. There is money to be made by it for both of us. I cannot tell how much, but in all probability much. Much. It is possible that neither you nor I might have to work again."

At this beatific prospect Mr. Sullivan smiled. A life of absolute idleness had always commended itself to him as the sweetest of possible dreams. It had never been more than a dream: it had never seemed likely to be more than a dream. The smile of charmed hope faded on his face.



Moreau by the body of Robert Kenyon.—See page 3.

London? At such another hour.—Could he break the journey at Boulogne? Assuredly.

Moreau had tendered that hundred-franc note which Robert Kenyon had asked him to devote to the benefit of the poor of his neighbourhood; and now, clenching his change in one hand and his coupon in the other, he lounged up and down the platform. Peltzer, regarding him from behind the opportune pile of luggage, cursed heartily, and with convincing emphasis, as his own fingers groped in his empty pockets. It seemed not improbable that Monsieur Peltzer had some urgent reason for following the personage who had taken his own half-accomplished villany from his hands. He had never been a very agreeable man to look upon; but now, as he gnawed his hairy knuckles, and glared after his escaping quarry, he looked quite diabolical. Suddenly, with a blasphemous expletive of relief and welcome such as only a Parisian blackguard can accomplish, he reached out a lean arm, and, catching at the sleeve of a passer-by, called him by his name.

"Sullivan!"

"Why don't you follow him yourself?" he asked.

"Imbecile!" said the other, "I have not a sou, not a centime. Mère de Dieu! are you blind?" he demanded, thrusting his jaw almost into the doubtful face of his companion. "Are you mad? Do you know when one is in earnest?"

There could be no uncertainty left as to the reality of Monsieur Peltzer's desire. Every inch of him was alive with it. The doubt passed from Sullivan's face; and Peltzer saw it.

"You will go—you will follow him?" he said.

"All right," answered Sullivan. "There is the signal. Where is he going to?"

"London," answered Peltzer, wringing him hard by the hand. "Don't lose him. It may be the making of us both."

Moreau had already stepped into a carriage; Sullivan followed, choosing a compartment at a little distance. Tickets were examined, doors were slammed, and the train began to move.

Peltzer emerged from behind his sheltering pile of luggage, and flattened his nose against the glass of the door which barred him from the platform. The train rapidly gathered way, and had just disappeared from sight when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice spoke in terms of almost affectionate jocosity.

"Aha!" said the voice. "The dear Peltzer! He is wanted."

Peltzer turned, and recognised an old acquaintance. He had no welcome for him, and not even the faintest desire in the world to accompany him; but he went away meekly, and without complaint, at his new companion's summons. When they had walked some hundreds of yards, he looked up, with a diabolical grin, and asked, swiftly,

"What is it for?"

The new companion, who wore the uniform of the Parisian police, responded, "Burglary."

Monsieur Peltzer sighed, and he and the gendarme pursued their way in silence.

IV.

"Thomas!"

"Hilloa, Missis!"

"Wake up, do. I never saw such a man in my days. Here's the coach coming up hill, and two gentlemen on the roof."

Thomas left the comfortable shelter of the chimney-corner in the kitchen of that excellent hostelry the King and Constitution, raised his arms above his head, with a prodigious yawn, and quitted the house, in the act of struggling into a cut-away coat of by-gone fashion. As the Meldon coach jingled to the door, he stood to receive what custom it might bring. Over the ample lintel swung a sign-board, proclaiming to the travelling world that Thomas Orgle kept that house for the entertainment of wayfarers, and that the best accommodation might be had within for man and beast; and Thomas Orgle glanced upwards to this announcement now and then, as if with a kind of approval. As Mrs. Orgle had announced, there were two travellers by the coach; and the worthy woman smiled, in anticipation of profit, as both descended.

The first was a slightly-built man, of thirty-five or so, quietly dressed in dark tweeds. His face was clean shaven; and this fact went against him. A moustache would have been of considerable advantage to him, since it would have served to hide, at least, the corners of his mouth. His features were well enough formed; but the eyes were furtive, and the lips, if there be any truth in the science of physiognomy, or in human instinct, were cruel. He nodded familiarly to the landlord and his wife.

"Good evening, Mrs. Orgle; Good evening, Orgle. You have not forgotten me, I hope?"

"Why, no, Sir," said Mr. Orgle, in a slow and deliberate manner—"we haven't forgotten you, Mr. Gabriel."

The second traveller, who had been giving voluble directions regarding the descent from the coach roof of baggage whose value must have been inversely proportionable to its bulk, to account for his anxiety concerning it, cast a bird-like side-glance at Mr. Gabriel, and went on chattering.

"It's a long time since we met," said Mr. Gabriel.

"Why, yes, Sir," returned Orgle, scratching his shaven cheek, and speaking with a dry deliberateness of manner. "It is a longish time."

His way of saying it might have seemed, to a sensitive man, to indicate that he could have borne the time of separation to be longer.

"I can have a bed-room here, I suppose, and something to eat?—anything will serve. And can you give me a messenger to carry a letter to the Lodge?"

"We can do that for you, Sir," said the landlord, with an air of guarding himself. "Missis! Mr. Gabriel wants a bed-room."

Mr. Gabriel followed his hostess indoors and upstairs; and the landlord was left alone by the departing coach with traveller number two.

"Good evening, Mr. Orgle," said the traveller, executing a little impromptu dance in the roadway, with his hands in his pockets. "You are Mr. Orgle, I believe?"

The landlord pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the sign, and made no further answer.

"Quite so," said the traveller, with another flourish of his legs; "exactly so—the King and Constitution! But isn't that a little out of date—*King and Constitution*?"

"That was the sign in my grandfather's time," said Mr. Orgle; "and it might have been in *his* grandfather's time, as well, for aught I know. They say it's bad luck to change the sign of a house of entertainment. Why it should be so is more than I know; but so it is, according to all accounts."

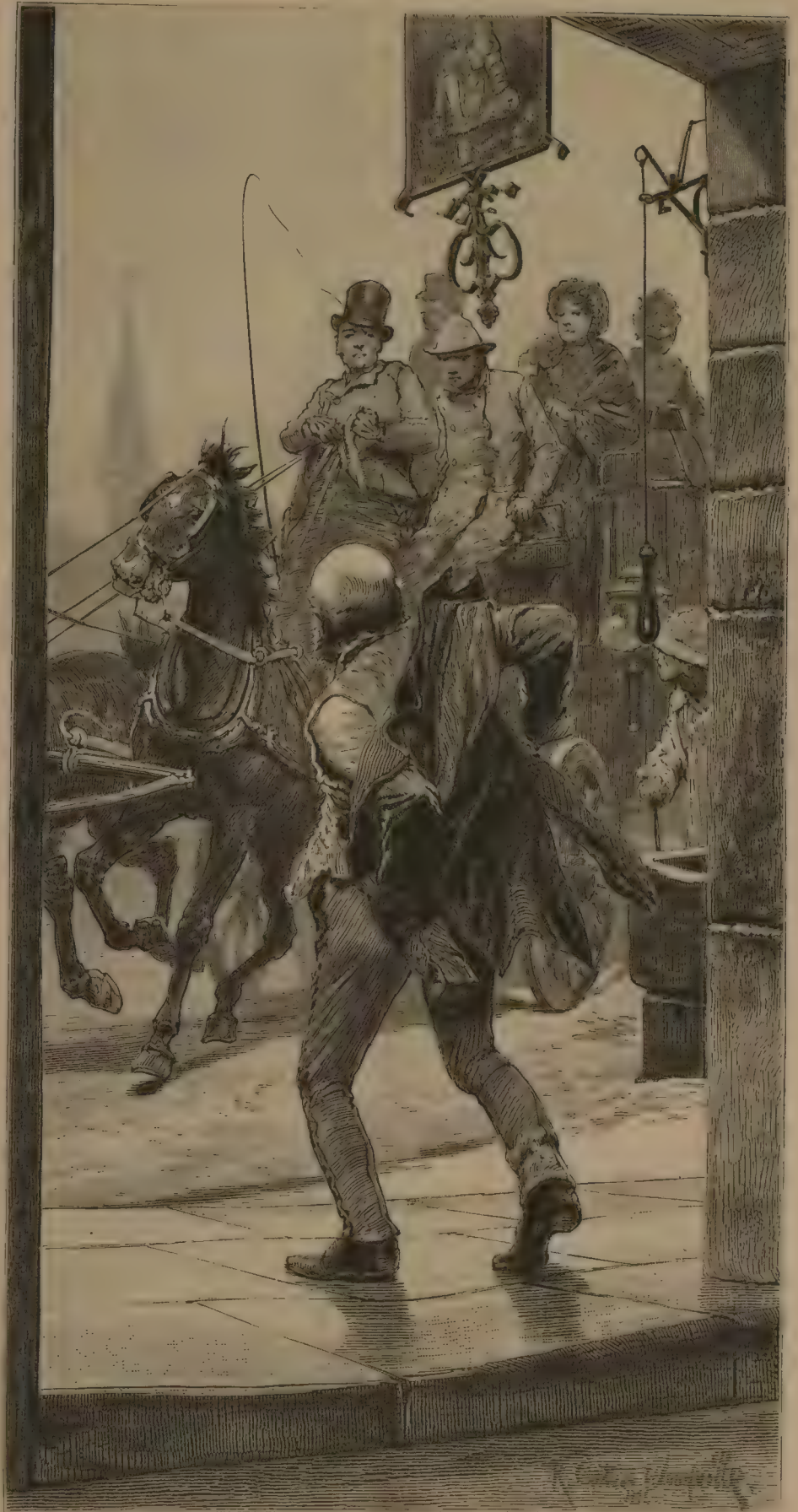
"This promises well," said the traveller. "You behold in me, Mr. Orgle, a seeker after rural quiet."

"After?" said the landlord, inquiringly

"Rural quiet," repeated the traveller; "rustic repose—bucolic beatitude." He paused for a minute, and then added, smiling benignly, "Agricolian anesthesia, Mr. Orgle."

Mr. Orgle was doubtful as to the stranger's meaning, but he was not doubtful that the stranger was chaffing him. Any attempt in that direction would have been ponderously resented in the case of ninety-nine men in a hundred; but the stranger's smile, though recognisant of his own humour, had in it a certain recognition of the speaker's irresponsibility, and an almost boyish appeal to the sufferance of the person he addressed, that would have disarmed the resentment of the dullest. He was an entirely new development to Mr. Orgle, and on that account alone should, in the nature of things, have been unwelcome and suspicious; but, somewhat to his surprise, the landlord, who was rather of a bulldog turn as a general thing, found himself grinning in answer to the irresistibly insinuating smile of the stranger.

"I have found it," continued Mr. Sullivan. "I have found the rural quiet prescribed by my medical practitioner for the



Thomas emerges in the act of struggling into a cut-away coat of by-gone fashion, just as the Meldon coach jingled to the door.

rehabilitation of a jaded brain and an exhausted nervous system." He jerked his hat to the back of his head by a single bird-like movement, and smiled round upon the landscape.

"If it's quiet as you're after," said the landlord, "you can get it here, and enough on it."

"Good," said Mr. Sullivan. "Here I shall renew my youth—like the Orgle." His smile would have been enough to disarm anger, even if the landlord had understood the full atrocity of the pun. "I will begin the process at once, if you please, landlord, with eggs and bacon."

"There's cold beef, if you would rather have it, Sir," said the landlord.

"No," said Mr. Sullivan, poising his head meditatively on one side. "Eggs and bacon are more rural. Give me eggs and bacon!"

Another quarter of an hour saw him seated at a heavy oak table, of antique fashion, before a liberal dish of the viands he had selected, and a tankard of foaming home-brewed ale. The landlord, at his guest's request, provided himself with a tankard also, and held him company. The landlord was, in his way, an eminently respectable man, but somewhat thick-witted; and to him his guest seemed to be a gentleman of uncommonly pleasing manner and unequalled conversational resource. If, as a conversationalist, he had a fault, it lay in a tendency to monopolise the talking. He talked a good deal; and his apparently inconsequent questions and observations drew from Mr. Orgle more information about the other traveller, up-stairs, than the landlord altogether knew that he was giving. He got but little in return for it, although much of Mr. Sullivan's fluent talk was about himself, and, in his



Mr. Sullivan was seated at a heavy oak table, before a liberal dish of the viands he had selected, and a tankard of foaming ale.

liberal flow of anecdote, experience, and adventure, his own personality bore a distinguishing part.

The new arrival seemed the most candid, the most childish, open-hearted of men; and after an hour spent in his society, the landlord felt as if he had known him all his life. As a matter of fact, he knew nothing, and even a little less than nothing. Before the most rudimentary knowledge of Mr. Sullivan's character could be reached, it was necessary to know one thing about him. He was as polished and as readily inventive a liar as walked. He had a natural bent towards the art, and sedulous practice had so strengthened native faculty that, when he sat in Mr. Orgle's parlour, he was probably unique in Britain.

The substance of what the landlord had to tell was this: The traveller up-stairs was Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, a distant cousin of Mr. Kenyon, of the Lodge. Mr. Kenyon, of the Lodge, was an extremely popular gentleman—a gentleman universally respected—a gentleman whose hand was in the habit of going to his pocket for the relief of all and sundry who asked assistance from him—a comfortable, cheery gentleman.

Mr. Gabriel had hardly been known in that neighbourhood since his boyhood. He was known pretty well until he was some eighteen years of age, and then went "somewheres abroad," the landlord vaguely said, to study. Mr. Gabriel was not a cheery gentleman; he was not a free-handed gentleman; he had a sort of a sullen and a haughty way with him. It was likely enough, the landlord thought, that Mr. Gabriel might be warmly received at the Lodge when Mr. Kenyon should come home again. Mr. Kenyon was away in Paris for a time. The landlord happened to know the cause of Mr. Kenyon's absence, for one or two of the Lodge servants were in the habit of calling occasionally at the King and Constitution, and exchanging a friendly chat with their old fellow-servant. Mr. Kenyon then, it seemed, like the warm-hearted, amiable personage he was, had made an express journey to Paris for the purpose of meeting an old schoolfellow and fellow-student who had been coffee-planting in Brazil, and was now going to plant coffee in Ceylon. He broke his journey for a day or two in Paris, and Mr. Kenyon had gone over to see him. People wondered a little to find that he had not returned; but, in Mr. Orgle's opinion, it was just as likely as not—seeing what a truly amiable gentleman he was—that he might have gone half-way on his journey with his old schoolfellow.

Whilst Mr. Sullivan and the landlord chatted, a bell was briskly rung in the up-stairs room; and Mr. Gabriel dispatched his note by messenger to the Lodge. The landlord, being prompted to the discovery by Mr. Sullivan, without in the least suspecting the process to which he was being subjected, artlessly confessed as much as this, and thought no harm of it.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Sullivan had finished his meal, and had bestowed himself, with the remainder of his home-brewed ale and a digestive pipe, in the ample window-seat, he saw, as he sat smoking with a lazy relish, an elderly man move across the fields towards the inn.

"Faithful servant of the house of Kenyon," said Mr. Sullivan to himself. "Sent as envoy to the unpopular cousin newly returned from foreign travel. 'Confidential butler,' written large all over him. Ought to wear shorts and gaiters and hair-powder."

He heard an elderly voice, evidently belonging to the elderly man, inquiring for Mr. Gabriel; and shortly afterwards steps mounted to the upper room.

"Partridge!" said Gabriel Kenyon, rising from his seat at table.

"Mr. Gabriel," said the elderly man.

Mr. Gabriel resumed his seat, and motioned his visitor to be seated also—an invitation which was silently refused.

"Have you any message from my cousin?"

"No, Mr. Gabriel. Mr. Robert is away, Sir, on the Continent."

There was noticeable in the butler's tone and manner something very like that air of half-sullen but respectful misliking which had characterised the landlord on Mr. Gabriel's arrival.

"On the Continent!" echoed Mr. Gabriel, in a voice of surprise and disappointment. "Has he been long away?"

"He was expected back three or four days ago, Sir," said the butler. "He left for Paris on Monday of last week, and didn't speak of being away for more than four days at the outside. We have not heard from him since Wednesday, when he expected to be back next day, and we're growing very anxious."

Nothing could well have been more complete than the old servant's air of respect for his employer's cousin; but, for all that, nothing could well have been more expressive of a desire to shorten the interview than the dry, reticent voice in which he answered Mr. Gabriel's questions.

"That will do, Partridge," said Mr. Gabriel. "You'll let him have my letter immediately upon his arrival, and, in the meantime, I'll stay here."

"Very well, Mr. Gabriel," said the butler, moving to the door.

"You spoke of being anxious," said Mr. Gabriel.

The butler arrested his steps half-way, and stood with respectfully bent head, and eyes fixed upon the carpet.

"You don't suppose that there's any real ground for alarm about him, do you?"

"Why, Sir," returned Partridge, "Mr. Kenyon has always been so regular in his ways, and so punctual to all his appointments that we can't understand it."

"I hope," said Mr. Gabriel, coughing behind his hand, and casting one swift and furtive glance at the old servant, "I hope that Mrs. Kenyon does not share your alarms."

The butler turned at this, and stared at him with so stricken and amazed a countenance that when Gabriel, who was surprised at his silence, turned, after a moment or two, to look at him, his own face caught the expression of the other's as instantaneously, and as truly, as though it had been reflected in a mirror.

"You don't mean to say, Sir," said the butler, "that you don't know?"

"That I don't know?" asked Mr. Gabriel, the muscles of his clean-shaven lips twitching curiously, and his eyes staring—"that I don't know what?"

"Mrs. Kenyon, Sir"—began the butler, in a hoarse voice, which broke suddenly. Mr. Gabriel stood up, and then took a seat in an arm-chair, threw one leg over the other, rested an elbow on the arm of the chair, and one clean-shaven cheek upon the tips of his white fingers, and was silent for perhaps half a minute. His face was ghastly.

"What were you saying of Mrs. Kenyon, Partridge?" he asked, in a voice which was intended to sound commonplace.

"Mrs. Kenyon, Sir," said Partridge, clearing his throat with a harsh dry cough, "died four years ago."

Mr. Gabriel, rising from his seat, lifted both hands slowly above his head, and moved them with a horrible writhing motion in the air. He looked at the butler, and the butler looked back at him: and this time the old man's face seemed to catch and to reflect the growing horror on his companion's. Gabriel Kenyon's lips moved once or twice, and all the while the awful writhing motion of the lifted hands continued, until, suddenly, he fell full-length with a crash upon the floor; and the old servant, running to the bell rope, pulled it down, and set the bell below-stairs ringing madly. The landlord, the landlady, the boots, and the chamber-maid ran wildly up-stairs in answer to this extraordinary summons; and Mr. Sullivan, who had heard, not only the wild peal of the bell, but the crash which had preceded it, ran up behind them.

The door of the room was open, and he saw his fellow-traveller by the coach extended upon the floor. He was lying flat upon his face, with his arms thrown out before him; and the old butler, with helplessness confessed in every line of him, was kneeling between the fireplace and the outstretched body, and was torturing and twisting the bell-rope with both hands. The landlady and the chambermaid flew at the prostrate man, turned him over upon his back, and began to open his waistcoat and his collar. Mr. Sullivan entered the room, and tapped boots upon the shoulder.

"You seem to be an actively-built young man, boots," said Mr. Sullivan, who was quite undisturbed in the midst of the prevailing fear and confusion. "You shall see how fast you can run. Go and fetch a doctor."

Boots, glad to do anything, ran for the doctor at once. Mr. Sullivan, advancing, knelt down by the unconscious Mr. Gabriel, and felt his pulse, with a professional air. Everybody at once began to pour questions upon him; but he waved a hand to ask for silence; and by-and-by demanded brandy. The landlord hurried away, and returned, a moment later, with a bottle and a wine-glass. Sullivan applied the spirit to Mr. Gabriel's lips and temples, and, whilst thus engaged, looked up at the butler and asked what had happened.

"I gave him news," said the butler, who was much shaken, "of Mrs. Kenyon's death." He spoke in answer to Sullivan's question; but he addressed the landlord.

"His cousin's wife?" said Mr. Sullivan, calmly.

"His cousin's wife," said the butler. "I never saw a man fall in such a way in all my life. It wasn't as if he fell. He stood there, when I told him she was dead, for a minute or two, like this." The old man raised both trembling hands in the air, and writhed them there, in imitation of the horrible gesture he had seen. "He looked at me all the while," he went on; "and all of a sudden he fell full length. You'd have thought, from the way he did it, that he wanted to dive into his grave at once."

The landlord stared aghast. The landlady, the chambermaid, and the old butler were all trembling. Sullivan went on tranquilly moistening the lips and temples of the unconscious man. Suddenly, the landlady began to whimper.

"Ah!" she said, "it's easy enough to give anybody a bad name; but it's plain to see he had a feeling heart. I remember, years and years ago, he was in love with her. The only piece of wrong he ever did, in all his days, poor creature, was because of that. I do believe," continued the landlady, sobbing outright by this time, "that if he hadn't been carried away by his affection for her he was as good a soul as ever broke bread. He's been hard thought of, and hard spoke of all about for pretty near a dozen years; but he had a tender heart for her, it seems, after all as has been said and done."

At this, the chambermaid, who knew nothing of the matter, began to weep for sympathy.

"What do you think of him, Sir?" inquired the butler of Sullivan. "Are you a doctor?"

"I have pursued," said Mr. Sullivan, "a course of pathological and surgical study, though I have never qualified. So far as I am prepared to speak, at present, this is no more than syncope. Syncope," he repeated, twice or thrice, as if in demure enjoyment of the situation, and the word. "You observe that there is a slight effusion of blood. That is due, as I perceive, to a mere laceration of the cuticle—a dental laceration. I am not prepared to assert, at present, that there is no internal hemorrhage, but I think not—I think not. A tea-spoon, Mr. Orgle, if you please."

The landlady ran down-stairs for a tea-spoon, and returned with it. Mr. Sullivan poured neat brandy—a very little at a time—between the patient's lips. He was the only person present who was collected and self-contained in his manner; and, even more than this, the learned-sounding character of his speech served to reassure the shaken quartet of observers.

"In love with his cousin's wife, was he?" said Mr. Sullivan, moistening Mr. Gabriel's temples with brandy as he spoke, and looking upwards with a professional air. "Did something shady for love of the lady? Ah! you'd better remove him," he added, finding that nobody responded to these conversational overtures. "No, no; not in a manner so rude and unscientific, Mr. Orgle, if you please. Let me have two towels." In a minute or two the two towels were forthcoming. "Now, slip one of them beneath his shoulders. So. The two ends under the armpits. Another beneath the knees. So. Now, one of you at each corner; and I support the unfortunate gentleman's head. Lift all together."

In this wise, the unconscious Mr. Gabriel was borne into the nearest bed-room. Shortly afterwards, the village doctor drove up, with boots in the dog-cart beside him, and was at once ushered into the chamber. Mr. Sullivan had succeeded in clearing the room, and was there alone with the patient.

"We have exhibited," said Mr. Sullivan, in a professional whisper, "a little alcohol, externally and internally. The cause of the attack appears to be attributable to shock—to mental shock. The symptoms are probably aggravated by physical shock. But your professional experience will doubtless be of greater service than the diagnosis of an amateur."

With this, Mr. Sullivan rubbed his hands, wagged his head, and smiled; whilst the doctor looked at him with an air almost of stupefaction. He examined the patient's condition for himself, administered a little more brandy, ordered and applied a cold-water compress; and then, motioning the guileless Mr. Sullivan to silence, sat down patiently by the bed-side. When half an hour had passed in watchful silence, the beams of the wintry sun struck into the chamber; and the doctor, passing round the bed, and crossing the room on tip-toe, drew down the blind. At the first creak of his boots, the patient made a movement on the bed, and Mr. Sullivan remarked it. Noiselessly as the doctor tried to move, the blind made a rusty whistling as it turned; and at this the patient moved again and moaned. The doctor, warning Sullivan with an upraised forefinger, stood still, and looked and listened.

"Wasted!" said the patient, in a murmur, which, in the stillness of the room, was perfectly distinct. "Thrown away! Such a crime for nothing!"

"Hush!" said the doctor, advancing to the bed, and laying his hand upon the bandage which was passed about Mr. Gabriel's forehead. The patient opened his eyes, met the doctor's glance, and shivered slightly. He was quiet after this; and whether he was conscious or no, neither of his watchers could tell.

At long intervals, a faint and scarcely audible moan escaped him; and, in the course of an hour, when candles had been brought, and Mr. Sullivan had grown weary of watching the wicks grow longer and longer, he rose, and passing on tip-toe from the room, descended the stairs, assumed his hat and overcoat, lit his pipe, and strolled into the village street.

"Peltzer," he said to himself, as he walked, "is very much of a blackguard, but he isn't an ass, and he didn't put me upon this job for nothing. I shall find out the shortest space of time in which Mr. Gabriel can be on his legs again, and I shall go up to town in the meantime. Highly respectable old county family. Lots of tin. Seems to be worth while following. 'Such a crime for nothing?' eh?"

Mr. Sullivan called at a tobacconist's in the course of his walk, and chose to be communicative. He was staying at that charming old-fashioned little hostelry the King and Constitution. Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, whose casual acquaintance he had made upon the journey, was coming down upon a visit to his cousin. Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, it appeared, had been living abroad for some years, and had had no news of the family. Learning suddenly that his cousin's wife was dead, he had fainted at the shock, and now lay unconscious at the inn. Mr. Sullivan related everything, and even a little more than everything, he knew; and the tobacconist was devoutly interested in the narrative. But when the narrator learned that the tobacconist was but a new arrival in the village, and had been established there for no more than a year or two, he

became aware that he had wasted ten minutes of his time, and immediately paying for his purchase, took a polite farewell.

V.

It sometimes happens in fiction, though the occurrence is quite unknown to the Faculty, that a strong and healthy man or woman is struck down by fever, and, without an hour's warning, lies in the wildest delirium. Gabriel Kenyon's fever did not attack him after this manner. It happened, however, that on the morning upon which Auguste Moreau was guilty of the death of an English gentleman in Paris Gabriel Kenyon caught a severe chill. It might have been prophesied, in the case of Moreau himself, that a half-starven man, walking for hours over the snow-clad streets, leaving Paris for London wet and chilled, and wild with the remembered horror of his crime, might have discovered feverish symptoms, even if he had not seen fit to change his identity, and to receive a novel shock to his nervous system in the person of Mr. Gabriel.

The ravings of fever, as all thoughtful and instructed people know, can form no trustworthy clue either to character or to history; but it was not in the least degree remarkable that the village of Perry Haughton should be exercised by the stories which reached it of the ghastly self-communings of Mr. Gabriel. So far as his nurses could make out his scattered and incoherent sayings, he was troubled by the presence of two people—man and woman. He would shriek against either or both of them, sometimes in broad daylight, and sometimes in the silent watches of the night. He would make wild appeals to both of them for pity and for pardon. At other times, he would arraign one of his ghostly visitors with savage reproaches. But his commonest phrase, in all his mental wanderings, was, "I did it for her sake." Often and often he raved of a man who was not dead, but asleep; and besought imaginary bystanders, for pity's sake, to wake him, or for God's sake not to wake him, according as the fancy took him. But night or day, for hours and hours together, his tongue was never silent, and the villagers passing the King and Constitution could hear him, in a high-pitched voice as shrill as an angry woman's and as monotonous as the creak of a mill-wheel, going his customary tread-mill round of phrases.

All this time there was no news of Robert Kenyon. He had been advertised in the French and English papers by the family solicitor. Inquiries had been set on foot at Scotland-yard, but were so poorly prosecuted that nothing came of them, and when, after ten weeks, Mr. Gabriel's reluctant soul and body were dragged back from that darkness of the tomb which both of them seemed most passionately to crave for, Mr. Gabriel found himself formally appealed to by the family lawyer aforesaid. He was asked to give his advice, as the temporary head of the house. Should his cousin Robert have finally disappeared, which seemed only too probable, for in a man of his known regularity of habit and quietude of life so lengthy an absence and silence were only to be accounted for on the supposition of his decease—he, Mr. Gabriel, was heir to everything his cousin had owned, or nearly everything. The personality was extremely small, and the landed estates, which were entailed, and would fall to the heir-at-law, were very considerable. In the event of cousin Robert's death, Mr. Gabriel was an extremely wealthy man. Hearing these things, Gabriel, who as yet was extremely feeble after his fever, set his thin fingers to his face and wept.

The lawyer, not knowing why a man should weep at such tidings, unless he were endowed with an extremely sensitive nature, formed a high opinion of Mr. Gabriel's heart.

"Mr. Gabriel Kenyon," he was wont to say in later years, "was a gentleman of the profoundest feeling—a man of the tenderest susceptibility"; and in course of time he found people who believed him. Almost the first act of the new heir-presumptive to the Kenyon lands—scarcely, as yet, the heir-presumptive, but merely temporary heir-presumptive in everybody's mind but his own—was to indite, with the lawyer's assistance, an advertisement for the *Times* newspaper:—"To Robert Kenyon, Esquire.—Your prolonged absence is a source of the gravest anxiety and disquiet to your friends. Pray communicate with them without delay." There were other words in the advertisement, but it was only the last sentence here cited which really dwelt in Gabriel Kenyon's memory. He had a quaking, horror-stricken fear of that simple sentence; and as he lay slowly recovering from the effects of his fever in the night, those words would seem to shine upon the darkness in letters of fire. "Pray communicate with them without delay." It seemed to the criminal as if that invitation might be read and might be answered after some horrible and supernatural fashion. He had never thought himself a superstitious man until now, and had not accredited himself with any peculiar activity of fancy; but under the stimulus of his own crime he became endowed with the superstitions of a savage, and, after a fashion, with the imagination of a poet. There was nothing, however strange, that might not happen. There was nothing in all the wild, waste chapter of accident which superstitious terror could unfold to him which might not befall him at any moment. And the thing his mind presented to him was the thing he saw. Fancies seemed to become more solid and tangible than fact. The objects he could touch by

stretching out his hand were less real to him than the things he saw in his waking dreams.

Through all this he pitied himself profoundly. If he had been criminal—and he confessed as much to himself with groanings—he had been criminal for a purpose. It had always been his settled, rooted belief that his cousin's wife had loved him better than she had loved his cousin. He had been quite certain that in a little while—say, a year or two—she would have reconciled herself to the loss of one Kenyon, and have consoled herself with the other. He had promised himself, as he walked the snow-covered streets of Paris in the rags of Auguste Moreau, that he would so cherish her that she should not choose but love him and be happy. Such a reflection, at such a time, proves the man abnormal to the verge of the grotesque; but he was not the first, and will not be last, in whom even love has developed the characteristics of monomania. The terrible nature of the shock he had received from the words of the old butler did much to convince him, as he grew stronger and found time and power to turn the matter over in his mind, that his sole hope and aim in the commission of his crime had been to secure the hand of his cousin's wife. It became quite clear to him that he had never meditated an attack upon cousin Robert's property. That had not entered—and as the days went on this truth became more and more evident to him—at all into his calculations. He saw a vengeance of Providence, an ante-dated punishment, in the death of the woman for whose sake he had consented to become a murderer. The crime was avenged already; and since he had had no hope in its committal of benefiting himself in a coarse material sense, he felt the freer to do it now. He could take cousin Robert's rental with something approaching purity of conscience.

Of course, however grotesquely abnormal the man might be, any such actual chain of reasoning as this would have been beyond his power to forge, unless he had been a lunatic pure and simple. He did not reason about the matter in this wise, but it was in this way that he felt about it. He had not sinned for the money. The money came as a mere incidental result of his crime. It might, therefore, be taken; but, evidently, could only be taken on the one condition, that it should be well and wisely expended. Upon this Mr. Gabriel's conscience insisted. Since the original owner of all this wealth had been generously large-hearted and large-handed, his successor owed it to his own conscience to outdo him in benevolence.

Gabriel hated children, and, therefore, heard with all the satisfaction of a self-punishing martyr that a child was chargeable to the estate, and dependent upon him for guardianship. Whatever disagreeable event might happen in connection with this property, provided that it should not be too forcibly unpleasant, bade fair to be a God-send to Gabriel Kenyon's conscience. He was resolved already in all things to make atonement. He would accept whatever evil chances befell him humbly, as the natural outcome of his crime. There were moments when he was surprised to discover within himself a sentiment almost of saintly resignation—a something of a pious bending to the will of Heaven—which soothed like balm of Gilead.

It was in this frame of mind—which would be much more amazing to contemplate if it were more uncommon than it is—that, when he grew a little stronger, he proposed to himself, and later to the lawyer, to go to Paris, and there to make personal inquiries after his missing cousin. For four months no news of Robert Kenyon had been heard. Mr. Gabriel had been well enough provided with funds to defray the expenses of his residence at the King and Constitution, and to pay both the village doctor and his more learned confrère of the county town. He had still enough money to make the necessary journey to Paris without drawing upon the solicitor. People's opinion with regard to him had undergone a considerable change. That susceptibility of heart which had enabled him so long and so tenderly to cherish a hopeless passion that, after more than half a score of years, he had sickened into a terrible fever at the mere news of the loved one's death; that still tenderer susceptibility which so often drew tears from his eyes at the mention of his missing cousin, began to endear him to all hearts. It was known that his father had cut him off with a shilling, in consequence of some real or supposed infamy of his youth. It was known also, in Perry Haughton as elsewhere, that fathers do sometimes disinherit their children on slight provocation; and, apart from this, it may be assumed, perhaps, that the heir-presumptive to the Kenyon lands was likely to be a less dreadful personage in the popular estimation than the disgraced exile from home—who might have enlisted; or have forged a cheque; or run away to sea; or gone to the dogs by any one of countless roads. Whatever Gabriel Kenyon might have been in the past—and when people came to talk about it, with these late new lights upon his character, nobody remembered anything altogether dreadful—he was likely now to be eminently respectable. His brother had been Justice of the Peace, had been Sheriff: had fulfilled well and worthily all the functions, public and private, of a country gentleman of the highest standing. It was not unnatural that Mr. Gabriel, as heir-presumptive to the Kenyon estates, should be also heir-presumptive to some of his late cousin's dignities, and he was already half invested with them in the public mind of Perry Haughton.

It was in the first week of May, when the birds were singing and the spring green was waving and the spring sun shining gaily, that Gabriel Kenyon set out on his journey to Paris. He paused in London and visited Scotland-yard, bearing with him a letter of introduction from the family lawyer to an inspector of the detective force who happened to be personally known to him. The inspector was prayed to do what he could to make Mr. Gabriel Kenyon's path of inquiry smooth in Paris; and, in his turn, he gave to the grieving searcher after his lost cousin a letter to a friend in the detective force of the French capital. Gabriel was armed with all the photographs of Robert Kenyon he could find, and he went with less misgiving than might well be fancied into the lair of the lion. He saw the Prefect of Police himself, and it was that high functionary who first recognised Robert Kenyon from the photographs Mr. Gabriel displayed to him. Other officials of less importance admitted their identity later on. The matter grew to be beyond a doubt. Robert Kenyon had been found dead in a certain blackguard house in a blackguard quartier of Paris, nobody quite knew how long after his decease, but, as medical men supposed, some ten days later. The body had been exhibited at the Morgue, and had not been identified. The post-mortem examination had revealed nothing which to the mind of the surgeon sufficiently accounted for death: a contusion on the forehead, another contusion on the occiput, the slightest effusion of blood—signs of violence which were actually trivial. The dead unknown had been buried in the customary way at the public cost.

Nobody in Paris identified or dreamed of identifying Mr. Gabriel Kenyon with Auguste Moreau. The late Robert Kenyon's remains were carried to England, and were buried in the churchyard at home. Mr. Gabriel erected above them a magnificent monument of white marble, and settled down in apparent tranquillity at the Lodge. To his own mind, for a long time, he was like a splash of scarlet in a snow-covered country, and could scarcely understand how it was that people did not know him for a criminal. But as time went on he grew accustomed to himself and his surroundings. That Parisian melodrama began to dwell almost as little in his recollection as if he had seen it acted on the stage. He became unaffectedly pious after his fashion, did many deeds of benevolence, somewhat against his will, but as an apology to conscience; and, though never very warmly liked, except by one or two, became universally respected. Either to his own mind the surrounding human landscape lost the snowy whiteness of its innocence, or the vivid scarlet of his own soul faded gradually into neutral tone. Perhaps, as he got to know his neighbours well, and grew reconciled to himself and to the past, both these operations went on simultaneously. In a dozen years he had not only forgiven his crime, but had practically forgotten it, and was ready to make the widest allowance for a man who had suffered and been tempted. And whether this condition of mind stamps him as a scoundrel of the more hopeless sort or not is a problem into which we need not pause at present to inquire.

VI.

"Let's have a look at it," said the Major. "I'm not much of a dab at letters myself: but two heads are better than one, and we may find out what's the matter with it. What's it all about, to begin with?"

"Oh," said the Major's companion, with a half-disdainful, half-apologetic growl, "it's a yarn."

"Chuck it over," said the Major. "Let's have a look at it."

His companion hurled a bulky package of manuscript at him. The Major caught it dexterously; opened it without comment, as if this violent way of handling things were commonplace in his experience; and began to read aloud.

"The Strand is the rendezvous of the unsuccessful of all grades in London—the intellectual and social Rag-fair of the metropolis. Its stony flags are beaten daily by many thousands of hopeless feet; it is the saddest, the gayest, the richest, the poorest, of London thoroughfares: the avenue of fame to the happy few; the vestibule of the great temple of forgetfulness to many more. Of what hopes and despairs, what triumphs and failures, unknown ambitions, wild aspirations, vain regrets, its stones are eloquent to those who tread them. Here, with head erect, and smiling eyes, walks Success, the envy and admiration of the crowd whose name is Failure. He emerged from their ranks only the other day, and may fall into their company again to-morrow. The test of Opportunity touched him, in this crowded street, and found him of the pure metal, or, at least, so well plated that he needs the searching acid of Success to prove him pinchbeck. The unsuccessful mark him as he goes; and to some his fame is a cordial, and to others a poison."

The Major read with an accent so tragic, and an interpretation so gratuitously vile, that the author hissed him, and, laying violent hands upon him, dragged him and the manuscript apart.

"It's bad enough, Heaven knows," said he; "but it's not a thousandth part as bad as you make it."

"I don't know," said the Major, assuming a critical air; "it seems to be the very kind of tommy rot one sees in

print, as a general rule. I think you do it very like the rest of 'em, Dick; and upon my word, it seems to me to be a great injustice that you shouldn't be printed."

The Major, in aspect, mingled the cherubic and the military. He was a man of tenderly-rounded outline, like an unusually well-grown baby. The upper part of his bald forehead was milky white. Below, beginning at the line clearly defined by the fit of his forage-cap, his skin was of a rich brown. His nose wore a warmer tint, and his expression was benevolently militant. But for his moustache, which was of uncommon proportions, and his eye-glass, he would have looked altogether mild and unassuming. His manner was languid, and he spoke with a drawl which had been fashionable in his youth, but was a little out of date in these days. He was wonderfully shabby, and obviously a gentleman.

His companion was a young fellow of some five-and-twenty, with a face of honesty, candour, pluck, and good temper. He was, if anything, a trifle shabbier than the Major, and just as obviously a gentleman.

The room they occupied was at the top of a house in Great Russell-street. The uncurtained windows were grimy with years of fog and rain and London smoke, and there was no piece of furniture in the room which had not been to the wars, and come home wounded. It was nipping weather, in early spring, but the grate was fireless.

"Major," said the younger man, throwing himself upon a sofa, and folding his arms behind his head, "I'm deuced hungry."

"Do you know," returned the Major, in his placid drawl, "I begin to suspect something of the same kind myself. Let's talk of things to eat. What was the best dinner you ever had?"

"The last," Dick responded, promptly.

"What was it?" asked the Major,

"We shared it; but it seems so long ago."



The Major had munched his granitic biscuit and drunk his muddy water on the battlefield.

"I dined last year, Dick, at the Mansion House. I've dreamed of that dinner every night for a week past. I dreamed of it last night. I have a thundering good mind to go to sleep and dream of it again. It began with clear turtle."

"Shut up!" said Dick.

"It was accompanied," said the Major, "by the noblest sort of liquor. There was a haunch which I shall remember to my dying day."

"Pooh!" said Dick. "I've dined at the Mansion House myself. I've eaten many a better dinner than I got there."

"Let us enjoy the details," said the Major. "Let us sit down and write an ideal menu. Now, soup is all important. The choice is large and varied. It is not a mere question of thick or clear, to be dismissed after a moment's hesitation with a monosyllable. It would be no dearer, Dick," he added, in a tone of appeal, "let us make it turtle. Let us have it clear."

"Look here, Major," said his companion, rising, "you must have mercy on the weaker vessel. You have starved in many climes. You are inured to want and privation, and have grown fat upon them. If you can find out any war-toughened fellow-campaigner who is as hungry as I am, you are welcome to torment him with that kind of dream; but don't tempt a neophyte too far. I have dreamed of having cold Major on the sideboard, and I may yield to the temptation offered by that too-enticing vision."

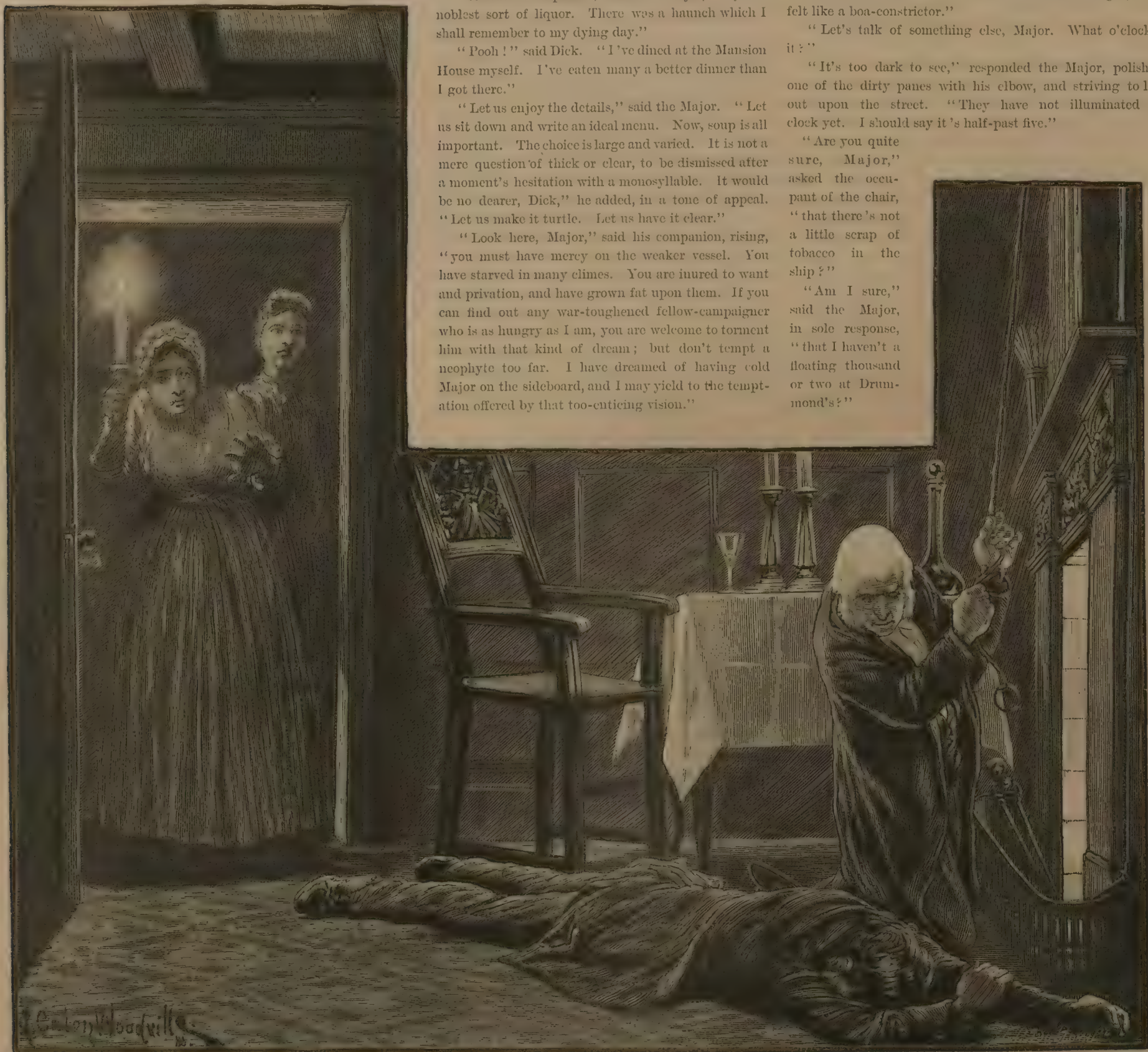
"I was deuced hungry once," said the Major, "at Kurrachee. There were only twelve of us, and we were shut up by a yelling mob of three or four thousand. They were too cowardly to come at us, and we hadn't the pluck to go at them, and so we starved, whilst they revelled on rice outside. We had eight days of it, and then Billy Lansdowne came up and fetched us out of it. We had a feed that night, and I felt like a boa-constrictor."

"Let's talk of something else, Major. What o'clock is it?"

"It's too dark to see," responded the Major, polishing one of the dirty panes with his elbow, and striving to look out upon the street. "They have not illuminated the clock yet. I should say it's half-past five."

"Are you quite sure, Major," asked the occupant of the chair, "that there's not a little scrap of tobacco in the ship?"

"Am I sure," said the Major, in sole response, "that I haven't a floating thousand or two at Drummond's?"



He fell full length, with a crash, upon the floor.—See page 6.

"Major," said the youngster, after a dreary pause, "I shall go to sleep."

"Best place for you," said the Major, cheerfully.

Then for a while there was silence. The room grew darker and darker. "Two days without grub or baccy!" said the young man on the couch. "How long is it going to last? How long will it take to finish off two tolerably strong and healthy men?"

"Don't know," said the Major, in his placid drawl; "can't guess."

"We shall know," said Dick, "if this kind of thing goes on much longer."

"Looks like it," said the Major, calmly: "but I don't particularly want to know. I'd as soon some other fellow found it out and told me."

"If," said Richard Douglas, still speaking from his sofa, "if I were a poor young man of fiction there would be a chance for me; but I am a poor young man of fact, and there is none. In fiction, a poor young man would be wondering, as I am, as to what the end of it all might be. He would give up the unprofitable problem and seek consolation in his last remaining scrap of property, his violin, the faithful sharer of his darkest day. A musical impresario, wandering in the street beneath, would hear the dulcet strain, would break in upon him, and offer him an engagement which would bring him a fabulous salary and European renown. But I haven't got a violin, and I couldn't play it if I had it."

The Major said nothing.

"Another way, as the cookery-book says," pursued Dick. "I should wander out despairingly, but resolved to liquidate my affairs in the Thames. Arrived at Waterloo Bridge, I should discover a damsel of surpassing beauty bent on the same errand. I should dissuade her from the rash act, consent to live for her sake, and marry her. We should live a life of humble but contented labour, until she was discovered to be the long-lost and only child of a millionaire, who should conveniently die at his excess of joy at her recovery, and leave us all his tin."

Still the Major said nothing. Perhaps his young companion's attempt to be gay and courageous, and bright and high-spirited, depressed him in the circumstances. The silence lasted so long that at last Dick fulfilled his threat, and went to sleep. The Major, rising on tiptoe, walked stealthily into the next room, and came back with a counterpane, which he

wrapped about the figure of his friend. The gas-lamps glittered brightly in the street below, and the Major stared at them somewhat vacantly through the dirty window-pane.

He had met this grim spectre of Poverty before, and knew him, and despised him. He had been poor in many places. He had lived in Paris on a daily ration of radishes and petits-pains; in Berlin on his butter-brod and glass of lager, and in other cities, where upon



The Major read with an accent so tragic, and an interpretation so gratuitously vile, that the author hissed him. See page 7.

occasion even these modest eates were not forthcoming—as here, and now, in London. He had munched his granitic biscuit and drunk his muddy water on the battlefield, with dead friends and comrades lying round him, and the lines of the enemy's camp-fires ringing the bases of the frozen hills. He had had his days of prosperity, too. He had started life at seventeen with a commission in a cavalry regiment, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, the skirts of which had vanished from human knowledge before he had attained his majority. He had exchanged for active service abroad, and lived contentedly on his pay, winning golden opinions from his men, until the death of a relative had put him in possession of a second fortune, which had gone like its predecessor, its last shilling spent as gaily as the first.

His whole life had been spent alternately in Sparta and in Capua; and he took the rough and the smooth with an un-failing tranquil philosophy which no reverse of fortune could long ruffle or disturb. He was a man of many and varied accomplishments; but, unfortunately, these were not of a marketable sort. He was the equal of any man in England at ordering a dinner, composing a salad, or brewing a bowl of punch. In his wanderings about London, he talked with the tarbooshed Turk or turbaned Hindoo, and even surprised the almond-eyed wanderer from far Cathay with discourse in the wooden clack of his own tongue. His favourite promenade was Soho, and he was beloved of the French blanchisseuses because of the sweetness and purity of his argot.



"Don't you know me, man?" said Peltzer.

His expectations from remaining relatives were large, but vague.

He was a royal and lovable fellow, who had done much good to many people in his time, and harm to nobody; but he was one of those who can only sail straight when under orders, and the Major's craft was perpetually in danger of shipwreck, because he carried no feminine captain aboard. A good wife would have been the making of him. But, unfortunately for himself, he was one of Nature's bachelors. He was of a temperament so hopeful that the future was always bright, however grim the present might be; and it was characteristic of him that he pitied his companion, whilst his own condition seemed to him to have a touch of comedy, and even of farce, in it.

The room was altogether dark when, after a preliminary roll and tumble, Douglas woke, and, becoming aware of his chum's presence by some unnameable sixth sense—for it was too dark to see by this time—demanded,

"That you, Major?"

"Yes."

"Been out?"

"No."

"This is getting serious," said the younger man. "What's to be done?"

"There's one expedient," said the Major, "which may be tried to-morrow. Up till now, when we have felt ourselves in want of exercise, we have taken our walks abroad together. That fact has appeared to necessitate the possession of two coats. For people in our position, the ownership of two coats is an extravagance which ought to be cut down. We must part with one of them."

Douglas laughed, in answer, rather dolefully, and went stumbling about the dark room in search for his hat.

"Let's take our final promenade together now, Major," he said. "For my own part, I shall feel brighter in the streets than I do here."

"Step lightly as you go down-stairs," replied the Major. "Mrs. McEhram is inclined to be tempestuous."

They stole down-stairs in terror-stricken silence. The only living thing that had ever frightened the Major was a landlady in poor lodgings. They came into the gas-lit streets in safety, and strolled along, side-by-side, listlessly enough, for a while.

"I begin to repent," said Dick, more for the sake of saying something than because anything seemed very much worth saying. "I begin to repent the vote of that last twopence for tobacco. It's all gone; and a loaf would have done us much more good. It's a mysterious arrangement," he added, "that a man's appetite should go on increasing just the same whether he has anything to eat or not. Appetite ought to be proportioned to income."

"In which case we should have no appetite at all."

"I shouldn't mind; I could do very well without mine just now."

"When a man's hard up," said the Major, "he thinks of his nearest and dearest; when he's well-to-do they think of him."

"I have no nearest and dearest," said Douglas. "With the exception of an uncle who went to the Cape years ago, I don't believe I have a relative."

"People get rich at the Cape," said the Major, adding, reflectively—"sometimes. I didn't; I got two fevers and a bullet. Perhaps your uncle had better luck: you'd better write to him."

"He may be dead for all I know," said Douglas; "and if he's not he wouldn't be of much use to me, I'm afraid. I remember that on my fourteenth birthday I was tipped, and my uncle was the only non-subscriber in the family circle. I reminded him of this fact, and he punched my head."

"Years may have softened him," said the Major. By-and-by he added, "You're a good fellow, Dick, and I shall make a man of you. You're young, and you've been spoiled by too much luck, but you'll be cured of all that if we have half the time I think we're going to have."

They had crossed the sullen adverse tides of traffic which roll down Oxford-street and Holborn, and had passed through High-street and along Endell-street, where the mean shops were nearly all closed, though here and there a yet unshuttered window chequered the wet pavement with a square patch of light. There was nobody in the purlieus of Covent-garden when they came to it, except an occasional policeman, and those mysterious purposeless loungers who seem to pass their whole existence at its corners in waiting for the job that never comes. The façade of the Lyceum was ablaze with light, and the lines of Waterloo Bridge stood out clear against the opposing darkness of the night in lines of flickering fire.

There was light, and life, and motion in the Strand, towards which their feet had naturally tended. Presently, the young man took fire at it, and began to talk.

"This," said he, "is the nursery and the sepulchre of Hope, the fatherland of parvenus, the foster-mother of Genius."

"That," said the Major, "is a fragment of the rejected scrip."

"I never come here," answered Douglas, "but the street gets hold of me. There's not a note in all the infinite gamut of human emotion which is soundless here. One of these days some Shakspeare-Wagner will get an epic opera out of it."

"The style," said the Major, "is more conversational and less strained; but this, again, is a modified excerpt from the rejected scrip."

The young man walked on, dreaming with his eyes open, with a vague consciousness of power swelling within him. All avenues seemed closed—even the road which led to the necessary daily loaf. He was hungry and shabby, and yet he began so to dream of an open road, found somewhere, or forced open somehow, which should lead to fame and fortune, that he trod the pavement like a conqueror. The Major's arm, passed through his, guided him hither and thither, or arrested him here and there. The elder man was, by nature and experience, more phlegmatic; but he saw into his friend's mood, and was half mournfully amused by it.

He stopped now and then, as men in his position will. You may see the broken, hungry, valiant gentleman at any hour of any day in London, looking at unattainable things to eat; reading from the top line to the bottom the announcements of plays he cannot hope to see; inspecting jewellery he cannot hope to buy; filling his pockets with fairy bank-notes which are only valuable at the Exchange of Fancy, and will pay for Barmecide dinners only.

Douglas walked on in his cloud-land, and, by-and-by, when they had cleared the roaring Strand, passed Trafalgar-square, and got into the quiet of Whitehall, he began to murmur to himself, after a fashion the Major knew of old. The phlegmatic, sweet-tempered campaigner grinned to himself as Dick mouthed his verses under his breath, and stopped or went on by fits and starts, unconscious of the guiding arm which led him.

This mood failed the youngster after awhile, and by the time the Major had guided him into St. James's Park he was once more despondent. They lingered here for an hour or two, and then retraced their steps. When they got back into the neighbourhood of the theatres, the crowd upon the pavement thickened, and the hoarse roar which swells the voice of the Strand to more than its mid-day volume told that the playhouses were emptying. They jostled their way through the noisy and good-humoured crowd, until they reached the entrance to the Gaiety Theatre, and there stopped perforce, wedged into the front row of the mob of touts and loungers who watched the audience stream out upon the pavement and disperse. Pretty women, still prettier with the after-light of laughter on their faces, tripped past, under the escort of enviable young men, got up for conquest.

Douglas stood and glowered at it all, not unnaturally perhaps. He felt himself lost in the shabby, undistinguished crowd, and envied those who had music and laughter and the society of beautiful and accomplished women. He had had them all, and lost them, by no fault of his own, and it was pardonable in the lad that he should be a little bitter over it. He might never reach them again, or (with a flash of the mood which had taken hold of him two or three hours earlier), he might grasp them again—all he had lost, and more. Then came despondency anew. Years of solitude and labour would leave him with chilled blood and blunted appetite; envied, perhaps, by the young, whose very envy would be enviable to him. And even this was a dream unlikely of fulfilment.

His mournful meditations met a sudden momentary check. From under the portal of the theatre came a child-woman of eighteen or so. He had never thought himself particularly impressionable, but this girl's face seemed to him so beautiful that he had no sooner set eyes upon it than he forgot everything but admiration. He was not the only one in the little crowd about the theatre who was struck by this charming vision—a fact amply evidenced by the hum of admiration which rose at its appearance. The young man was weak in matters of millinery, and had little attention to spare to the details of the lady's dress; but he had a vague impression of a cloud of diaphanous white, lit by touches here and there of brighter colour, and of the sheen and glimmer of jewels, as she passed lightly before him. She was accompanied by a tall and personable young man of the masher species—a young man with a face of vacuous good-humour, tortured for the moment from its customary expression of amiable nothingness into one of feeble ferocity by the effort he made to fix a refractory eye-glass. It was raining slightly; and the footman, who had slipped down from the carriage which awaited the lady and her escort, was impeded by the crowd. Douglas was almost within an arm's length of the carriage door, and a single step brought its handle within his grasp. He opened the door, and drew back, suddenly abashed at himself.

Had he been dressed like a gentleman, he could have rendered a stranger so small a service without embarrassment; but he remembered his shabbiness so suddenly and so vividly that he could have been well content if the pavement beneath him had opened and let him through into subterranean London. The young man who accompanied the pretty girl

had conquered the refractory eye-glass, and, without turning to look at the person who had done this small service, he thrust a gloved thumb and forefinger into a pocket, and tossed half-a-crown towards him. Dick Douglas took one fiery step forward, with all the blood of all the Douglasses flaming against the insult; but the Major, who had been a noted wicket-keeper in his day, caught the coin, spun it, pouched it, dragged his young companion backwards from the crowd, and crossed the highway.

"Confound his insolence!" said Douglas.

"Bless his extravagant good nature!" said the Major. But Dick was in a great state of anger and humiliation.

The philosophic Major hustled him rapidly along, recrossed the road, dived into one of the northern by-streets, sought and found a ham-and-beef shop, then a baker's, then a tobacconist's, and marched the offended Douglas home. When nearly there, he called at a small huckster's shop, and bought a candle.

"And now," said he, with an air of victory, "the arrangements for the banquet are completed."

"I'm not going to eat bread that's bought with money that was thrown at me as though I were a dog," said the young fellow, hotly.

"Aint you?" said the Major. "I am. It's your half-crown, Dick, or it was before I spent it; but I make no bones about quartering myself upon my friends."

"Did you see the fellow?" Douglas asked.

"Yes," said the Major. "I saw him. What about him?"

"I didn't know him," said the other, "until he threw that confounded coin at me. I knew him then, though."

"Oh," said the Major. "Who was he?"

"We were at Eton together," answered Dick, "and at Trinity Hall together afterwards. His name's Bagleigh—Lord Bagleigh. He's the greatest ass that Nature ever lent a skin to."

"With the sole and solitary exception," returned the Major, with his mouth full—for by this time they had silently evaded the landlady, and the Major was busy with the banquet—"with the solitary exception of the man who won't eat, though he's hungry, when he has grub honestly earned by the sweat of his own brow before him."

"I hate the fellow!" said Dick, moodily; "I always did."

"It's one of the oldest military maxims in the world, Dick," said the Major, pausing, knife in hand above the loaf, to make the declaration more impressive, "to quarter one's self upon the enemy."

There was no doubt at all about it—the Douglas blood was proud; but there was no doubt about one other matter either—the Douglas interior was deplorably empty. By-and-by, the Douglas laughed, and the Major pushed the provender across the table towards him.

"I suppose," said Dick, "I should be an ass not to take it, since it's here?"

To this the Major said nothing. They made a temperate feast, remembering the morrow; and then they sat down to a pipe, with the water-bottle between them, and smoked and tipped until the church clock sounded one.

VII.

Immediately below the two chambers occupied by the unprosperous Major and his companion, dwelt Mr. Cyrus Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, though thirteen years older than when first introduced to these pages, still wore the same disarming smile of propitiatory impertinence, and betrayed his increased age only by a shining baldness, which, in rare moments of gravity, gave him an almost venerable aspect.

A surly man living in London lodgings may pass years there, and never come into communication with a man who lives below him, above him, or at his side. A retiring man, who is slow to make acquaintance, may pass an equal length of time in solitude. But Mr. Sullivan, who had lived in many houses in his time, and had quitted most of them for the same characteristic reason, had known everybody in every house he had ever dwelt in, from the garret to the basement. His character was not, in all respects, estimable; but he had his good points about him. He was always absolutely himself, for instance, and never permitted his own personal spiritual flavour to be destroyed by the inspissation of another's moral qualities. If he had been introduced to a Duke, or a Prince of the Royal blood, he would have addressed him with just that air of propitiatory insolence which characterised his demeanour towards the slavery of the house he lived in. He appeared to be unconscious of the existence of social differences. Nobody had ever found him intolerable; many of the gentler sex, in virtue of his unconquerable impudence, had thought him quite or almost lovable. He walked in and out of the rooms of every man who dwelt in the shabby house in Great Russell-street with easy familiarity, and was no more checked than the friendly cat or poodle would have been. He chummed with a drunken tailor in the garret, and with the respectable man who kept shop on the ground floor. Upon occasion, he would carry his pipe and glass of beer into the Arctic desert

of the Major's sitting-room, and would there sip and smoke as he talked with an unflinching cheerful mendacity which both the Major and Douglas found amusing.

Douglas and the Major were at breakfast somewhere about the hour of noon. They found it economical to lie long in bed, even when they had provisions; and when they had not it was the least unendurable method of passing away time which they had yet discovered. Neither was an idle man by nature. They had drifted into idle ways by mere stress of idleness. Having nothing to do had taught them to do nothing.

The manuscript returned to Douglas the night before still lay upon the table, half-unfolded, in its brown paper wrappings. A newspaper was spread over a portion of the table, by way of cloth, and on this was placed the remnant of last night's provisions. The two men ate gravely and slowly, as if resolved to make the meal as lengthy an affair as possible. Each alike was taciturn. The beginning of the day was, as a general thing, the most melancholy part of it. Towards evening, they became inured, as it were, to themselves; and sometimes, at night-time, could face their own desperate circumstances with a courage which had grown almost flippant in its carelessness by force of its employment throughout the day.

While they sat thus at mournful feast together, the door opened without preliminary or warning, and Mr. Sullivan, carrying a pewter-pot in one hand, and a briar-root pipe in the other, shouldered his way into the apartment, nodded, smiled, sipped his beer, and bestowed himself gingerly in a ramshackle old chair, which stood for extra safety in a corner. "Morning, Majah," said Mr. Sullivan, with a military salute. "Good morning to our forensic young friend, also."

They both said "Good morning," cheerfully enough, and brightened visibly at their visitor's advent.

"There's corn in Egypt," said the visitor, nodding towards the breakfast table. "Gentlemen, I'll bet you drinks round that I spot the founder of the feast."

"You'll bet what?" asked the Major.

"I will bet you anything you choose to name," said Mr. Sullivan, "that I identify, at the first shot, the Peer of the Realm to whose generosity I am indebted for the spectacle which is now presented to my view."

Dick glanced at the intruder almost savagely, but said nothing.

"The spectacle?" said the Major, questioningly.

"Adversity Lightened," responded Mr. Sullivan; "or, The Breakfast Bestowed. Perhaps," he added, dropping into a conversational tone, "you didn't know the cove. He was a noble Lord. His name was Bagleigh."

"There's a little enigma in this, Mr. Sullivan," said the Major, with an air of gravity.

"I was present, gentlemen," returned Mr. Sullivan, wagging his head with an indescribable air of shame and self-approval, "at the scene. I was a witness of the polite activity, and the natural indignation of our young forensic friend."

At this, Douglas coloured to the roots of his blonde hair and pulled at his moustache. Even the Major was disconcerted for a moment, and the bronze of his complexion was ruddier by a tone or two than ordinary.

"Scrumptious little party he had with him," said Mr. Sullivan, noting the signs of the confusion he had created, and anxious to change the theme. "She was lovely as a child; and, now that she is approaching womanhood, she bids fair, in my humble judgment, to knock anything in petticoats in London."

"She was lovely as a child, was she?" said the Major. He knew where Mr. Sullivan's conversational strength and weakness lay, and was not displeased at times to draw him into a manifestation of it.

"She was an enchanting little fairy," said the visitor; "a little wilful—for everybody spoiled her—but delightful. I do not think"—with an air of sincerity and conviction which persuaded his listeners that he was lying—"I do not think I ever saw so charming a child. It's thirteen years ago since I prophesied to myself that she would grow up to be one of the most beautiful women anywhere; and I ask you, gentlemen, both, if she does not justify my prophecy?"

"Amplify," said the Major. "Who is she?"

In his mood of listless vacuity, the Major would sooner have heard Mr. Sullivan romance than not.

"She is the daughter," said the visitor, lightly, "of a dear old friend of mine, who came to a melancholy end in Paris, thirteen years last winter. He was somewhat older than myself, but we were the closest and dearest chums. Poor Bob!"

Mr. Sullivan sighed, took a pull at his pint, and then smoked for a moment or two, with an air of contemplative sadness.

The Major began to be interested and amused, because, to his mind, Mr. Sullivan was engaged, in this moment of apparent abstraction, in concocting an apt continuation for a story so romantically begun.

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly. "What was the melancholy end he came to?"

"He disappeared mysteriously," said Mr. Sullivan. "He went over to Paris thirteen years ago last winter, for the express purpose of meeting an old chum, who bore the identical name of that great house of which our forensic young friend

is not the least distinguished member. I allude," he added, with an air of almost superfluous candour, "to the name of Douglas."

The Major laughed. He was adapting Mr. Sullivan's narrative and the manner of it to his own preconceived idea. Mr. Sullivan generally invented what he had to say, and the Major felicitated himself upon his present penetration as he watched, or supposed himself to watch, the workings of the inventor's mind.

"Dick," he said, humouring his own fancy and Mr. Sullivan at the same time, "isn't it odd that Sullivan should have been there last night, and should have recognised a young lady who has so romantic a history behind her?"

"Yes," said Douglas, ungraciously; "very odd, indeed."

He had less liking than the Major for Mr. Sullivan's society. The visitor's mendacity sometimes disgusted him. The Major was by nature a philosopher, and by experience case-hardened. If a man chose to be a liar, he defended himself by a chronic unbelief of him, and was otherwise unmoved by the contemplation of the vice.

"Not at all odd," said Mr. Sullivan, and continued his narrative. "Mr. Robert Kenyon—for that was the name of the unfortunate gentleman whose career reached so melancholy a close"—

"What!" said Douglas, breaking in suddenly. "Was that young lady Robert Kenyon's daughter?"

"The daughter of Robert Kenyon," said Mr. Sullivan, "and the niece of Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, of The Lodge, Perry Haughton."

"By George!" said Douglas, staring at the Major, "that's a strange thing, if it's true. My father was the last man in the world, so far as anybody ever knew, who saw Robert Kenyon alive."

"Seems to be something in it," said the Major, giving voice to his own inward sentiment. "I thought, of course," he added, with an explanatory air, to Sullivan, "that you were bouncing."

"I?" asked the visitor, with a look of injury. "No no, Sir! You are joking! Don't make that sort of statement even in jest. It wounds me, Major Morton. The one thing I can't endure is to be doubted. Even a pretence of it disturbs me."

"I beg your pardon," said the Major, solemnly. "Proceed."

"Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, as I happen to know," said Sullivan, with something of an air of mystery and importance, "was resident in Paris at the time of his cousin's death. He was there under circumstances of considerable poverty and hardship; a fact in no way discreditable to him, gentlemen." Mr. Sullivan, as he said this, waved a courteous hand, to indicate the condition of the table, the appearance of his hosts, and the furniture of the apartment. "The best of men," he continued, "have their times of adversity. I myself have not always rolled in wealth. Mr. Kenyon, as I said—the present Mr. Kenyon—was in poverty in Paris. He left Paris at about the date of his cousin's mysterious death there, for the purpose of visiting him in England. His probable idea was to solicit relief from his wealthy relative. He never had occasion to ask it. The wealthy relative had disappeared. His cousin went over to Paris, and instituted a search for him. He established his identity with that of a gentleman who was found in a mean house in a low quarter of the city, stripped of all his valuables, and dead from some unknown cause. He returned to England; he inherited the estates of his late cousin, which were entailed; and he adopted, and has reared with the tenderest care and affection, the young lady whom we saw last night. Lord Bagleigh is, I understand, a suitor for her hand. He is Mr. Kenyon's nearest neighbour in the county, and is universally disrespected, because he is an ass."

The two hosts were not greatly in the habit of discussing any question which their casual acquaintance, Mr. Sullivan, chose to raise. By tacit consent between them, the little man was generally allowed to take his conversational way with no more encouragement than an occasional prompting from the Major; but on this occasion Douglas was interested. It was rather more probable than not that the young lady to whom Mr. Sullivan attached this history was altogether unconnected with it; but the story itself (as Douglas very well knew) was true in all its details.

"I remember something of all this," said the Major, "in the newspapers, about a dozen years ago."

"It was not from the newspapers," said Mr. Sullivan, with a manner almost stately, "that I gained my information. Poor Bob Kenyon was my dearest friend, and I knew his cousin in his poverty. I was myself a resident in Paris at the same time with him, and was able to be of some occasional assistance to him. Now that I come to remember it, we travelled at that very time I spoke of from Paris to London together, and, by the purest chance, I happened to accompany him as far as Perry Haughton. I regret to say—though rather for his sake than my own—that our intimacy has of late years fallen into desuetude. He seemed to resent so strongly the applications I made to him for a return—or, I should prefer to say, a recognition—of the services I was long ago enabled to render him that I forsook his society."

"How did you come to know Lord Bagleigh?" Douglas asked.

"He and my younger brother were companions at school and college," responded Sullivan.

There were moments when the Major could not resist the temptation to entrap Mr. Sullivan, and at this statement he broke out with, "Why, you told us yesterday that you were the sole survivor of your race, and had never had a brother."

Mr. Sullivan was not abashed.

"I did," he said, with a voice of melancholy. "I have made a practice of saying so, and of trying to think so. The boy traded upon my kindness during many years, and I have been compelled to cast him off."

He went into a long and entertaining history of this newly-invented younger brother, and interspersed it with many reminiscences of his early days in the society of Lord Bagleigh and other titled people, and at length withdrew.

"It's likely to be true enough," said Douglas, alluding to Mr. Sullivan's identification of the young lady they had seen on the previous night. "Lord Bagleigh is their nearest neighbour, as the fellow said, and she is just as likely to be Miss Kenyon as to be anybody else."

"Scarcely," said the Major, "since Sullivan says she is."

"I don't know," returned Douglas, meditatively. "She has a resemblance to her father, whom I can just remember. There was something in her face last night which reminded me of somebody. It came back to me with a hint of childhood, and I've been puzzling about it, more or less, ever since. The fellow's right, you may depend upon it."

"Like enough," said the Major; and there the conversation languished.

They passed an hour or two in dreary quiet, sometimes looking out of window at the surging crowd beneath, every man of which had business of his own, however hopeless and unprofitable, whilst they had none, and saw no way of finding any. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, to the huge surprise of both, the slatternly servant of the house knocked at the door, and presented a letter addressed to Richard Douglas, Esquire. The envelope bore an office stamp, setting forth the name and address of a firm of solicitors in Chancery-lane.

"Some more of the poor old Governor's liabilities, I suppose," said Douglas, mournfully, as he tore the envelope open.

The Major lounged uninterestedly on the sofa, and watched his young comrade languidly, as he read. Suddenly the young man made an ejaculation, and began to caper, and to flourish the letter overhead. Then, just as suddenly, he arrested himself, and stared at the Major with a face of consternation.

"What's the matter?" asked the old campaigner.

"You won't believe it!" cried Douglas—"you can't believe it—I can hardly believe it myself—but I am actually and positively asked by a firm of solicitors to undertake the conduct of a case which comes on for trial on the sixth of next month, and am informed that the necessary documents will be forwarded to me immediately on my acceptance of the brief. Look at it! See if it isn't true!"

He tossed the letter towards the Major, who picked it up from the floor and glanced over it.

"It looks real enough," he said.

"What on earth am I to do?" Douglas demanded, with a rueful grin. "I haven't a suit of clothes fit to go in; even the wig and gown are up the spout together. What's to be done? And how in the name of all that's mysterious and wonderful did the people ever come to hear of me? It isn't as if I were in chambers."

"Dick," said the Major, seriously, almost pathetically, "you musn't miss a chance like this. You shall have the uniform, my boy, and you shall be able to call in respectable guise upon the solicitors, if that should be necessary. Leave it all to me."

The younger man asked for explanations, which the elder solidly declined to give. But the Major had persuaded himself to do for his young companion's sake what he would never have done for his own, and he made a pilgrimage that evening to the West-End, where, after an interview with a certain wealthy relative, he secured a sum of ten pounds upon his note of hand, and, returning, placed the money upon the table.

"You've got your chance, my lad," he said kindly, and a little sadly, "take it. Whether it's a big chance or a little one doesn't matter much; it's a start, anyhow."

On the strength of the promised brief, Dick consented to borrow the money from his friend, and next day they were both respectably habited, and breakfasted and dined decently, if frugally.

As a matter of course, Dick took the proffered brief, and studied it with great eagerness, but it brought his studies to a momentary standstill when he discovered that his client was no other than Gabriel Kenyon, of The Lodge, Perry Haughton.

VIII.

Mr. Sullivan awoke one morning about this time of year, and swore. Having performed his orisons, he arose, and proceeded to the making of his toilet. It was his forty-second birthday, and he felt vaguely sentimental; and the whistle with which

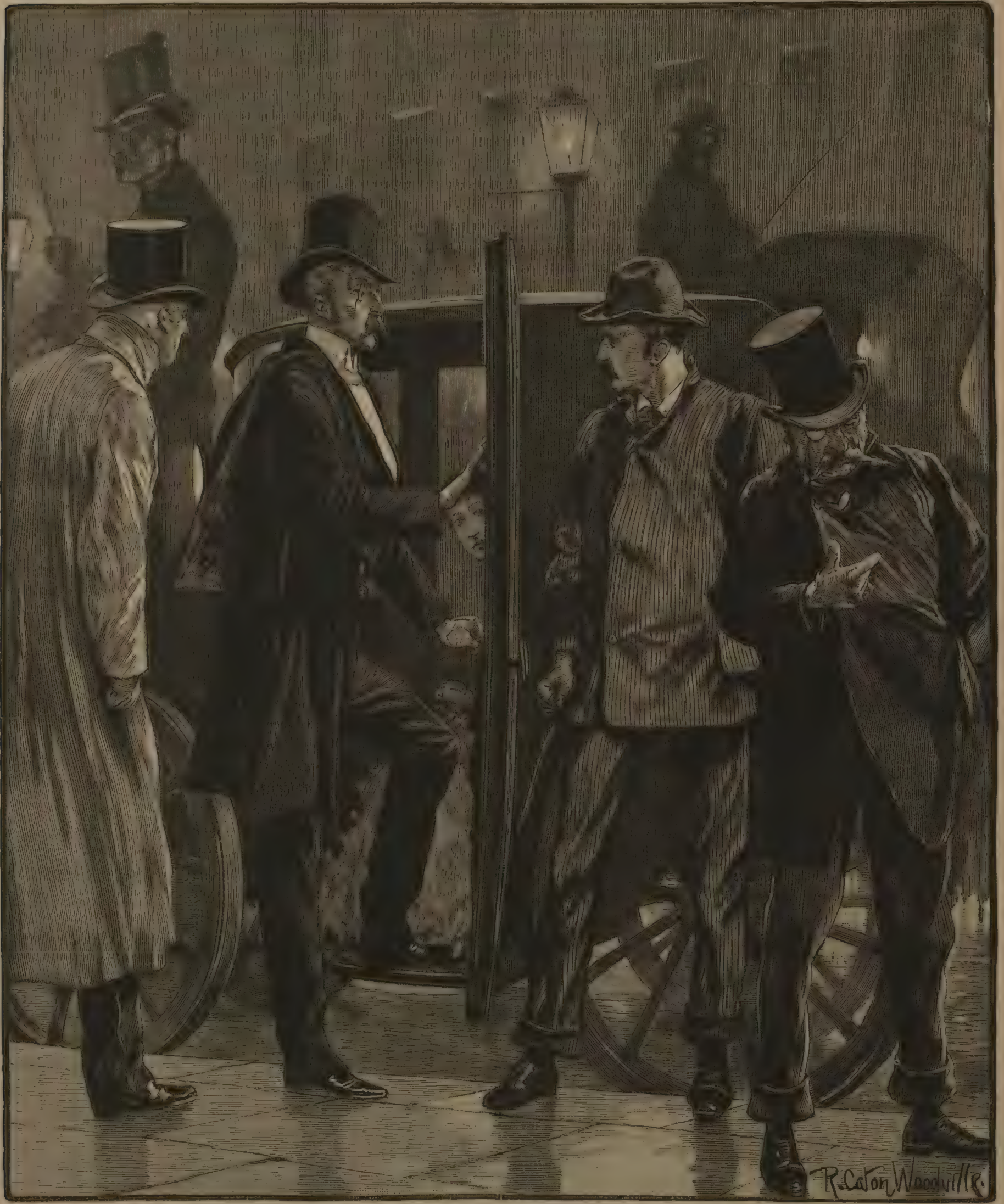
he accompanied the inking of his frayed cuffs and the chalking of his soiled paper collar was full of a regretful melancholy.

Things had gone ill with him, and, so far as he could see, showed little signs of mending. He had offered his native talents, quick wits, and unfailing mendacity in many markets, and had put them to many uses; but they had availed him

little. He had been a bookmaker, the secretary of a Jew financier, the sub-editor of a provincial journal, a ship's purser, a schoolmaster, an itinerant photographer, a pawnbroker's clerk, the agent-in-advance of a travelling circus, and an unqualified chemist's assistant. In each and all of these varied walks of life he had shone with a brief brilliance, and

had picked up a vast amount of experience, which had, somehow, been of small use to him. Men far less clever than himself had shot ahead of him; and he felt as melancholy, on his forty-second birthday, as it was in his nature to feel.

He took stock of his features in the little triangle of cracked looking-glass affixed to the wall, and marked the



The young man who accompanied the pretty girl to sell half-a-crown towards him. "Confound his insolence!" said Douglas. "Bless his extravagant good nature!" said the Major.—See page 10.

ravages which time had worked in the countenance he remembered, regretfully, to have been once upon a time so frank and smooth. He shook his head sadly at the reflection, as if he charged it with making matters worse than they really were.

"Cyrus," he said, "you cannot yet be falling into the sere and yellow. Forty-two is an absurd age for a man of your physique to become bald."

He sighed, and, sitting upon the bed, examined his boots

with a painful interest. They were grey, and frayed at the toes, and there were signs of approaching disunion between the battens and the soles. Every article of his limited wardrobe was marked by similar tokens of ravage and decay. On dark days they passed muster tolerably well. But the sun of early spring which burnishes the iris of the dove and sheds such tender tints on budding leaf and flower, is a foe to the impecunious man who would fain appear respectable, and

until the dawning of this lovely morning Mr. Sullivan had never guessed how nearly he approached to the apocalypse of shabbiness.

He assumed each article of attire with a shiver of reluctant resignation, and surveyed their combined effect upon his person with something approaching despair. He shrugged his shoulders sadly, put on his hat, and, opening his bed-room door, stepped out cautiously upon the landing and listened. A

distant clattering of crockery, proceeding from the basement, betrayed the whereabouts of his landlady, and, descending with mincing footsteps, he reached and opened the front door, and strolled with a gentlemanly and dégagé aspect along the street.

When he came to the corner, his face, which the successful running of the domestic blockade had wreathed with smiles, assumed an expression of profound melancholy, which deepened as he entered the door of a low-housed little shop, in whose windows were displayed a few boxes of spotty-complexioned cigars and an assortment of pipes in wood and cheap meerschaum. At the receipt of custom, perched behind the counter on a tall stool, sat a stout young lady of some forty summers.

"Good morning, Mr. Sullivan," said the stout young lady.

Mr. Sullivan silently pressed the extended hand, and deepened his already doleful expression.

"How is Mrs. Sullivan this morning?"

He shook his head and produced a voluminous handkerchief from his pocket.

"Dear, dear, so bad as that?"

"Her last words to me this morning," he replied, "would have melted a heart of stone, Miss Wicks."

He mopped his eyes, and sniffed behind the handkerchief. Miss Wicks slid a coin across the counter. Mr. Sullivan conveyed it to his pocket with apparent unconsciousness, and continued.

"Cyrus," she said, "I'm afraid that I have not been the wife to you that I should have been." "Matilda," I said, "have I ever reproached you?" "Never," she said; "but I can but be conscious of my failings as the wife of such a man." "Matilda," I said "—

But here Mr. Sullivan's recollections became too harrowing, and he sobbed. Miss Wicks's hand slid an ounce of tobacco across the counter. He absorbed it, and gently pressed her fingers.

"Angel!" murmured Mr. Sullivan.

Miss Wicks blushed, and lowered her eyes, and her visitor seized the opportunity to relieve his over-burdened feelings by a wink, addressed to a non-existent third person. "Why did we meet too late?"

The blush deepened, Miss Wicks's fingers faintly returned his pressure, and her head drooped lower under Mr. Sullivan's melancholy gaze. He dropped her hand, and, with a deep sigh, left the shop.

"Poor, dear man!" said Miss Wicks, gazing, with moistened eyes, after his retreating figure.

"Rum old girl!" said Mr. Sullivan, chinking the halferown gaily against his latch-key. "Cyrus, you might do worse than kill off the non-existent Mrs. Sullivan, and take on that solid reality."

He paused, absorbed in cogitations in which Miss Wicks had no place.

"Where shall I go? There's Smith's, in Holborn. As good a chop, bread, and potatoes as are to be got for a shilling in London. But they charge an extra penny for the Worcester sauce, and they won't let you smoke. There's Piaggi's, in Greek-street. That's the crib. The garlic alone is worth double the money."

He strode on briskly, until he reached his goal, and, pushing open a swing door, held ajar by a leather strap, entered a long low room, containing a double range of little tables, with a central gang way leading between them to a counter at the farther end. The walls were of canvas, rudely frescoed with distemper paintings from classic fable, and the plastered ceiling bore the semblance



girl with an apron of dubious tint, who officiated as waiter. Mr. Sullivan selected his viands with a judgment which at once secured the respect of his fellow-convives, who assailed him with advice and criticism of the various dishes inscribed: and reserved to himself a portion of Miss Wicks's donation for ulterior purposes.

Breakfast dispatched, and followed by a cup of coffee and a cigarette, Mr. Sullivan took his leave of the company, and made for the British Museum library, where he was a constant and well-known visitor. After a short search among some seldom-visited volumes on the right of the reader's entrance, he selected a tome of imposing weight, and bearing it to his seat, read and wrote for two hours with great assiduity. After re-reading and correcting his manuscript, he restored the volume to its shelf, and, quitting the museum, walked in the direction of the Strand. He entered a tall and narrow house in the neighbourhood of St. Clement Danes, and mounted endless flights of stairs until he came upon a door bearing the inscription "*The Cherubim*, Published Weekly, Price 1d." His knock was answered by a voice bidding him to enter, and obeying, he found himself in the presence of a tall man seated at a desk, and writing as if for dear life. He did not look up on Mr. Sullivan's entrance, but drove his pen across the paper at a furious rate.

"How beautiful is editorial industry!" said Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan pressed the extended hand, saying, "Why did we meet—too late?"

of a crowd of dropsical Cupids sporting about a blousy Venus. There were some score of people, principally men, of a pronouncedly foreign aspect, scattered at the various sloppy little tables of imitation marble, sipping coffee and liqueurs, smoking cigarettes, and chattering volubly, each to his own satisfaction, though little to the benefit of his neighbour's, for everybody talked and nobody listened.

Nodding cheerfully in answer to the war of polyglot greetings with which he was received, the new-comer selected his table, and betook himself to a study of the fly-blown carte offered to him by an ear-ringed and moustached freebooter,



The Major guided Douglas into St. James's Park.

The editor of *The Cherubim* looked up, and recognised his visitor.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. He flung his pen upon the desk, and, leaning back upon his chair, elevated his heels upon it with an air of laziness which seemed more natural to him than the severely business aspect he had worn on Sullivan's entrance.

His linen was snowy white; his garments of black broad-cloth, new and glossy; his hat shone like the helmet of Navarre; his patent leather shoes might have served for mirrors. "I thought you were the Bishop."

"I wish I were the Bishop," said Mr. Sullivan. "It's a berth that would suit me very well, and I should look the part as well as some of 'em."

"What am I to do for you?" asked the editor.

"A little contribution," said Mr. Sullivan, producing his manuscript.

"Your little contributions have not given satisfaction of late," returned the editor. "You don't seem to have caught our tone. Levity is not a desirable ingredient in an Evangelical paper; and we object to quotations from Byron."

"It was only 'Childe Harold,'" pleaded Mr. Sullivan.

"A profane poem, Sir," said the editor, severely. "His Lordship objected strongly."

He took the MS., and twisted the leaves, reading a sentence here and there. "No Byron here, I hope?"

"Not a line," said Sullivan. "Two quotations from Dr. Watts, and one from Keble."

"That's better. How much does it make?"

"Five columns."

"Call it three," said the editor. "Of course, you want payment in advance?"

Mr. Sullivan smiled, in mingled deprecation and anticipation. The editor produced thirty shillings from a cash-box, and threw them across the desk towards him.

The mere touch of the coins worked a remarkable change in their recipient. His back straightened, the red in his nose deepened, his very clothes looked six months younger, as the coins jingled into his pocket to join the remnant of Miss Wicks's half-crown.

"There's a place not far from here," said Mr. Sullivan, "where they sell things to drink."

"Not this morning, thank you," replied the editor, rapidly construing his contributor's oblique invitation. "I expect the Bishop."

The editorial example failed to encourage Mr. Sullivan to a like sobriety. He spent the day in wandering from tavern to tavern, and in the evening repaired anew to Piaggi's restaurant. Save for a *partie carrée* of grimy exiles playing dominoes at the further extremity of the room, the place was empty as he took his seat. A dish of watery soup was the first item of his repast, and whilst imbibing it he trifled with the carte, stimulating appetite by perusing the whole list of dishes and weighing their respective merits one against the other. A slice of salami, highly flavoured, and of appetising properties, though of doubtful composition, followed the soup, and was duly succeeded by a dish of spaghetti, a preparation of maccaroni flavoured with tomato, in great demand among the Italians of the quarter as a cheap and nutritious article of diet.

He completed his beatitude by ordering a cup of coffee and brandy and a cigar: and, leaning back in his seat, he sipped and smoked with the calm of a man who has dined, and is impervious to fate. He grew so drowsy with contentment that presently he began to nod. And then a singular thing happened. He was in the waiting-room of the Station du Nord, Paris, on a bitter frosty morning, and Gustave Peltzer's

hand was on his shoulder, and Gustave Peltzer's voice was in his ears.

"There is money enough to pay you."

He heard the words distinctly, and they startled him so that he awoke. He had made that dream journey from London to Paris in pretty quick time, for the cigar between his lips was still alight. He took a sip at his laced coffee, to pull himself together, and in the act of doing so perceived a customer who had entered during his doze, and taken a seat opposite to him.

The day was dying fast outside, and the restaurant was thick with shadow, save at the upper end, where the dominoc-players had lit the jet of gas above them; and all that Sullivan could see of his neighbour was that he was an elderly man, with a ragged grey beard, and that he sat in an attitude of great weariness, his elbows on the table, and his head supported in his hands.

"Garçon!" cried the new-comer, and Sullivan started with a surprise so strong it thrilled him with an actual spasm of pain.

"Peltzer!" he said, aloud.

The man opposite started to his feet with a gesture of unmistakable terror, and sent his right hand into his breast. A burst of laughter from the other end of the room had half drowned Sullivan's exclamation, and none but he and the new-comer were aware of it. He crossed the room.

"Don't you know me, man?" Peltzer stood with his hand still hidden, breathing stertorously. "It's our fate to frighten each other," said Sullivan. "You scared me last time we met; and now we're quits."

The other's hand left his bosom, and gripped Sullivan's shoulder with tremulous force.

"To commence," he said, "do not call me by that name. Do I know you?" His eyes searched Sullivan's face. "Yes! I know you. We have met before." The hand tightened with a sudden grip. "Can I speak your name?"

"Toujours Sullivan," said Cyrus.

"You followed him—the man I pointed out?"

"Yes."

"You know his name?"

"Yes."

"Is he alive still?"

"I saw him less than a week ago."

"Tell me," said Peltzer, touching at him eagerly, "is he well-to-do?"

"He is more than well-to-do," said Sullivan. "He is rich."

Peltzer settled back into his seat with a deep breath, and smiled horribly at his old acquaintance.

"At last!" he said, "at last! oh, at last!"

IX.

Gabriel Kenyon had reigned at Perry Haughton in growing peace and prosperity for now some thirteen years. In his inward dealings with Divine Providence, his own sentiments carried much weight with him. He had been able to palliate his own crime, to pity, to understand, to sympathise with the infatuation which had hurried him to it, to make generous allowance for all the circumstances which had seemed to push him towards it and to make it easy.

It had seemed at first, for a while, as if that act were his whole life; everything else had shrunk into so complete an insignificance beside it. In a little time it became no more than an episode, and when Gabriel Kenyon himself had come to see it thus, it was natural that Divine Providence should regard it in the same light also. For so comfortable a companion is conscience to some people, that she is ready at any moment with a new code to fit any newly-created set of circumstances.

Gabriel counted that he had been already punished. The purpose for which he had committed his crime had never been achieved, and he had learned to accept his chastisement with humility. He had resolved to be a model landlord, and to do a great deal more good with his money than Robert Kenyon would ever have done; and when he had drugged himself and hoodwinked himself for a dozen years, he was persuaded that, on the whole, he was a very good man indeed, though he admitted, with many solitary groanings of the spirit, that the criminal episode was profoundly to be regretted.

On the whole, he felt himself washed, sanctified, and regenerated. The whole thing lay in a nutshell. Conscience was the divine monitor and guide; conscience forgave him, or, at the worst, treated him only to a lenient twinge or two; and this being so, he had the most plenary right to regard himself as a criminal pardoned.

It was not unnatural that this constant habit of looking at things should breed in him a certain excess of sentimental consideration for the interests of other people, and it was not unnatural that he should mistake this spurious feeling for the real one. He stood surprised at times in the contemplation of his own delicacy and tenderness of feeling. He was so rich that it was cheap and easy to give away money. He was much in debt to Divine Providence, and, in his secret soul, so much afraid of it, that it cost him little to sacrifice now and again a spite, or even, now and again, a passion. And so he grew up to be a model person, and was greatly admired and respected for his many admirable spiritual qualities.

It was not possible that a man who lived with so profound a fraud at the very heart of him should conserve much that was genuine, and yet, amongst the rotten and mildewed chords of nature, there was one which yielded still a note of music.

In a way, which at first had seemed both strange and terrible to him, he had begun to love the child of the man he had dispossessed of life. If any real twinge of remorse had touched him, it was at the unconscious bidding of the child. At first she had been a constant accusing terror to him. And, in spite of all this, he had grown more and more to twine his life with hers, and to centre upon her all his hopes of peace and happiness in her future.

In the course of years, after his own monstrous manner, he construed this fact also into a token of peace and pardon.

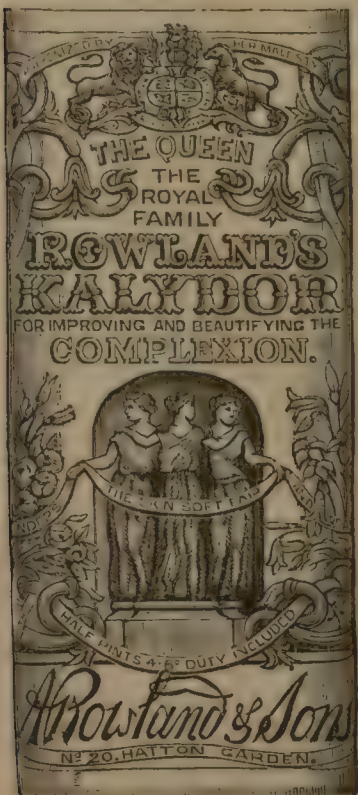
Somehow, the child had never been brought to love him in return. She was tractable, she was amiable, she did obedience to the most gently expressed desire, she submitted placidly to the endearments he lavished upon her; but she initiated no endearments of her own, and seemed more pleased to be alone than in his society. He bore this cross of sorrow with a meek resignation, which, to his own eyes, made it more than worth while to endure it. It was well, it was just and fitting that he should suffer. He knew it, he allowed it. Providence was just; and howsoever a man might be hurried into crime, Providence had its rights against the criminal, and would, of course, enforce them. It was right, and in the natural order of things.

He was loved, and he was chastened.

There was nothing which did not serve to confirm him in the justice of his own apprehension of the workings of that puppet Providence, whose strings he pulled so sedulously.

He was morbidly anxious—though it is hardly worth while to say so, for by this time there was hardly a normal inch left in the man anywhere—he was morbidly anxious to fulfil to the letter any indication he discovered of his cousin Robert's desire in any direction. There was a distinct clause binding him to

(Continued on page 17.)



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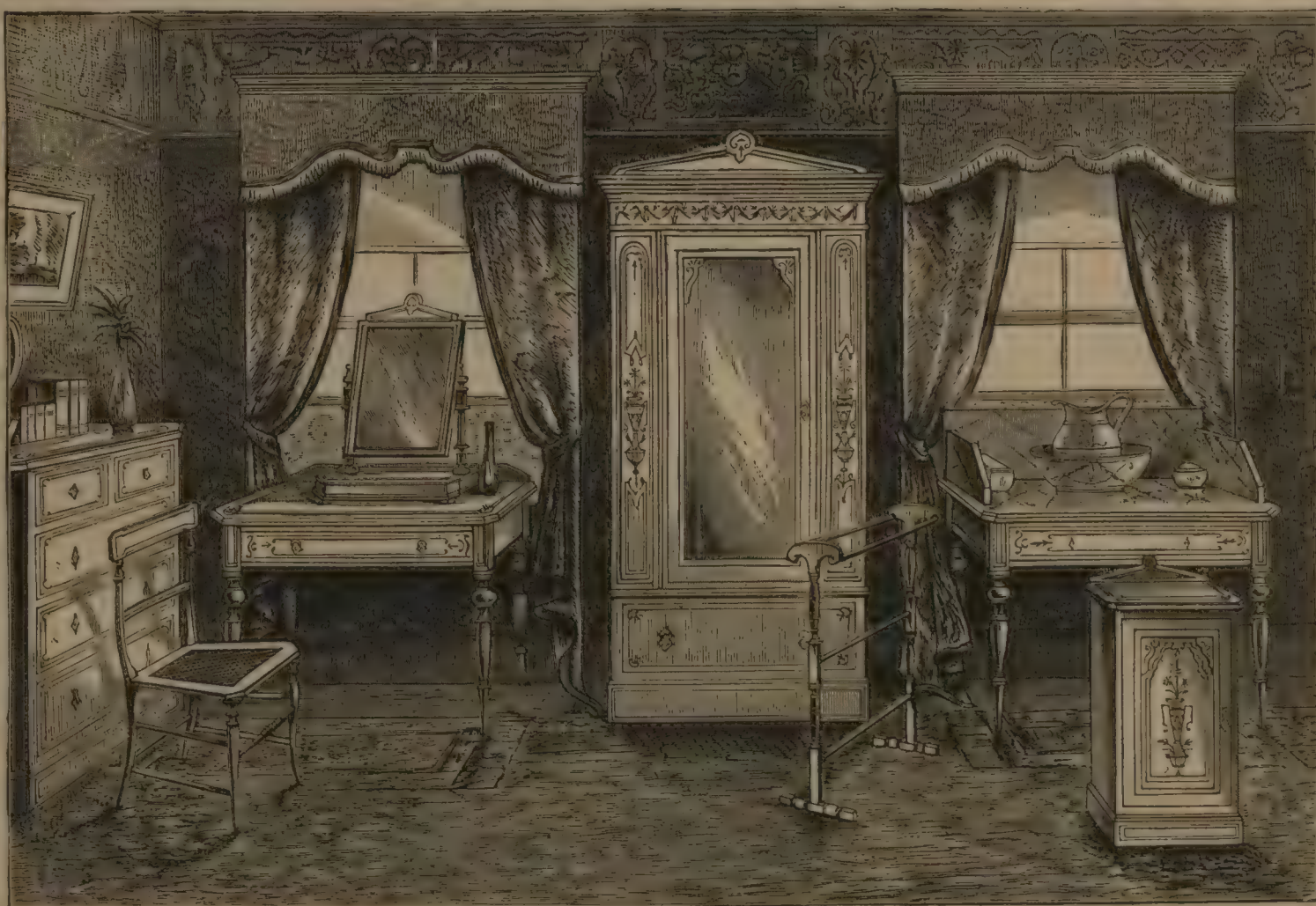
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Good day, Sir! how are you, Sir? Another come to woo! I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir! But really you won't do! You're middle aged, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir! You always want your way. I don't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir! So fare you well, Good day! Maidens will say "Yea" or "Nay," &c.

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You will have your beside you, We shall be lonely here, It has never seemed like the old place Since you were married, dear; But so long as you are happy, So long as your life is bright, I can say, whatever happens, It will sure, in the end, be right!

And you'll think sometimes of old friends In your new home o'er the sea; While in every prayer we say, dear, A thought of you will be. For toil, and trouble, and parting, Are the lot of our lives at best; Heav'n's the only world, dear, Where there's perfect rest!

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this in that declaration of amity between himself and Providence which had been drawn up by his own conscience and signed by the puppet. And when, one day, he came upon a mass of long-forgotten papers, most of them in Robert Kenyon's handwriting, he laid them by scrupulously for careful reading, and day after day worked his way through them. He liked the task the better because it pained him.

Most of these faded, yellow, old papers were letters from

Robert to his wife, and the wife seemed to have treasured every scrap of writing which came to her from the beloved hand. Little notes, written early in their acquaintance, responding, perhaps, to an invitation to luncheon, or to a water party, or a picnic in the woods, were treasured along with a formal offer of marriage, and the passionate protestations of eternal faith which followed later. Then there were letters in view of the approaching marriage, in which the

writer abused, with great heartiness, all lawyers and all men of business for inventing such sordid things as marriage settlements. And then came the last letter before the wedding, from whose yellow and dog's-eared pages the dead man's voice seemed to speak so clear and loud that the good Gabriel, protected as he was, took fright at it, and for a while did not dare to resume his reading.

But remembering, in his shrewd anxiety to serve his own



"Sit down, Partridge," said Kenyon.

turn well, that what most hurt him was most profitable to him, he began again, and got just such an afterglow of security from his fear and anguish as one gets after one's morning tub in cold weather.

There was a gap of three or four years in the letters, and then Kenyon wrote from Edinburgh, whither he had gone on business. He had met, so he wrote, his old friend and school-companion, Richard Douglas.

"You have heard me speak of him," he said, "a thousand times. The poor fellow has had the most desperate ill fortune; but though he is as weak as a rat he has the courage of a

bull-dog, and with the little bit he has left to him he is going out into the West Indies, coffee-planting, with a far-away cousin of his, who seems to have had a hard fight for it, and not, so far, to have made much progress. Poor Douglas has not only lost his fortune but his wife. He has one son, a bright and pretty little fellow, whom he leaves behind. Douglas asked me to keep an eye upon the boy, and I made him a solemn promise that, in case he should come to grief, the child should be looked to."

Now this to a man with a conscience such as was the intimate treasure of Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, was neither

more nor less than a distinct charge upon him. He folded up the letters, locked them in his safe, and rang his study bell, requesting the man who answered it to summon the ancient Partridge.

Partridge, who was very bald by this time, very wrinkled, and very feeble on his pins, appeared in answer to the summons.

"Sit down, Partridge," said Kenyon, who was delightfully considerate to everybody. The old man obeyed. "I have been looking," said Mr. Gabriel, posing his hands wedgelike, and speaking with his eyes upon the carpet, "I have been looking through some family documents, in which I find

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mention made of an old friend of the late Mr. Kenyon—a Mr. Douglas. Did you know him, Partridge?"

"Yes, Sir," said Partridge, "very well indeed, Sir. When Mr. Kenyon disappeared, Sir, that was the Mr. Douglas he went to meet in Paris."

"I had supposed so," said Mr. Gabriel; "I had supposed so. Do you know if he had a son?"

"Yes, Sir," said Partridge; "the boy was here pretty often in Mr. Robert Kenyon's time."

"Oh!" said Mr. Gabriel. "Oho! And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr. Douglas is still living?"

"Why, no, Sir," returned Partridge; "he died out in the East Indies more than five years ago."

"Tut, tut," said Gabriel, in a tone of commiseration.

"And the boy—do you know anything of the boy?"

"He was down here, Sir," returned Partridge, "about five years back."

"Down here?" said Mr. Gabriel, starting, and staring a little.

"When I say down here, Sir, I mean down at the Vicarage. Him and the Vicar's son was at college together. He only stayed a day or two, and then they went off to Norway together. I believe it was while he was away there the news of his father's death came."

"Indeed, indeed!" said Gabriel, in the same tone of tender commiseration. "And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr. Douglas's affairs were flourishing?"

"Well, Sir," said Partridge, "I never thought they was, Sir; but it wasn't my place to ask, and I don't remember that I heard the subject mentioned."

"Do you think," asked Gabriel, "that young Mr. Powerscourt is likely to know young Mr. Douglas's whereabouts now?"

"Well, I should say so, Sir," said Partridge. "They seemed to be uncommon good friends when they was here together."

"Thank you, Partridge," said Mr. Gabriel, with an almost humble suavity; "thank you. That is all."

A little later he walked into the hall, received from the hands of a polished servitor his hat and gloves and ivory-headed walking-cane, and set out for the Vicarage.

There young Mr. Powerscourt was able to tell him something of what he desired to know. Young Douglas had inherited next to nothing, had studied for the Bar, and had been called; was a very clever, bright, and capable fellow indeed, and probably had hard work to make both ends meet. Mr. Gabriel's informant had not seen his chum for a twelvemonth; but had his address, such and such a number in Great Russell-street.

"Not a very fashionable quarter," said young Mr. Powerscourt, who had very much of a fashionable air.

"Thank you, Mr. Powerscourt," said Gabriel, "thank you. Perhaps the prospects of our young friend may brighten—they may brighten."

"Well, Sir, if you can do anything for him, I shall be very glad of it, for he is a right good fellow."

"Come, come, Mr. Powerscourt," replied Gabriel, with a manner which bespoke benevolence in very shade of it, "I did not give you the right to draw that inference."

"Well now, do you know," said the parson's son, "I think you did."

When they shook hands and parted, the young fellow's grasp was warm and cordial. The sense of the pressure lingered for a minute or two, and was comforting to Gabriel's heart. He approved of himself unreservedly for years past, and the verdict of others ratified his own.

He wrote at once to his solicitors in town, indicating his desire that Mr. Richard Douglas should be intrusted with the conduct of a small suit then pending—a case of little importance, and one which he could well afford to lose. As it happened, Mr. Douglas turned out to be a young man of considerable sagacity and force. He carried the case through triumphantly, and so pleased Mr. Kenyon's solicitors by his modesty and good sense and frank bearing that, by-and-by, other briefs found their way to him, and he became the envy of many dusty juniors, his seniors, who had never yet been intrusted with a brief in the course of their lives.

Two or three months later came on for hearing another suit of Gabriel Kenyon's, a case of much importance, and one which he could not well afford to lose. His lawyer, in spite of his high opinion of Mr. Douglas's talents, would fain have instructed an older and more experienced counsel; but Mr. Kenyon, pushed thereto by the dictation of Providence, insisted, and young Mr. Douglas was retained. He conducted that case with a display of the same acumen, the same grasp, the same self-contained modesty as before, and won it. In fine, young Mr. Douglas's fortune was made if he chose to go on making it; and Mr. Gabriel Kenyon had laid another stone upon the cairn which held the troubled spirit of his cousin down.

It need hardly be said that young Mr. Douglas left his garret near the sky, and sought less elevated but more comfortable quarters elsewhere. It need hardly be said, either, that the faithful companion of his arctic exile from society, the Major, accompanied him.

Mr. Kenyon met the young barrister in court, and after-

wards paid him more than one visit in his chambers. He related, with only the suppressions which seemed necessary, the manner in which he had become aware of the barrister's existence.

"And you see, Mr. Douglas," said he, in conclusion, "I am the sole inheritor of my cousin's wealth, or rather, I should say, the sole trustee—for what are any of us but trustees in anything?—and it seemed my duty, as it was my pleasure, and in this case my extreme good fortune, to follow out the expressions of his will. Your father and my poor cousin, Mr. Douglas, were friends. They were of a like age, and no doubt had countless interests in common. An old man like myself can scarcely ask a young fellow like you for companionship; but I shall be glad if you will give me something of your society, and if you will let us be as friendly as we can."

Now, Dick Douglas had not altogether liked Mr. Gabriel Kenyon, though not having as yet given himself much to the analysis of his own impressions, he had scarcely asked why he disliked him. But at this address the young fellow's heart quite melted, and he was sincerely moved. He felt a swift and sudden conviction, which shook his slight mistrust to its foundations and brought it down for good and all. He was certain, as only an enthusiastic and loyal-hearted youngster can be, that Gabriel Kenyon was a man with tender susceptibilities, great generosity of nature, and a large and lofty sense of his own personal responsibility.

He received Gabriel's approaches to friendship with an actual fervour, and he swore to the Major that night that Gabriel Kenyon was the sort of man who gave one faith at large in human nature.

Kenyon appointed a time for his visit, and at the beginning of the Long Vacation Douglas left the dusty purlieus of the Courts and his choky chambers for the free air and green landscapes of Perry Houghton.

X.

Gustave Peltzer insisted so strongly on being taken home by Mr. Sullivan that Cyrus, who was always of rather a yielding turn of mind than otherwise, assented, albeit with much unwillingness. Even at the beginning of their acquaintance, when some one or other of Monsieur Peltzer's nefarious occupations had prospered, when he had worn something of the air of a dandy—or, at the worst, of a successful swell-mobsmen—and had gone habited in clean linen, Cyrus had found his companionship scarcely desirable. But Mr. Sullivan was one of those people who take their acquaintances as they take their circumstances, with little effort to change them for the better. If Fate sent broken victuals and unsavoury companions, the broken victuals were better than none at all to him; and the companions, however unsavoury, an improvement upon solitude. He had not pith enough in him to entertain a really active dislike for anything or anybody; and so, though he demurred at first, he yielded to Monsieur Peltzer's impetuous solicitations, and took him home.

"Where have you been all this time?" Sullivan asked him that evening.

"Been?" said the other, stretching out a pair of haggard and shaking hands. "I have been in frost, and rain, and snow. I have been in chains. I have been under the whip. I have been blistered black by abominable suns. I have been at the galleys."

This was a little startling for Mr. Sullivan, and he liked his companion less and less. If he had an ambition, it was to seem unmoved and immovable, and at home in the presence of all men. So he made a rather ineffectual grimace, and asked, as casually as he could,

"What was it for?"

"It was a conspiracy," said Peltzer. "I was charged with a burglary, of which I was as innocent as the child unborn."

"Sans doute!" said Cyrus.

"But I am not here," Monsieur Peltzer continued, pulling hungrily at his ragged beard first with one hand and then with the other, "I am not here to talk of that. Let us speak of the man you followed. Tell me his name. Tell me where he lives."

"I don't see why I should," said Mr. Sullivan, thoughtfully. Peltzer's hungry hands ceased to tear at his beard, and knitted themselves together, and his face assumed an expression so unpleasing that Sullivan involuntarily drew back his chair a yard. "Look here," he said, defensively, "business is business. What do you want to know for?"

"If that man is still alive, he is rich."

"Oh, he's got lots of money," returned Sullivan.

"If," said Peltzer, "he is as rich as Cræsus he has not a penny in the world that he would not give to me with great willingness if he knew what I could tell him."

"Oh!" said Sullivan, and sat silent for awhile, Peltzer darkling at him with a wicked grin, and tugging with both hands at his grey beard anew.

"What could you tell him?" he asked, after this pause.

"That is my affair," Peltzer answered.

"M—m," said Mr. Sullivan, lighting his pipe, and doing his best to seem at ease. "I hope you won't think me impolite,

my friend, but I do not think you are likely to be liked so much as all that."

"Not liked?" said Peltzer. "Very well. That is probable enough. Suppose we say feared? Tell me where he lives and what he calls himself."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Sullivan with an air of courage, "and I'll tell you plainly. I went on a wild-geese chase for you years ago, spent a good deal of time and, for me, a good deal of money. I found out what you wanted. I went over to Paris to take you the news. And if there is anything to be done in the matter at all, I want to be paid for all that trouble. I shan't move another step until I know all about it. Perhaps I shan't move even then. It will depend very much on whether I like the business or not."

"Look you," said Peltzer, "I have been these twelve years at the galleys. I have burned under those intolerable heats. I have frozen under bitter cold. I have starved. I have been beaten. I have had a wet death at my side at any minute when I chose to take it, and I have herded with the outcasts of the world. Why do you think I have borne all this?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Sullivan, wagging his head with his propitiatory air more strongly marked than usual, "that you bore it all because you could not help it."

"I could have died at almost any hour," said Peltzer; "and I lived with one hope. I had good reason to believe that man was rich—the best of reasons. I knew him when he was as poor as you or I, and now that he is rich I know how he became so. He will part his fortune with me when he sees me, and will do it willingly. It was the one chance of meeting you again that brought me here to starve in London. It was the chance of finding him alive and well-to-do that kept me out of that wet death I spoke of."

Mr. Sullivan, though by no means a man of conspicuous virtue, and by no means choice in the selection of his friends, had not yet allied himself practically with the criminal classes. The force of his misliking for Monsieur Peltzer began almost to surprise him.

"What do you think his fortune may be worth?" asked Peltzer.

"I don't know," said Sullivan. "He may be worth ten thousand a year."

"Ten thousand a year!" cried Peltzer, "and you call that wealth!"

"I don't mean francs," said Sullivan; "but pounds sterling."

At this the other's eyes glistened, and he rubbed the hungry hands together.

"Ah," said he, "a quarter of a million per annum! That's something! Divide it. Call it a hundred and twenty thousand. Not for once, not as a mere handful down, and then all over; but to be paid regularly year by year so long as he lives! Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!" he muttered to himself, after this joyous outburst. "Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!"

"Yes," said Cyrus, tentatively, and having as yet no great faith in the realisation of Peltzer's vision: "call it sixty thousand francs a year a-piece."

The ugly gleam of triumph on the voyon's face clouded suddenly, and for a moment he paused with both hands at his beard, and looked ferociously at Sullivan. Then he forced a smile, which was even less prepossessing than his scowl had been.

"Let us call it sixty thousand francs a year a-piece," he answered.

Monsieur Peltzer's manner did much more than his words to awaken Mr. Sullivan's belief in him; and Cyrus argued that, had the prey been altogether shadowy, this wild beast of the galleys would not have looked so disposed to tear the man who tried to take a half of it away from him.

"I begin to see your little game," he said. "You want hush-money."

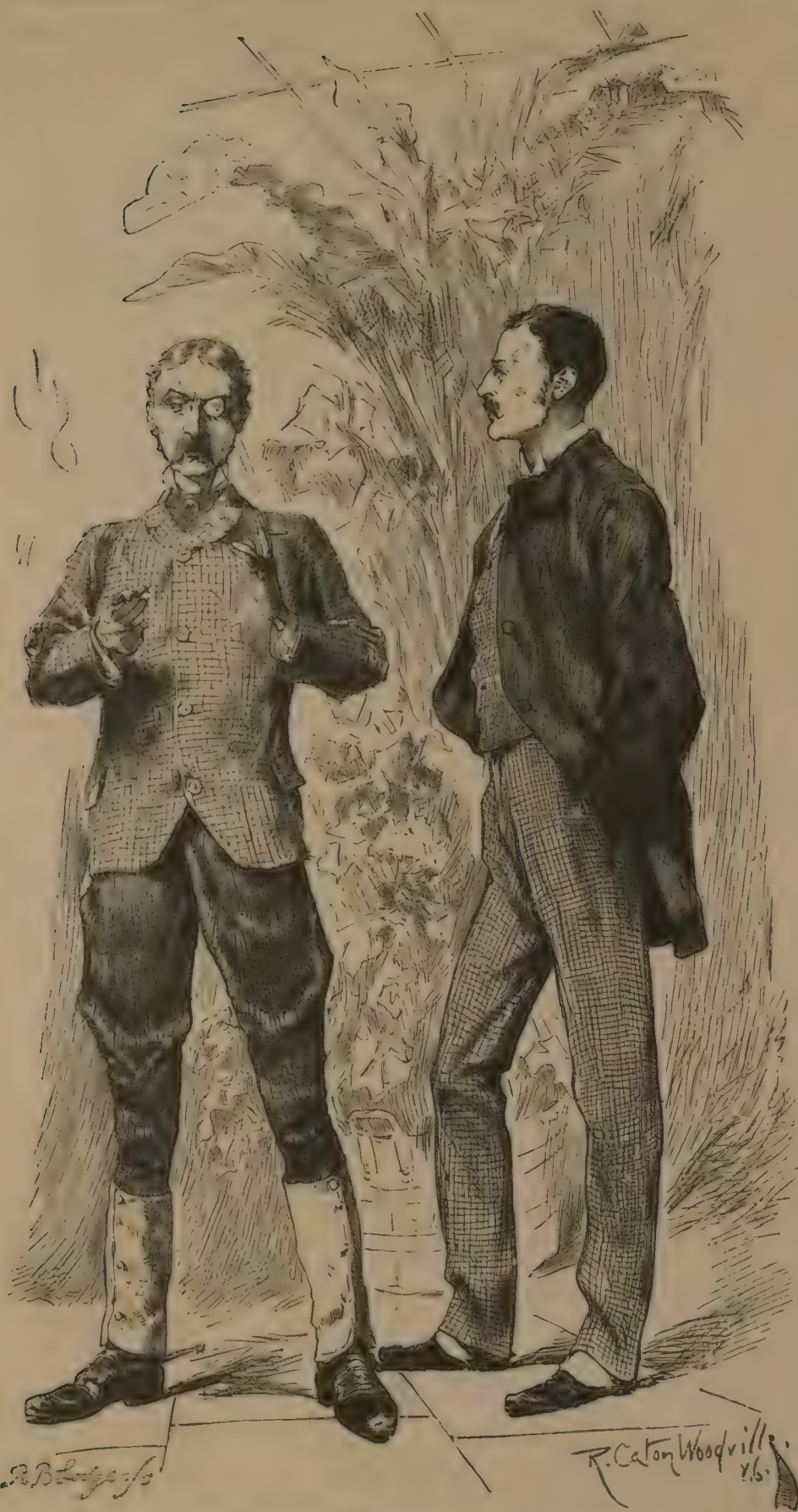
"I want hush-money," said Peltzer, "and I shall have it. I could hang the man."

At this, Sullivan began to quake a little, and when he had wagged his head and tried to smile by pure force of habit as he spoke, he felt the contrast between his manner and his own sensations to be something ghastly.

"There is only one thing that can hang a man," he said. "You know what that is."

"Yes," said Peltzer; "that is what I know of this man."

It would be hardly fair to the butterfly species to liken poor Sullivan to one of their race. He was not especially bright in colour, or remarkably innocent and harmless. But at his worst he may be likened to the caterpillar—whose one aim is to sun himself, and to bore, for the satisfaction of appetite, through as much succulent greenery as comes in his way. He had never done any man an intentional mischief in his life. With a certain free-handed, feeble, emotional good-nature, he had done good turns for scores of people. He was, in the main, a kindly and well-meaning little man; and if he lied, it was, as he breathed, unconsciously, and by organic arrangement. He had bowels of compassion within him; and, though he was at once poor and—so far as he knew how to be—luxurious, he was not hungry to get at



"Not knowing things," said Douglas; "that was always your strong point."—See page 22.

the good things of this world by giving pain to any living thing. But the wolf frightened the caterpillar; the poor little good-for-nothing creature could make no stand against him. Peltzer showed his fangs and his claws, and how should the caterpillar keep a secret from the wolf, for whom he would not make a twentieth part of a mouthful?

"You shall have half," snarled Peltzer. "You shall be rich for life. You shall drink of the oil and eat of the fat for ever."

This greasy prospect presented no great attraction to the feeble Cyrus; but he revealed the name and address of Gabriel Kenyon, Justice of the Peace, and what-not, of The Lodge, Perry Houghton; and Peltzer wrote them down.

"And now," said Peltzer, "I must have clothes to go in. A man in his position will not look twice at one who looks as I do. You must find me clothes."

Cyrus began to go in fear of this terrible companion, and wished with all his soul that he had chosen that evening to dine anywhere else than at Piaggi's, or that he had not been so eager to claim an undesirable old acquaintance. But, in brief, he found that until Monsieur Peltzer's desire should be accomplished, Monsieur Peltzer was quartered upon him, and was utterly impervious to any hint on his part of desire for solitude.

Monsieur Peltzer's personal habits were of the most disagreeable kind. He ate like a famished dog, tearing his food with animal noises. When he slept he was in the habit of waking up with yells of rage or terror. When he drank, he preferred the cheapest and coarsest kind of brandy, and took a great deal more of it than was good for him. At such times he would become horribly affectionate, and would claw and paw his little comrade all over with oaths of endearment, breathing

neat brandy like an alcoholised furnace. Every day he clamorously demanded money for drink, and would pay no heed to Sullivan's urging that if money were to be found to give him that impossible appearance of respectability he craved, it must be found shilling by shilling, and hoarded carefully.

At length, Cyrus bestowed a whole five shillings upon this Frankenstein monster: and whilst he was abroad dissipating it in the lowest haunts of Soho, the little man packed up his few traps and flew. He regarded Monsieur Peltzer in the light of a dreadful warning, and began to reform his ways. He left many of the more objectionable of his old companions, and, in fear of meeting Peltzer, he avoided many of his old haunts. He began even to take a cursory interest in the sermons which he stole from the old divines on the shelves of the British Museum, and sold to the editor of the *Herubim* as novelties in the way of theological dissertation.

He had so far reformed that in the course of a month or two he was the proud possessor of no less a sum than six pounds sterling, all honestly saved out of the result of doubtfully honest labour. And so curiously do things arrive in this world, that this poor little spurt of morality on the part of the poor little caterpillar served to furnish the wolf with the sinews of war. For being one night in Oxford-street, he turned and recognised Peltzer, who hailed him with a banter so violent and threatening that, to get rid of him, Cyrus parted on the spot with two thirds of his belongings.

Peltzer pouched the money, and disappeared, odiously radiant; and Mr. Sullivan paced the streets for an hour or two, filled with serious thoughts as to the advisability of beginning his worldly career anew as a farm labourer in New Zealand.

This encounter happened in the month of August, some two months after the date of Gabriel Kenyon's invitation to Douglas.

And now, after something of a surfeit of villainy, let us try our fortunes with youth and innocence.

XI.

Youth is always impressionable; but when a man happens not only to be young, but to have a little of the poetic faculty of imagination, he stands at double disadvantage. Perhaps at double advantage. But the answer to that problem depends entirely upon one's way of looking at things. When Douglas's knowledge of the existence of Miss Kenyon was little more than twelve hours old, he had been able to identify her as the daughter of his father's dearest friend. That a young man should have seen a young lady, that he should have been favourably impressed with her personal appearance, and that he should, within a dozen hours, have discovered her identity, were facts in themselves by no means remarkable or peculiar, and yet to Douglas they contrived to appear so.

In a world of coincidences it was hardly remarkable that he should have received a few hours later still a letter, the contents of which were obviously dictated by a relative of the lady. Most observant people have remarked that events occur in cycles more or less complete. To have heard mention of a man is the prelude to meeting him. To have hoped a thing aloud is often the prelude to getting it, and the unexpectedness of the event seems to be its surest prophecy.

Douglas was not yet experienced enough to escape surprise. The simple events of those two days were imprinted on his memory so clearly that at any moment he had but to glance at them to behold them in all their original rotundity of form and vividness of colour.

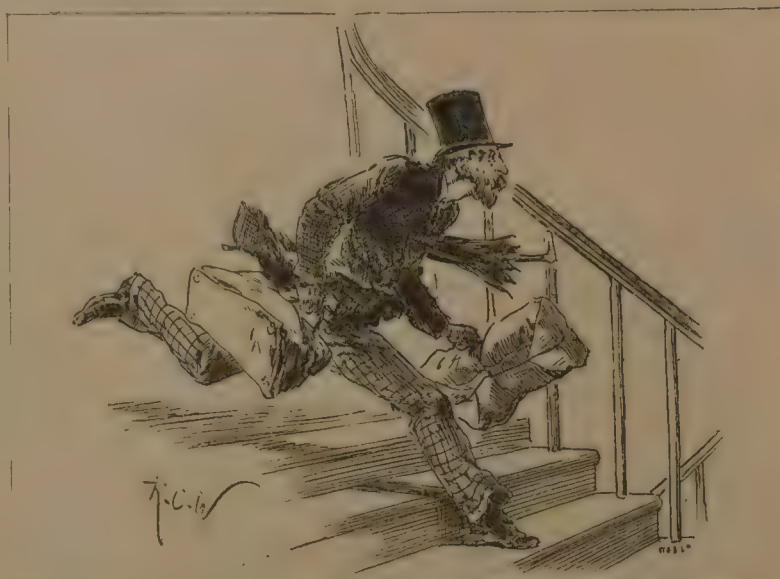
When we grow old, or even middle-aged, we enjoy chiefly by remembrance. The light of dawn lingers in the memory, and tinges what we see later on with something of its own magic colour. A man born old would never know how to enjoy, how to wonder, how to be pleased, grieved, or astonished, or how to fall in love. It is youth who holds the master-key to the emotions, and who transfers its possession to memory when he leaves his own domain of wonder.

After the baked flags of London and the dusty purlieus of the Courts, the very greenness of the fields was an unspeakable joy. A red-roofed rustic cottage, half hidden in trees, with a little silver strip of a brook somewhere near it, brought an unutterable pleasure to the traveller's heart. A white cloud floating softly and listlessly from the blue of the summer sky touched him with a vague and tender longing which he would not have put into words for any man's hearing if he could, and could not though he would. There were flower plots at little country stations whose odour reached him like a happy thought; farmsteads never seen before, and only caught sight of for a minute, as the train whirled by them, that were familiar and home-like to his heart. In short, he was young and happy, and in July weather, and was dreaming, more or less consciously, of a pretty girl whom he had seen but once, and was going to see again.

To the quiet and sober fancy there is something almost pathetic in the contemplation of a young man so engaged. But as adventures are to the adventurous, so are sweets to the sweet, and the thoughts of youth to the young; and the older man, who can shrug his shoulders with a half-pitying philosophy, is more to be pitied than the youth or the maid on whom his pity is bestowed.

To tell the truth, there was a ridiculously shame-faced acknowledgment in Douglas's own mind that he was going to fall in love. He resented this belief, and tried to laugh himself out of it, with no great success. To be sure, the immediate effect of his self-mockery was decisive, and it was easy to arrive at the conclusion that the feelings he experienced were altogether absurd. He was a young man of many gifts, and had not only something of that faculty of poetic imagination before cited, but had also a logical mind, which desired to proportion cause to effect and effect to cause in all things. Thus far there was evidently no earthly reason why the young man should be guilty of the folly of falling in love. To begin with, he had seen the young lady but once, and then only for a moment. Next, he knew nothing of her character and disposition. But though he assured himself of this, he would have been readier than he guessed to fight on behalf of her fair reputation with anybody if an occasion had but offered. Then, again, he was poor even yet, though the way of success seemed to be opening out broadly and smoothly before him; and the girl was an heiress. This last fact alone would, as a matter of course, have been a stumbling-block in the way of any right-minded young fellow. So Douglas was able to persuade himself that his shame-faced mental admission was a foolishness, and yet was not able to dismiss it altogether.

Perry Houghton was no longer connected with the outer world merely by its coaching roads. It boasted in these days a railway station, and the route from town was direct and rapid. As he drew near the termination of his journey, the young fellow was conscious of an amazing nervous flutter. He



The little man packed up his few traps and flew.

was not accustomed to the loss of his self-possession, and the present rout of his sensations both surprised and annoyed him. His anger at it helped him for a while, and when he alighted from the train and found himself accosted by a middle-aged and eminently respectable groom, he was in full possession of himself again. The groom was charged to say that Mr. Kenyon himself would have been at the station, but had been suddenly called away from home, though he would very probably have returned by the time the Lodge was reached.

The visitor's traps were got into the dog-cart, and the visitor was bowled rapidly away towards the house. And now, to his intense disgust and self-disapproval, he found his gathered forces all newly routed.

There is, probably, no condition of feeling to which men may not become more or less inured. A man habitually shy grows used to himself, and is conscious, in the midst of his most painful fit, of a certain sense of custom. But when a man habitually self-possessed grows shy, he has not even the sustaining sense of habit to console him.

The visitor was already in a state of mind almost pitiable in its nervousness when a quite terrible fancy flashed upon him. Suppose that he should be recognised as the recipient of Enlgigh's insolent bounty!

Kenyon came out into the hall to meet him, and saved him from the dreadful ordeal of encountering the lady without preparation. Gabriel's manner was worthy of the popular estimation of him. It was subdued and gentle, almost to a fault. He had always stooped a little in his walk, and now his shoulders were so posed as to express humility and deprecation. The tone of his voice seemed to say that if you chose to treat him ill, he was ready to accept you as a part of the great universal lesson of chastisement. How, with all this gentleness and humility of his, he contrived to be so keen a hand at a bargain as he was, surprised a good many people. He seemed formed to yield, and yielded less often than might have been expected of him.

The personality of the young lady, who as yet was nameless to Douglas's mind, tinged Gabriel. He was uncle to a divinity, and, apart from this, he was the only man who had reached out a helping hand in a time of genuine trouble. That smooth and broadly opened pathway to success, which seemed to lie before the young barrister now, would have been very hard to arrive at without his helping hand. Dick shook the helping hand with great heartiness, and an almost filial reverence. No such fancies as those for which Mr. Kenyon's eyes and mouth might have been responsible under different circumstances assailed him. He saw only a gentlemanly, end-voiced, generous creature, who was uncle to an angel.

By-and-by came the introduction to the angel herself.

"My niece, Helen," said Kenyon; and Dick, rising, bowed and muttered unintelligibly. When he was shown to

his own room, a few minutes later, and was left alone, he could not have told whether niece Helen were or were not the girl he had seen outside the theatre.

His unreasonable perturbation ashamed him, and he fought against it, applying to himself many unflattering epithets. He was just as stupid and as little self-possessed at luncheon, discerning only that the girl was delightfully frank and fresh and young-womanly. If he had but once been able to dispossess himself of the absurd idea that he was there expressly to fall in love, he felt that he might have acquitted himself better.

But perhaps his shyness may have been of some service to him after all. He was so evidently ill at ease that the girl had a little pity, to begin with. He did nothing gauche or actually stupid, and he was obviously a gentleman, though an unusually timid one, she thought. His want of nerve gave the girl plenty of opportunity to examine him, and of this privilege she innocently availed herself. What she saw, she liked; and the liking was

none the less dangerous because it was so entirely innocent and unconscious.

There were not many young men introduced to the Lodge at Perry Houghton; and it was rather a gloomy conservatory for so fresh and bright a flower to bloom in. She had never felt it to be so. But then youth has its own resources, and makes its own sunlit atmosphere in quarters which one might suppose to be airless and sunless.

Shortly after luncheon, and just when Douglas was beginning to recover himself, the trio became a quartette. Lord Bagleigh was announced, and entered, beaming fatuously behind his eye-glass. He recognised his old schoolfellow and college companion languidly, and having ventured to say that it was dooood warm, fell into restless silence, and glowered at the new-comer.

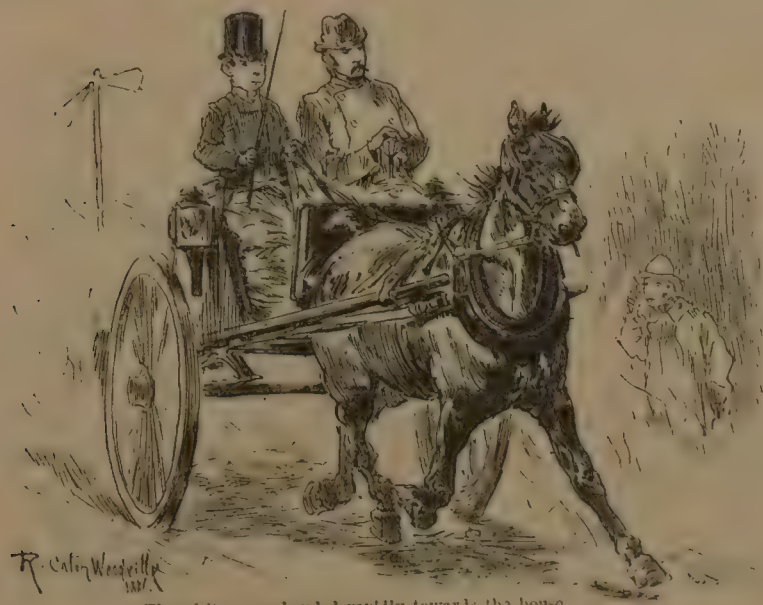
Douglas had been accustomed to employ his Lordship as a chopping-block, and felt so much inclined to renew the experiment now that he was only able to restrain himself by the most heroic effort. Kenyon proposed to show his guest the grounds, and for a few minutes Dick and his old schoolfellow were left alone together.

His Lordship arose, adjusted his shirt-cuffs with an air which his companion felt to be offensive, and opened the conversation.

"I say, look here," he began, "didn't know you knew anybody down here."



The Major was in the habit of calling upon Madame Dammary and chatting over the events of the day.—See page 22.



The visitor was bowled rapidly towards the house.

"No?" said Douglas.

"No," said his Lordship.

"That is your forte, you know," said Douglas.

"What is my forte?" demanded his Lordship, aggressively.

"Not knowing things," said Douglas. "That was always your strong point."

His Lordship turned this over for a while, and finding no immediate response for it, sat in silence for a minute or two.

"When did you get here?" he asked, after a pause, with a manner more markedly aggressive than before.

"This morning," said Douglas.

"Going to stay long?" Bagleigh asked him.

"Probably a month or two," responded Douglas.

"Dooed unpleasant!" said his Lordship. "Nice neighbourhood, and all that sort of thing."

"You think my presence likely to detract from its charms?" asked Douglas.

"That's just where it is," replied his Lordship, who knew how to be candid upon occasion.

"The fact is," said the young barrister, "that you and I don't suit each other, Bagleigh."

"By gad, we don't!" the young nobleman answered, with conviction.

"You see," pursued Douglas, suavely, "you are bound to see—that, having accepted an invitation to stay here, I must abide by it. I am chained here by all the laws of politeness. Now, you are not. The world is wide. The season in town is at its height. No doubt, your fascinating manners and brilliant conversation are missed in many places. You have duties elsewhere, Bagleigh."

"Beggar gets worse," said my Lord, as if addressing himself to some invisible third person; "always was a deuced unpleasant fellow, and gets worse instead of better. Look here," he added, turning round with languid inquiry, "do you mean to stop here all the time?"

"I suppose so," answered Douglas.

"Damn noosance!" said Bagleigh, with an air of disgusted fatigue.

"Do you mean to stay here all the time?" asked the barrister.

"Yes," responded his Lordship; "make a point of calling constantly."

"Cheerful prospect!" said Douglas.

"Isn't it, by gad!" his Lordship assented.

Kenyon's return put an end to this exchange of civilities. The host was very smooth and courteous with the young nobleman; but Bagleigh, who had commonly but little to say for himself, was so wrathful at Douglas's presence that he was at more than usual disadvantage. The county at this time was getting ready for an election fight, and his Lordship was usually asked to set anybody to talk about the electoral chances. He did not talk or think very brilliantly, but was quite persuaded that the country would go to the day unless his noble father's nominee were carried, and was patriotically anxious to escape so dreadful a consummation. To-day, however, though Kenyon had a great deal of more or less important news to give him, Bagleigh's interest was divided, and at times he answered altogether at random.

Kenyon's political talk detained him, and he was compelled to see the new arrival place himself at Miss Kenyon's side without making even the feeblest effort to frustrate him. Kenyon was talking away with a certain smooth mixture of deference and dogmatism, when his Lordship cut the thread of his speech abruptly by asking him if he had known that fellow long.

"His father and my poor cousin," said Gabriel—he always spoke of his poor cousin when he wished to indicate Robert Kenyon—"were close companions nearly all their lives. Mr. Douglas and I have not been long known to each other personally, but I have formed a high opinion of him—a very high opinion."

His Lordship grunted, and said nothing more upon this topic; and Gabriel went on with his political dissertation.

In the meantime, Douglas was fast settling into himself again. His little brush with his Lordship had done wonders for him. And now he was no longer intimately concerned with his own sensations, he began to think his present circumstances charming. The weather was heavenly—an ideal English summer day; the landscape was delightful; and, since the foolish fancies of the morning had departed, his companion was perfection. The young man thought he had never seen so sweet and artless a simplicity and candour as she displayed. And it is quite likely that he was right; for, though good and charming girls are fortunately by no means as rare as diamonds, though infinitely more valuable, he had not encountered many since he had come to be of an age to appreciate their value.

She was neither over shy nor over frank, but mingled a delightful candour with a reticence equally delightful to the young man's mind. She had very fine expressive grey eyes, and a way of using them which a coquette would have envied, and have envied in vain, because, with this young person, these allures were natural, and no more to be helped than breathing. They expressed everything she thought, and perhaps, since her companion was the older, the stronger, and the more experienced of the two, they may have expressed

even more than she thought. For a young man in love translates quite naturally into the mind of a girl his own best and subtlest fancies. In such case the girl's province is unconsciously to inspire the fancies, and the young man's province is to believe that the fancies are consciously inspired. Douglas had no more ridiculous notions about falling in love. He and the girl were almost intimate in an hour or two; and the idea of falling in love was a thousand miles away from him, because he had actually begun to do it.

XII.

There was not much pride about the Major, and when the wealthy relative of whom he borrowed for Douglas's sake proposed to supply him with an income of a hundred pounds per annum until such time as the Major's next expected ship should come in, he took the not too magnificent allowance comfortably and with no self upbraidings.

He stayed in Douglas's chambers, and led his own queer life with perfect satisfaction. If he had been a novelist or an artist his knowledge of the Soho quarter might have been invaluable to him; but he was a man who found no uses for anything, and was quite contented to enjoy his own discoveries without imparting them in any other form to other people.

There was a certain burly, black-eyed, red-cheeked Parisienne in the Major's favourite district who regarded him with mingled veneration and affection. She was by profession a washerwoman, and, by gift of Nature and dint of practice, a perfect mistress of the great art of slang. In Paris, among her sisters, she had been known, admired, and dreaded; but transported to London, and compelled there to wield a foreign language, she had found her native deftness and long practice of small avail to her. The Major had one day dropped in at her establishment to inquire after some missing articles of linen. Finding her but poorly acquainted with English he had made his demands in her own tongue, and in half an hour the two were comrades. The blanchisseuse had found her master; but the Major had found an opponent worthy of his steel, and in each other's society the pair were happy.

From that day forward the Major was in the habit of calling upon Madame Dammary and chatting over the events of the day.

Madame Dammary passed her working hours in the front shop, engaged in the task of ironing. On wintry days, when there happened to be no coals at home, the amiable warrior had found the front shop no unpleasant calling-place. He would sit at ease upon a table, dangling his short legs, smoking and rolling cigarettes—if the Fates were so propitious as to afford him tobacco—and Madame Dammary, clad in spotless print, spotless white apron, spotless white stockings, and spotless white cap, would chaff him in delicious argot as she plied her smoothing-iron. The Major would listen smiling, and, when his turn came, would respond with a volubility and raciness which surpassed the good woman's own.

All the spotlessly attired laundresses of the establishment loved and revered the Major. There was not a woman of them who would not have done his clear-starching for nothing.

In hot weather the attractions of the blanchisserie were less pronounced than in cold; but the Major's native sense of courtesy compelled him to make his visits no rarer in summer than in winter.

He called upon a certain broiling August day, took his seat upon the customary table, lit his customary cigarette, and sat for some ten minutes as a target. He was preparing to become marksman in his turn, when the arrival of a client checked him for a moment.

No sooner had the client spoken than the Major turned his head towards him, and skipped lightly from the table. The new-comer turned also, and revealed the familiar features of Mr. Cyrus Sullivan. His face, which was clouded by an unusual look of worry and sadness, cleared for a moment as he shook hands, but the cloud came back again. There was no reason why Mr. Sullivan's presence should interfere with the amusements of the hour, and the Major, taking advantage of the pause occasioned by his entrance, discharged his gathered shafts of repartee. The ironing-women shrieked in chorus, and Mr. Sullivan offered a tributary smile, which faded as quickly as its forerunner. Even in the midst of the preoccupation caused by the sallies of the blanchisseuse, and the necessity for responding to them, the Major noticed that Sullivan was unlike the Sullivan of old days. The odd mixture of insolence and appeal for consideration which had been used to characterise him had altogether disappeared, and in its place was an air of settled sadness and something which looked like bewilderment.

Cyrus, when he had deposited the little parcel of linen he had brought with him, still lingered—a skeleton at the feast of slang. The Major could see no other reason for his sadness than that afforded by impecuniosity. But Sullivan, with a manner plainly mechanical, began to jingle a handful of loose silver in his pocket, and by-and-by pulled it out, regarded it mechanically, and mechanically returned it. He began to make excursions to the door, and to return in a wandering and uncertain manner. Once he shook hands, and said, "Good morning." But even after this he lingered.

The Major regarded him more attentively, and at last

Sullivan, seeming on a sudden to pluck up resolution, advanced and touched him with an air of apology on the shoulder.

"If you could spare me ten minutes of your time, Major Morton," he said, with a manner of unusual solemnity, "I should be obliged by your advice."

"In what way," asked the Major, "can I be of service to you?"

The Major made his adieux, manifestly to the disappointment of the ladies, and followed Sullivan into the street.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you here," Sullivan answered. "Wait till we get into my room."

The Major walked on in silence, and in the course of a minute or two found himself seated alone with Sullivan. The little man was profoundly dejected. He polished his baldness nervously with a doubtful handkerchief, which he afterwards rolled into a ball, and, rubbing the palms of his hands with this, he glanced twice or thrice at the Major before he began his statement.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "I will begin at the beginning."

"As a general rule," responded the Major, "it's a good place to begin at."

"I was in Paris thirteen years ago," said Mr. Sullivan, "and there I knew a blackguard by the name of Peltzer. I have always been a great deal too careless about the kind of men I have known," pursued the poor Cyrus, wagging his head sorrowfully; "but if I had guessed what the fellow was, I wouldn't have known him at all."

"What was he?" asked the Major.

"Well," said Sullivan, mournfully, "he wasn't anything a man ought to be, and he was about everything a man ought not to be. He had been a pickpocket; he had been a card-sharper; and I have found out that, since I saw him for the last time in Paris, he has had twelve years for burglary."

"Nice man," said the Major, almost warmly.

"You'd say so, if you saw him," answered Cyrus. "I met him in London, a little while back, and I was fool enough to speak to him. He came and planted himself on me, and made me keep him until I ran away. Last night he met me in the street, and made me split my little savings with him."

"Why did you do it?" asked the Major.

"I could not help it," the little man answered. "But I haven't told my story yet. When I saw him in Paris, thirteen years ago last winter, I was coming home to London, and he was at the railway station. He pointed out a man there who was also going to London, and he asked me to watch him, and to tell him where the fellow went. I asked him why."

"Naturally," said the Major, with an encouraging nod, for Sullivan was evidently in need of encouragement, and told his story haltingly.

"He said that by watching this man, and by finding out who he was and where he went to, it was likely that we might make a great deal of money. I did not know how that was to be done, but I followed the man."

"He came, in the first place, to a house close by here. He was very poorly dressed at that time; but he went out at night and bought decent clothes. Next morning he went down to a little country place, which I won't mention just yet, and there he walked straight into a very big property. I sent the news of what I had learned to Peltzer, but the latter came back. He had gone to the galleys. When I met him here a month or two ago, and was such a fool as to speak to him, almost the first thing he asked me was if I knew anything about the man he had set me to watch. I told him 'Yes'; and the beggar laid hold of me as if he wanted to eat me. He asked if he was rich, and I told him 'Yes' again; and then he said that there was nothing this man had that he would not part with, to the last penny, if he knew what Peltzer had to tell him."

"Um!" said the Major. His earlier knowledge of Mr. Sullivan was not altogether without weight. He was generally disposed to scepticism in regard to anything Cyrus might say; but, on the whole, he inclined to a moderate belief in him at present. "Did he tell you what his hold on the man was?"

"It came out at last," said Cyrus, "that he was going to charge the man with murder."

It was at this point that the Major became really convinced of his companion's veracity. The harmless Cyrus was unaccustomed to deal with problems so momentous as that which now oppressed him, and it weighed him down altogether. He had forgotten even to embroider his story with invention.

"He came to me last night," he continued, "and made me split my savings with him. He got the money out of me in order to go down there and denounce the man, and try, of course, to bleed him. He said we were to go shares in what he got; but of course I should never see a penny if I wanted it, and I couldn't touch it if he offered it."

"Well," said the Major, "it's a queer story. What do you want to ask my advice about?"

Sullivan, making no verbal response, arose, and turned his back upon his companion. He drew from an inner breast-pocket a letter, from which he removed the envelope, and, laying this upon the table with the superscription downwards, set his hand upon it and held out the letter to the Major.

"Read that," he said, with a face and voice expressive of something like desperation.

The Major leaned back in his chair, threw one leg over the other, and read, murmuringly—

"Sir,—I am informed that a very horrible danger overhangs an English gentleman of high position and unblemished reputation who, thirteen years ago, bore in Paris the name of Auguste Moreau. If that gentleman is known to you, it is of the utmost moment that he should at once be informed of the danger which threatens him. I shall be happy to give any particulars which may be required at my hands. If there is no truth in the positive and appalling statements which have reached me, I can, at least, have done no harm by forwarding this letter.

"Your obedient servant, CYRUS SULLIVAN."

"Well," said the Major, "what is the object of this letter?"

Sullivan sat silent.

"Do you want to blackmail the man on your own account?" asked the Major, sardonically.

"No," said Cyrus. But the denial sounded indeterminate.

"What do you want to ask my advice about?" asked the Major.

Sullivan took up the letter from where Morton's hand had let it fall upon the table, and put it in its envelope, which he still held with the superscription downward.

The Major rolled and lit a cigarette, and, after a pause of considerable length, repeated his query.

"What do you want to ask my advice about?"

"I felt," said Sullivan, looking up at him, "as if I couldn't hold the confounded thing myself. I felt this morning as if it would burst me, if I didn't speak to somebody about it."

"You don't want advice, then?" asked the Major.

"Oh, but I do, though!" cried the poor little Cyrus, eagerly. "Upon my word, I don't know what to do. Ought I to send this letter or not?"

"What is your object in sending the letter?" demanded Morton.

Cyrus glanced at him with a look half doubt, half guilt, and all appeal.

"I don't know," he answered, falteringly. "Perhaps," he added, in an apologetic, shame-faced way, "there might be something in it."

"What does that mean?" asked the Major.

"Why, you know," said Mr. Sullivan, vaguely and guiltily, "he's a very wealthy cove."

"And that means," said Morton, "that you do want to blackmail the man on your own account."

"No; it doesn't," Cyrus protested; "but he might feel grateful for a"—he paused and tried back, searching for a fit expression—"he might feel grateful for a tip."

"And so," said the Major, "for a pecuniary consideration you are willing to become an accessory after the fact to murder."

Cyrus's aspect of guilt deepened upon him, and he rubbed his hands with an air of almost dog-like propitiation.

"Now, Mr. Sullivan," said the Major, almost severely, "I won't have anything to do with this extremely shady business. I decline to advise you upon this matter in any way. I don't know anything at all about it. I shall make it my business to forget all you have said to me; or, if I recall it at all, I shall remember it alongside a good many other startling narratives I have heard from your lips. Narratives," he added, the severity of his visage broken by a twinkle which the abashed Cyrus did not see, "narratives which do more credit to your imagination than to your moral sense."

"This is true," cried Sullivan. "Major Morton, I give you my word of honour it is as true as gospel."

"Supposing it to be true," said the Major, rising, and laying a hand upon his hat, "it is not, so far as I can see, any affair of yours or mine. If a gentleman, now prosperous and universally respected, chose to commit murder thirteen years ago, and if a brother scoundrel chooses to blackmail him or denounce him, the only concern an honest man could possibly have would be, without any hope of fee or reward at all, to denounce the pair. The one is a murderer as much as his accomplice."

"Thirteen years is a long time," said Sullivan.

"It is thirteen years too long," responded the Major.

"Don't you think," asked Cyrus, feebly, "that it would be rather hard lines to be nailed after thirteen years?"

"You and I, Mr. Sullivan," replied the Major, "stand upon platforms which are wide apart. You can do, Sir, what the devil you please."

He took up his hat, fixed it deliberately, and moved towards the door, the poor Cyrus sitting quite crushed and forlorn, with bent head and dejected countenance.

"I am not quite certain," said the Major, pausing at the door, and turning, "that a good citizen would not feel it his duty to take this story of yours to the authorities. But I do not profess to be a model citizen myself. I am a man of constitutional timidity and shyness, and I hate a row."

"For Heaven's sake," groaned Cyrus, "don't split on me, Major Morton! I see now what I ought to have done, but I can't do it. I wouldn't have the man's life upon my hands,

Sir, for all the gold in the cellars of the Bank of England. If I did a thing like that, I don't believe I should ever go to sleep again. But if you split I am ruined. It would all get into the papers, and I should lose the only berth I have."

"Every citizen," said the Major, "owes a duty to the commonwealth. If you are really aware of the fact that a murder has been committed, and that the murderer has gone undiscovered, and lived in prosperity and general esteem for thirteen years, it is your plain duty to lay what you know before the authorities. If I believed you, it would be my plain duty to lay the matter before them. But, you see, I do not believe you, and I won't believe you. You may understand that, if you like, as expressing no doubt of your veracity."

Cyrus, sitting at the table during the Major's address, toyed nervously with the letter, turning it this way and that, until, with a little gesture of despair, he threw it from him as Morton spoke his final words, and the letter fell superscription upwards, on the table. It was addressed in a very legible and clerklike hand, and the writing was rather unusually large. The letter lay within a yard of Morton's nose, and before he knew it, he had read the address. Sullivan looked up at him, swiftly, and laid a rapid hand upon the letter. But the motion was merely instinctive; for his glance, rapid and furtive as it was, had told him clearly that the address had been read. There was silence for the space of a full minute, and then the Major spoke.

"Is that the man," he asked, "to whom the letter is addressed?"

"Yes," said Cyrus.

Then there was silence for another minute or thereabouts.

"Are you going to send that letter?" Morton asked.

"I don't know," said Sullivan, miserably.

"Well," said the Major, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, "I won't have art or part in the matter."

And with that he left the room, walked down-stairs and into the street. Arrived there, he paused, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, read it with an air of profound chagrin. The street was full of traffic, and the Major, having planted himself in the middle of the footway, was a good deal hustled. But he stood there until he had read the letter through. It came from Dick Douglas, who had now been a visitor at Mr. Kenyon's house for some six weeks; and it sang Helen, Helen, and nothing but Helen, from beginning to end. Douglas, in his letters, which had been very regular indeed, had clung to this theme with remarkable tenacity. He had scarcely ever varied from it, and his old bachelor chum had known for what now seemed a long time that the young fellow was falling more and more in love with his host's niece. And now this horrible charge hung over the host himself.

The Major was shaken out of his ordinary equanimity, and he acted with less than his common coolness. He dived into an hotel, consulted a time-table, and then rushed off to the nearest telegraph-office and wired to Douglas, "Meet me, railway station, Perry Haughton, six thirty." Then he hurried away to Dick's chambers, packed a meagre portmanteau, carried it to the railway station, and in due time was whirled away into the country.

XIII.

Mr. Gabriel Kenyon began to see that in inviting Douglas to the Lodge he had committed a blunder—possibly a blunder of the first order. When you have invited a man to stay a specified time with you, it is not the easiest thing in the world to get rid of him before that specified time has expired. There are many ways by which the thing can be done, but all but one of them involve a departure from strict veracity. Strict veracity is a beautiful thing in its way, but social and sociable people contrive for the most part to live without it. A good many people, finding a guest unwelcome or undesirable, would be able to equivocate with him, to find pressing business for themselves, to invent a family lawyer, a sick friend, a doctor's stern injunction to travel. But the sturdy moralists who do these things resemble the happy gourmand whose digestive organs have not yet begun to fail him—they commit indiscretions and feel no evil consequences. The dyspeptic views their achievements with dread, their ventures look sinful to him. In like manner Mr. Gabriel, whose spiritual peptics were, as we know, long since disordered, recoiled from the least offence to conscience. There were many occasions upon which a little trifle of a lie would have been a luxury to him, but he never felt free to indulge himself. Happy people who can eat what they will! Twice happy they of robust moral digestion! But nobody can have his cake and eat it. Mr. Gabriel had eaten all his cake at a sitting, so to speak. He hankered after more pretty often, but suppressed his longings as best he might, and was horribly afraid of them, as evidencing an unregenerate frame of mind.

The blunder into which he felt he had fallen with respect to Douglas, was this. He had forgotten that his niece was growing up to be a woman, and, in many respects, an unusually attractive and charming one, and it had never occurred to him that she could yet be looked on as anything but a child.

There were few persons in the world whom Mr. Gabriel supposed to be less capable of giving him lessons than young

Lord Bagleigh. But it was from Lord Bagleigh that he received his first lesson upon this question.

His Lordship rode over one morning and asked to see Mr. Kenyon alone. Mr. Kenyon was at the moment engaged in interviewing a poacher, whom he at once remanded on receipt of Bagleigh's message. The wrongdoer and his satellites of the county police force having withdrawn, the visitor was shown into Gabriel's library. He was pale, and his manner was distinctly nervous. He was dressed within an inch of his life, and had pitilessly garotted himself with a collar of unusual proportions. He was always very accurately groomed, but this morning he was more than usually sleek, and he had, in honour of the special sentiment of the day, for the first time assumed the manly decoration of bangles, which some gifted spirit had but newly discovered to form an appropriate finish to male attire. He was partly proud and partly ashamed of these, and manifested alternate gusts of desire to show them and not to show them. When he had shown them he became suddenly ashamed of them, and hid them. When, after a minute or two he had disguised them, it seemed necessary to put them in evidence.

After an exchange of the ordinary salutations, his Lordship sat down, and, toying surreptitiously with the bangle, said it was a fine day. Gabriel assented, and his Lordship sank into a confused silence. It was improbable, on the face of things, that he should have ridden over and have demanded a private interview for the purpose of making this statement only, but for a minute or two he made no further conversational effort.

It was a part of Gabriel's general plan to allow people who had business with him to make their own opportunities for introducing it. He had found from experience that the waiting game was his strong point. But Bagleigh paused so long, and was so evidently ill at ease, that at last he felt compelled to lead him on.

"You wished to see me privately?" said Gabriel.

"Y-e-s," responded Bagleigh.

"We are quite alone," said Gabriel, smiling, when another pause had shown more clearly than ever the completeness of his Lordship's embarrassment.

Bagleigh smiled at him, with the look of a martyr in his agony.

Mr. Kenyon was a man who was largely influenced by the territorial and aristocratic sentiments, but for the moment he almost despised the vacuous and helpless young gentleman before him.

"Look here," said his Lordship, suddenly, "I've been thinking"—

He stopped there as if the statement half ashamed him.

"Yes?" said Gabriel, suavely, "you have been thinking?"

"I've been thinking about getting married," said Bagleigh.

"Getting married?" said Gabriel. "Yes? By no means an unwise reflection."

"I think, you know," said his Lordship, speaking rapidly, and with something of a nervous stammer, "I think, you know, that a fellow ought to get married. I think it keeps a fellow straight—gives a fellow an object, don't you know? and all that sort of thing."

"Quite so," Gabriel answered, caressing one hand with the palm of the other, and leaning forward with an air half of humility and half of patronage; "quite so—quite so."

"I've been in a dence of a state about it," said his Lordship, "for no end of a time, and I can't stand it any longer."

Gabriel began to flutter a little. He began to guess. His first answer to the guess was, "Impossible." His next took the form of a question, "Was it so impossible, after all?"

"Have you," he demanded, "fixed upon any special young lady, or is the desire you express a merely general?"

He spoke with a little drawl, pausing between each word, and, finding no conveniently-rounded finish to his sentence, he closed it with a little flourish of the hands and a nervous smile.

His Lordship, who had been absorbed in the contemplation of his bangles, hid them with a sudden air of shame, and found nothing to say for himself.

"I presume," said Gabriel, "that you have an actual object in your mind."

"Yes," said Bagleigh, with an air so furtive and shame-faced that he might have been confessing to a petty larceny.

"Was it," asked Gabriel, "your intention to confide in me, or to ask my advice?"

"Yes," said Bagleigh.

"Well, I am sure," Kenyon answered, making his voice and manner as genial as he could, "if I can be of the slightest assistance to you in this matter—a matter so important to yourself—I shall really be delighted."

"Shall you?" cried his Lordship, eagerly. "I am glad of that."

"Delighted," Gabriel replied, with a charming air of innocence. "Now," he added, "in what way do you think I can be of service?"

"Look here," said Bagleigh, with an effort, "I want your permission"—

He had begun with an evident intent to declare himself at full; but here he floundered and broke down.



His Lordship rode over one morning, and asked to see Mr. Kenyon alone.—See page 23.

"My permission?" asked Gabriel, a little blinder than he need have been. But he, too, was flurried by the turn the interview had taken.

"Yes," said Bagleigh, "that's where it is."

The statement was vague, yet it appeared to justify Gabriel's belief.

"Excuse me, Bagleigh," he said; "but let me ask you to make yourself quite clear. You ask my permission to do what?"

"I want to know," said Bagleigh, desperately, "if you will let me speak to Miss Kenyon."

"Do I understand," Gabriel asked him, "that you desire to offer your hand to my niece?"

"Yes," said his Lordship, "that's what I want."

"The proposal," said Gabriel, "takes me aback a little, I confess."

"Don't say that," cried Bagleigh, beseechingly.

"My niece," said Gabriel, "is quite a child. I have never yet associated her in my mind with the idea of marriage. You have, I suppose, fully made up your mind upon the matter?"

"Oh, yes," said Bagleigh. "I'm quite set upon it, I assure you."

"After all," said Gabriel, who was becoming inured to the position, "Helen is nearly eighteen years of age. It is not quite unheard of that a girl of that age should have suitors."

"Not at all," said his Lordship, who also began to be a little more at ease now that his mission was in part accomplished. "There was Straker, married quite a girl only a month or two ago, and she turned out to have been married before, and to have a husband living—no end of a bad lot, don't you know?"

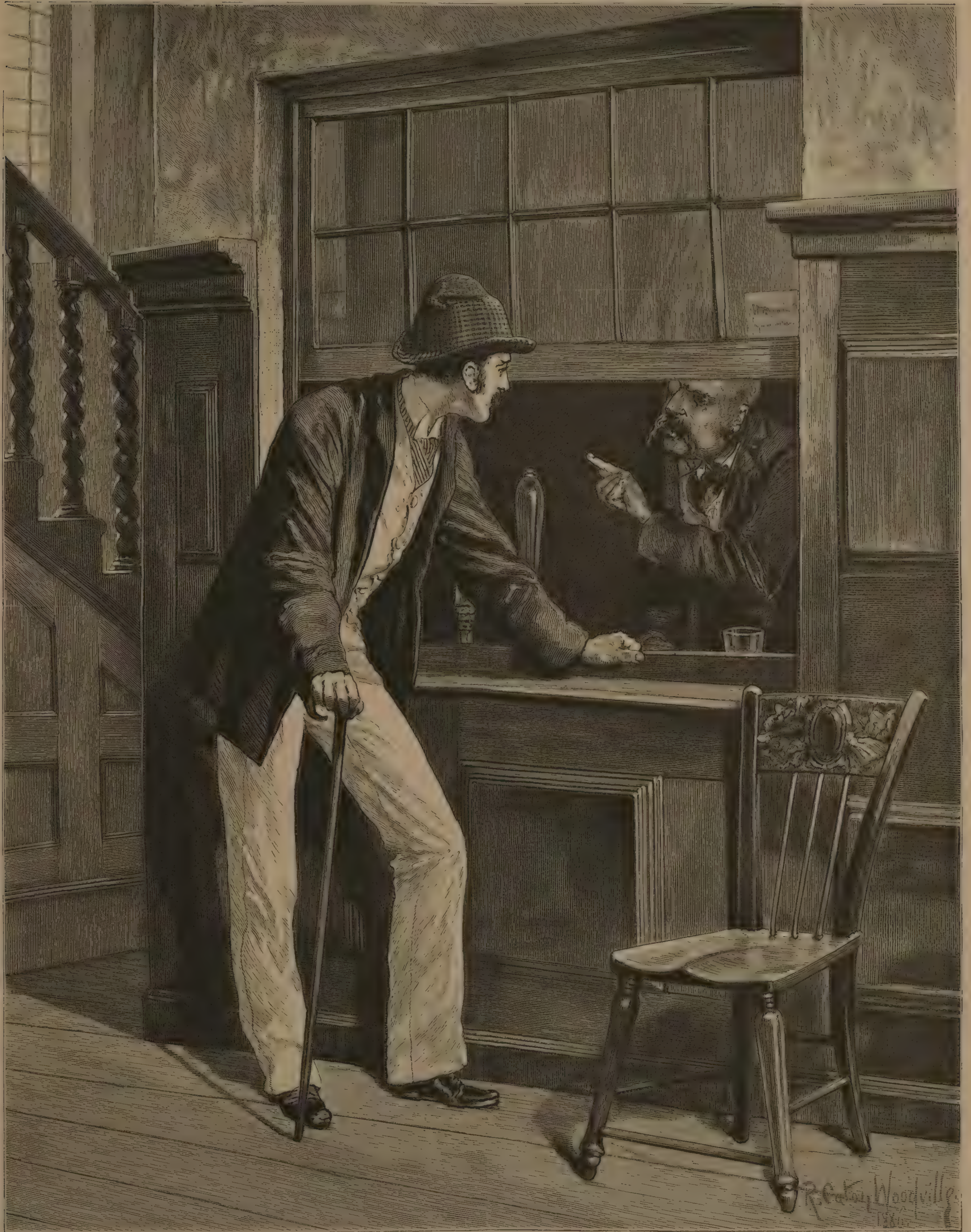
He seemed to perceive when he had spoken that the illustration was hardly germane to the case, and began to fumble feebly beneath his wristbands.

The influence of the territorial and aristocratic sentiment was almost inadequate to Gabriel's need, but he said nothing, which, all things considered, was, perhaps, the wisest thing for him to do. His Lordship was in the state of mind to be upset by a trifle; and, having realised the idea that he was an ass, he permitted himself to be embarrassed by it terribly.

"May I ask," said Gabriel, after awhile, "if it is your Lordship's desire that I should speak to my niece?"

"I should be awfully obliged if you would, don't you know," returned his Lordship; and, rising, he advanced to shake hands.

"You'll stay to luncheon?" said Gabriel.



"Come into the smoking-room—there's nobody there—let us have a chat."—See page 26.

"No," returned his Lordship, with emphasis; "not to-day. The fact is, I just rode over"—

"I will speak to my niece, then," said Gabriel, smoothly, "and will lay your Lordship's flattering proposal before her."

Bagleigh got away precipitately, and at the gates encountered Douglas, who saluted him with more amiability than common. His Lordship, who had been hurried into premature action by the young barrister's presence, was not disposed to accept his overtures, and contented himself by a surly nod.

Gabriel found no opportunity to approach his niece with

any announcement of the honour Lord Bagleigh had laid upon her until late that evening. He spent the greater part of the day in thinking about it, and being, from the beginning, an egotist of the profounder sort, he surveyed it entirely in those aspects which concerned himself. To begin with, it was necessary to appreciate the position of Providence in the matter, and to appreciate it fairly. If there was one thing in the world about which Gabriel Kenyon had come to be surer than another, it was that nothing happened to him without having a definite intention in it. Trifles assumed an appearance of first-rate importance in his eyes, and events of real

weight in his affairs were providential tests. It was significant of the man and of his practised way of thinking that the more inflamed, irritated, and generally abnormal his conscience grew, the more he was inclined to believe it to be healthy. If ever his faithful watch-dog ceased to bark, he himself took up the task and barked until he wakened it.

Now, in view of Lord Bagleigh's offer for Helen's hand, he began to take himself to task with much zeal as to whether he himself were going to reap any advantage by this unlooked-for circumstance; as to whether he were getting to over-value this world's goods; as to whether the influence of the

territorial and aristocratic sentiment were too powerful within him; as to whether the proposal and its consequences were a cross to be carried or a temptation to be shunned.

If it had not been for the crime of more than thirteen years ago, his conscience would never have grown to be so tender. But, apart from this, to all practical intent, the crime was dead and buried and forgotten. Gabriel knew well enough the effect it had had upon him, and looked upon it, so far as it went, as an unmixed good. But, after this lapse of years, it was not easy to feel that he, the present Gabriel Kenyon, was in any way responsible for the act of Auguste Moreau. Actually, in his own mind, he dissociated himself from that poverty-stricken and hungry criminal. Months of suffering and of terror, years of goodness, blemished only by those little peccadilloes of which the noblest may at times be guilty, had set him at so great a distance from his former self that they were quite apart. He had outlived that latest punishment of his crime which had developed itself in his affection for his niece. It is pretty evident that nothing in the whole inner furniture of the man was sound; but this love of his for the girl was as near being natural as it was possible for it to be. It was not terrible to him, as it had been, but was a sign, in his infernal juggling casuistry, that he was reconciled to the world, to himself, and to Heaven.

But, indeed, this thing was certain: except for the vigilant watch which he kept upon his conscience (which he felt to be a thing in itself altogether admirable), he could long since have been at rest. He inflamed that monitor wilfully, and of malice aforethought; he kept him awake at night, and he sedulously poked at him in his kennel all day long. He was determined to be virtuous and ill at ease. He thought that he was the chief of sinners, and rejoiced in a fat humility that he should think so. He was conscious there was no equally worthy testimonial to grace.

Gabriel and Douglas were alone in the drawing-room that evening, when dinner was announced. Gabriel was silent, being occupied with his own reflections about Lord Bagleigh's proposal of the morning; and Dick was also silent, being occupied by the works of love in idleness.

"Dinner is on the table, Sir," said the venerable Partridge, appearing at the door.

Gabriel rose, and motioned Douglas to lead the way downstairs. It was one of Gabriel's boasts to be as punctual as Time himself, and he would allow nothing to wait for anybody. He manifested even towards his niece a little frosty displeasure when she infringed this rule of his, and, as he followed Douglas down the staircase, his manner was iced, and he wore an air of injury.

He was scarcely half-way to the dining-room, however, when he turned at the sound of the girl's step behind him, and beheld her radiant. She paused, and made him a mock curtsy.

"You were getting ready to scold," she said—"I knew it by the shape of your shoulders."

Gabriel smiled at this, and, notwithstanding his passion for punctuality, waited for her to approach him, and stood there smiling with an outstretched hand.

Where the girl stood there was quite a bower of greenery and flowers, and Douglas, who stood looking up from the foot of the staircase, thought he had never seen so charming a picture as she made. It is likely enough that he was right, for, as has been said already, she was unusually pretty, and he himself was far enough in love by this time to have made a goddess of her. She was a trifle too saucy for a goddess at the moment; but, to the young man's mind, all moods became her, and he was in a ridiculous condition of charmed surprise about her constantly. Little changes that to anybody but a lover would have passed unremarked—little alterations of mood and expression, posture and accent, were to him so many revelations. There is probably no truer indication of the beginning of love in a young man's mind than this. A careful observer of the history of the passion would probably pronounce the condition indispensable; and any young man who may doubt the quality of his own emotions is invited to apply to himself this test, with the assurance that he will find it an unfailing touchstone.

It came into Gabriel's mind that Bagleigh's choice was by no means a foolish one, and that the girl would do infinite credit to the title he offered her. He began at that moment to be distinctly ambitious of it, and, as a matter of course, countered sharply upon his own desire by declaring that it would be a terrible sacrifice to part with her. He was always sparring with his own wishes and emotions in this way; and, though he was often severely mauled in the process, he contrived sometimes to win. His affection for his niece was strong enough to make the prospect of their parting a pain. His own suffering was the only salve he had learned to apply to conscience. And so, with his own trained faculty in that direction, he set to work to be deliberately tender and unhappy about the chance of losing Helen. Before dinner was over, he had so far succeeded that whatever advantage lay in the proposal affected her alone, whilst her well-being was to be a sorrow to him.

The windows of the dining-room were open, and the evening sunlight flooded the lawns and gardens of the Lodge. Gabriel was silent, but the two young people held a fairly brisk conversation, talking with an appearance of ease and naturalness which, to an acute observer, might have worn something of an artificial air. Their intercourse, on the surface, was very frank, candid, and natural; but it was noticeable that there were no pauses in their talk. There was a desire to keep the conversational ball constantly in movement. If one allowed it to drop, the other picked it up and set it going again with a suspicious agility. This was a characteristic of any and every tête-à-tête they held. And Gabriel's silence and abstraction—which were unusually marked, even for him—seemed to leave them quite alone together this evening. They talked away busily, therefore, on all manner of topics; and Gabriel, rousing himself now and again to listen, heard nothing that might not have been cried from the house-tops, without putting either of the young people to the blush.

There was nothing—there never had been anything from the beginning of their acquaintance—in their talk which verged upon sentiment. They might even have been accused of flippancy. But the young man was almost always engaged in inward combat with his own sentiments; and the girl was half-conscious of a fear, though less than half conscious of what the fear might mean.

When the meal was over, and Gabriel and his guest were left alone, the elder broke his silence. Except for the murmured grace with which the repast was begun and ended, he had not spoken until this.

"Will you smoke your cigar alone this evening, Douglas?" he asked. "I shall be occupied for half an hour."

He was always disposed to be ceremonious, and he bowed after this small speech with an exaggerated stiff courtesy. The young man strolled through the open windows on to the lawn, and there wandered to and fro in the mellow evening air thinking of Helen, and forgetful of the unlighted cigar between his lips.

The girl was singing somewhere within the house, in a clear treble like a bird's, and he stood still to listen to her. She was warbling the air of some simple old ballad, without its words, and had sung it already twice or thrice, when she stopped in the middle of the tune, and Douglas was fain to finish it for himself, being one of those people to whom an unended tune is a thing unbearably. His own voice was not the most tuneful organ in the world, and he laughed at the contrast it made, and then, forgetting all things else, went on strolling up and down in the late sunlight, thinking of the girl.

Her song had been cut short by Gabriel's entry to the room.

"My dear," said Gabriel, laying a hand upon her shoulder, "I wish to speak to you." Something of an unusual gravity in his manner impressed her, and she looked at him attentively. "I wish you," he continued, "to weigh what I shall say to you before answering it. Sit down."

He placed a chair for her, and, when she had seated herself, he walked up and down before her, with bent head and hands clasped behind him; she resting her hands lightly folded in her lap, and following him with her eyes. His exordium, and his gravity combined with it, awoke her interest. She was even a little afraid.

"You are eighteen years of age in six or seven weeks' time, my dear," he said, pausing before her and raising his eyes to her face. "You are growing to be a woman."

Her only answer to this was given in a little half-embarrassed laugh; and he betook himself to his promenade again.

"I had a visit this morning," he went on, casting a side-long glance upon her, "from my estimable young friend, Lord Bagleigh."

She unclasped her hands with a quick, nervous movement, but immediately returned to her old attitude; and Gabriel, without in the least knowing why, felt the slight gesture to be disconcerting.

"Lord Bagleigh," he pursued, still marching up and down, "is a young man of exceptional position. He is a young man who conceals beneath an exterior of carelessness many admirable qualities and a nature of much warmth and goodness."

Outside, the light, though softened, was still clear. But in this curtained room the air was dim. Gabriel's glance at his niece's face had told him nothing; but the girl had gone suddenly quite pale, and her hands clenched each other tightly. She would have had little of that penetration which is known to characterise her sex, if she had not guessed by this time what was coming. It was her first experience, and she was a good deal agitated by it.

"The object of Lord Bagleigh's visit to me this morning," Gabriel went on, "was to make a formal application for your hand in marriage."

And here he experienced a surprise. Perhaps that growth towards womanhood with which he had only that morning begun to credit his niece was further advanced than he had fancied. Perhaps circumstances, of which he had been too blind and self-observant to take cognisance, might have helped it in these later weeks to a quick development. Perhaps the mere fact of finding herself on ground which, in virtue of her sex, was native to her, gave her a strength and decision she had never felt before.

"I am very much obliged to Lord Bagleigh," she said, "but you must ask him never to say anything more of this."

"My dear," began Gabriel, drawing his hands from behind him and taking one of hers, "consider."

"There is nothing to consider," she responded; "I could never think of marrying Lord Bagleigh."

Until that moment Gabriel had never felt conscious of a will of his own in respect to his niece's conduct. She had never in anything opposed him, and he could not, all at once, realise the belief that she would actually oppose him here.

"You must not look at this matter like a child, my dear."

He spoke with that suave superiority of age which is, perhaps, in matters of this sort, one of the most troublesome things youth has to bear.

"Lord Bagleigh is a young man who does very well to laugh at," interjected Miss Helen. Gabriel regarded her angrily. "Uncle," said the girl, slipping one arm about his neck, "you do not wish me to marry Lord Bagleigh?"

Her caresses were extremely rare, and the appeal and the caress together half disarmed him.

"I want you," he answered, guarding himself against himself, and growing a little querulous in doing it, "I want you to look seriously at this proposal, and not to throw it on one side as if it were a toy, and you a wilful child."

"Very well, dear," she answered. "How long shall I take to think of it?"

"I don't like your tone, my dear," said Gabriel; "I don't like your tone at all. Young men have hearts, my dear. A proposal of this kind is a serious thing, and is to be taken seriously."

"I take it very seriously indeed," his niece answered. "If, for form's sake, you ask me to think of it, I will take as long as you please, and think of it as often as I can."

"You mean to say, then," he answered, in some heat of anger, "that, however long you may take to think of this, you will not change your mind about it?"

His tone and manner surprised her. They had never been in opposition until now, and, indeed, she had hardly ever found herself opposed to anybody.

"I cannot change my mind," she said.

"Take a week to think of it," Gabriel answered, fearful of pressing her too hard at once. "Give me your answer in a week—not now."

"Very well, dear," she answered, drawing herself away from him.

The interview ended there, and Helen retired to her own room, a little bower of a place which overlooked the gardens. It had been her mother's favourite retiring-room; and a good many of her girlish treasures were still to be seen there—old-fashioned little boxes decorated with sea-shells, daguerreotypes of schoolfellows (whose features were so faded that they were only to be seen when the silver-plate was held askant), birthday books and summer annuals, with faded flowers pressed between the leaves. Standing at the open window, she saw Douglas still lounging lonely to and fro upon the lawn beneath. He looked up suddenly and brightly, as though her presence had actually touched him.

"Good-night, Mr. Douglas," she said, nodding to him through the open window.

"Good-night, Miss Kenyon," he answered, raising his hat, and looking up to her.

At this moment Gabriel re-entered the dining-room, and it was then for the first time that he actually realised that his guest was a young man, his niece a young woman, and he himself the least guarded of tacticians.

XIV.

Douglas, happily unconscious of Gabriel's discovery, stood looking up at the little figure above him, until Helen, with a final nod and a smile, drew down the window, and disappeared. Then, not noticing Gabriel in the dim twilight of the dining-room, Dick turned away and strolled until he reached the gravel drive, and, pursuing this, came to the gates. He stood there, thinking of Helen, and nothing but Helen, until the sound of a footstep awoke him from his reverie. He turned, and saw a small boy, who wore a kind of half uniform, and carried a leather satchel.

"If you please, Sir," piped the boy, "are you Mr. Douglas?"

"I am Mr. Douglas."

The boy produced a telegram addressed to "Richard Douglas, Esquire, the Lodge, Perry Houghton."

Whilst Douglas broke the envelope, the boy was making off.

"Wait a moment," said Dick, "I may have to send an answer."

A glance at the telegram showed him that it came from Major Morton, and that it invited him to meet the Major at the railway station at half-past six that evening. The boy stood with so strongly marked an air of guilt upon him that the recipient of the message was at once assured that it was by his unassisted agency that the telegram had been delayed.

"Received here," said the form, "at 5.13."

"How is it," Douglas asked, severely, "that you have taken three hours to bring this telegram from the post-office?"

"There aint no telegraph at the post-office," said the boy, defending himself obliquely, after the manner of his kind—"the telegraph's at the railway station."

"This," said Dick, with an added severity, "is an evasion—the merest of evasions. How is it that you did not bring this telegram three hours ago?" The right toe, the right knee, and the knuckles of the criminal's right hand bore the marks of a clayey soil. "You have been stopping to play at marbles, you young villain!" said the barrister. This swift detection of the particular crime of which he had been guilty was incomprehensible to the defaulter. "You will live," said Douglas, assuming a judicial air, "to be hanged. How do you know, Sir, that the fate of empires may not tremble in the balance whilst you engage in frivolous pursuits, and waste the time and unprofitably absorb the revenues of the State?"

At this, the small boy, whose conscience was already too heavily burdened, began to weep with so doleful a vigour that Douglas destroyed the value of the moral lesson he had striven to enforce upon him by the gift of an undeserved sixpence, and bade him go about his business.

"If you please, Sir," said the small boy, then, "a gent was asking for you at the railway station."

"When?" Douglas demanded.

"He came down by the six-thirty, Sir," said the small boy, "from London, and he asked the station-master if he could say if Mr. Douglas was in Perry Houghton. The station-master said as he believed you was, Sir; and the gent said as if you come to the railway station later on, he'd gone to the hotel, Sir."

Douglas, dismissing the messenger, walked towards the hotel, wondering what might have induced the Major to visit him. Arrived there, he was in the act of inquiring at the bar, when the Major himself rose from the corner of the apartment and approached him. The two shook hands, Douglas with a pleased warmth and the Major with an odd kind of doggedness.

"What's the matter?" Douglas asked him.

"I thought," said the Major, "that I'd run down and have a look at you. Come into the smoking-room—there's nobody there—let us have a chat."

The old campaigner's manner was curious, and his companion was impressed by it with the idea that some business of importance had led him here.

Save for themselves, the smoking-room was empty.

"What is it?" Douglas asked, when he found that they were alone.

The Major set down the glass he had carried from the bar, and dropped into a seat with an unsuccessful pretence of friendly commonplace.

"I thought," he said, "I'd just run down and have a look at you."

There was nothing in this that need have surprised Douglas; but the Major's air and manner were at variance with the purport of his words.

"Are you quite sure there is nothing wrong, old man?" Dick asked him.

"I don't know how you can expect anybody to be sure of that," replied the Major.

"Look here, Morton," said Dick, "if you have anything to say to me, don't break it. Of all the devices for doubling the forces of misfortune, that is the most successful. You look like a bearer of bad news. If you are, give it me at once, with no beating about the bush."

"My dear Dick," responded the Major, "I am the bearer of no news at all. I have absolutely nothing to tell you, except that I wanted to see you, and that I am here."

Morton had contrived, in the course of his journey, to reach the conclusion that he had been started upon a false errand, and he had resolved to say nothing at all about the original object of his journey. His protest was quite enough for Douglas; and, in a minute or two, they were chatting gaily about trifles.

"I am getting back," said the Major, "into a good opinion of my fellow-men. Did I ever speak to you about my grandmother's second cousin, my great-aunt Maria?"

"Never," answered Douglas.

"I call her my great-aunt Maria," said the Major, "by way of simplifying things. The relationship is distant; but I have always been a favourite of the old lady's, and she has announced her intention of leaving me a somewhat considerable sum of money. The intention has been announced for a long time, but now the poor old lady is very frail and old, and it seems likely to be fulfilled. I mention this," the Major added, "because it will explain to you how I came to be dining the other night at the same table with so respectable a personage as your host's solicitor. I mentioned your name, said I had heard of him through you, and spoke of you much more highly than you deserve. To my surprise, he also spoke much more highly of you than you deserve, and he told me that you were likely to do extremely well."

Dick laughed, and put the subject by.

"It is not in mortals to deserve success," he answered; "but we'll do what we can—Sempronius. It is pleasanter out of doors than here," he added; "let us have a stroll together."

They went out into the quiet of the village street, arm-in-arm. The latest lingering glow of twilight still hung in the higher skies, and all the sounds of village life that reached their ears had a tranquil clearness in their tone. They chatted in subdued voices, as if there were a something sacred in the quiet of the time, and they feared to break upon it.

Between the narrow ribbon of a foot-path and the broader strip of horse-road, when they were once outside the straggling double line of houses, there lay a broad band of turf; and walking noiselessly along this they were both suddenly startled by a loud ejaculation.

"Sacré nom du diable!"

Twenty yards in front, a little lonely man had pursued the same road with them since they had left the hotel. He was half hidden in the obscurity of the evening, and, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and bent head, had lounged on altogether unregarded. He was met at the bend of the lane by another shadowy figure; and this new-comer was the author of the exclamation.

"What!" said the little man, looking up, and speaking in English-sounding French, "You here!"

"Behold me!" said the other, in a croaking triumph.

The Major drew his companion from the strip of turf into the horse-road; and when their steps became audible, the two who had just encountered each other turned swiftly, looked towards them, and, as if by one impulse, moved away.

"Major," said Douglas, "that was little Sullivan."

"I thought so," said the Major.

"I am sure of it," said Dick. "I knew his voice at once. What is he doing here, I wonder?"

"What a tiny bit of a world it is!" said the Major. "One is always running unexpectedly against people one knows."

It was noticeable that from this point the Major's flow of spirits became fitful. Sometimes he talked with a hectic gaiety for a minute or two, and then would sink into silence, leaving a sentence incomplete.

"Major," said Dick, coupling this with his friend's odd demeanour at their meeting, "what's the matter with you? Tell me. There's something on your mind."

"There are many things upon my mind," replied the Major; "but, upon my word of honour, I have nothing to tell you that it at all concerns me in the slightest degree to tell."

With this assurance Dick was fain to be contented; and they had fallen to talk once more upon indifferent topics when Mr. Kenyon, with his habitual stoop and his hands twined behind him, appeared in the roadway, and threw a friendly greeting to his guest.

Since the moment, now nearly an hour ago, when Gabriel's eyes had been suddenly opened to the possibilities of Douglas's presence in his house, he had given himself up to reflections on the best means of getting quit of him. He was still in conscience bound to do what he could for the young gentleman's advancement, and was quite resolved to acquit himself to admiration; but he was not bound to make matrimonial chances for him, to his own disadvantage. He knew nothing of what was growing up in the young fellow's mind, or of what might be growing up in the girl's; he only recognised a possibility which had hitherto remained unseen, and was on his guard against it.

Since it would be immoral to pretend business for the sake of shortening Douglas's visit, he had resolved to create business which would take himself and Helen away. He needed a day or two to put his invention into practice, and in the meantime it was natural to seem unusually friendly with his guest in order that he might have the better show of reluctance in parting from him when the time came. His greeting, therefore, was unusually warm and cordial, and he stopped short in the lane to exchange a genial word or two.

"My friend, Major Morton, Mr. Kenyon," said Douglas.

Gabriel shook hands with Major Morton, and was a little effusive in his pleasure at meeting any friend of his dear and valued young friend.

The Major, with the memory of Sullivan's story of that afternoon still heavy on him, was not effusive.

"Is Major Morton visiting in the neighbourhood?" Gabriel asked.

"We are old friends," said Dick, "and he ran down to see me."

"Pray, Sir," cried Gabriel, "whilst you stay here, stay with me."

"Thank you," said the Major, rather coolly, "but I go back to town to-morrow."

Gabriel was pressing. A friend of Mr. Douglas's, staying at Perry Haughton, must not rest outside his walls. He was so very warm and genial about it that, without giving some actual reason for refusal, Morton felt that refusal was scarcely possible.

Mr. Kenyon dispatched a man to the hotel for the Major's belongings, and the three walked to the Lodge together.

It is probable that Mr. Kenyon imagined himself to have secured a curious guest in the person of Major Morton. That gentleman had next to nothing to say for himself, but sat for the most part in absolute silence, watching his host. Gabriel became aware that he was the object of the new-comer's constant and careful scrutiny; and, in his own keen and furtive way, he returned it. The battle (for in a little while it resolved itself to that) was unequal. The Major, being caught in the act of watching Gabriel, continued to watch him as though he had not been detected. Gabriel's glance being met by the Major, slid away instantly, and made many furtive approaches towards him before it dared again to dwell upon his face.

When a man keeps a skeleton of Gabriel's sort in the cupboard, he is likely to be suspicious of other men's knowledge of it, or their suspicion of its existence. There was no reason to suspect the new-comer of anything, no reason in the world to suppose that he knew anything to Gabriel's disadvantage. But the discovered criminal is happy compared with the criminal undiscovered; and the guest's cold glance and brief replies played havoc with the host's nerves.

Douglas, who had never seen his old companion in the society of his social equals, set his curious bearing down to shyness: though he could hardly reconcile this theory with what he knew of Morton's character and career.

Up to now, the Major had only heard of Mr. Kenyon. Dick had been enthusiastic about his goodness—had chronicled his benefactions to the village, his leniency as a magistrate, his long-suffering and generosity as a landlord. The Major, who was by nature, belief, and practice a physiognomist, looked in Kenyon's countenance for a sign of the qualities he had heard attributed to him, and looked in vain. The man had suffered, and had suffered profoundly. That was evident. But, to the observer's mind, he had suffered selfishly; and his face confessed him capable of an egotism which might be more than ordinarily cruel.

Partly in pursuance of the resolve he had arrived at an hour or two before, and partly to conciliate this cold and watchful guest's opinion, Gabriel laid himself out to play the part of the cordial and amiable host. He took observant notice of the tint of his visitor's nose; and, though he had a constitutional dislike to a toper, he was willing to play upon what he supposed to be a foible. He produced a bottle of a certain wonderful old claret; but the Major only sipped at his glass, and was politely but stonily unsuspceptible of pressure.

How far his opinions were influenced by the story he had heard, it might be difficult to say; but it is pretty certain that he would have met Kenyon with a frank dislike on whatever ground, and under what circumstances soever, they had encountered each other. As it was, the story, to the Major's mind, looked as though it might be true. Sullivan was here, and being here had a purpose. The man he had met in the lane was Peltzer, for a thousand pounds! It was hard to accept the hospitality held out to him under such conditions. The best he could do was to hold himself in a frozen state of non-committal, and to get away as soon as might be. He had resolved quite a long time ago—it seemed almost from the beginning of his journey—that he had no right to burden Douglas with a knowledge of Sullivan's tale. But, if the tale were true, and Peltzer were actually here, the blow must fall soon, and in the contemplation of that possibility, the Major was at once curious and disturbed.

"If I may be excused, I will leave you and your friend to your devices," said Kenyon, when he had spent an uncomfortable half hour with his guests. "You know my ways. I am an early riser, Major Morton; and to be an early riser, one must retire early."

He shook hands with a rather overdone affectation of geniality, and went away to his own room.

It happens, oftener than most people are disposed to imagine, that the mental atmosphere which one man carries about with him is communicated to another. Gabriel had not been so disturbed for many years as he was to-night. The cold air of suspicion surrounded him and chilled him, though not a word had been spoken, and there was nothing tangible to rest a fear upon. Until to-night he had never been in the neighbourhood of suspicion, and, voiceless as it was, it reached him. A heavy sense of impending mischief hung upon him, and he tried to shake it off in vain. He reasoned with himself, but presentiments are outside the range of reason, and for a little while he fell into a sort of waking nightmare. The

mood wore itself out, and before he had been an hour alone he was fairly tranquil and self-possessed again. But his night was broken by dreams, and from some prodigious distance a threatening hand seemed to approach him with such an awful slowness that it seemed as if a very eternity of time must pass before it reached him, though its grasp could hardly be more dreadful than the fear of it.

Dick and the Major sat and chatted until near midnight, when they also retired. Morton had contrived, after Gabriel's disappearance, to regain his customary manner, and so well succeeded in disguising his discomforts that his companion had no suspicion of them. But when he reached the bedroom which had been assigned to him for the night, he threw open the window, and, leaning out with his arm upon the sill, he surrendered himself to thoughts and fancies which were by no means agreeable. The night, though dark (for the moon had not yet risen), was warm and richly perfumed; and the Major, kneeling upon a chair before the window, and leaning with head and shoulders in the open air, fell in the midst of his perplexities into a doze. His perplexities accompanied him, and under the impression that he was thinking them out with exceeding perspicacity, he dropped into a profound slumber, which he endured for an hour or so.

He awoke suddenly at a rustling sound, and being one of those who pass from sleeping to waking at a bound (as most men do who have been accustomed to dangerous and adventurous lives), he was in full possession of all his faculties in an instant. The moon by this time had risen. For half a score of yards, or thereabouts, the shadow of the house lay dark before him; but beyond that space everything was illumined. He saw but dimly at first, but when he had searched for and had found his eye-glass, he discovered, not far beyond the broad line of shadow cast by the building, the figure of a man who stood half hidden behind a laurel-bush.

This figure, without actually crouching, stooped a little, as though the man had an instinct to make himself small, to escape the chance of observation. Just as Morton sighted the man, he moved, and the rustling sound which had awakened the sleeper was repeated. The laurel now obscured him altogether, and the Major waited for a full half minute before he again caught sight of him. He felt that he had no need to be profoundly suspicious by nature to attribute to this person some intent not altogether honest. If he had been familiar with the house, he would probably have descended, and have, at least, attempted a capture. But, as it was, he could think of nothing better than to address the suspicious stranger. He did this in a mildly conversational tone, which was almost conciliatory in its blandness.

"Hullo! You there!" said the Major. "What is your little game, Sir?"

The man cast a startled glance in his direction; and, turning, ran like the wind. He sped so wildly that his haste betrayed him; and in crashing through a fine of rhododendrons he tangled his feet, and fell heavily; but recovering himself, he raced on again until he reached the wall, which he mounted with great agility, and, dropping on the other side, disappeared from view. The Major heard his racing footsteps in the lane, and listened until they died away in the distance.

This small episode discomfited him curiously, for he could not rid himself of the belief that he had recognised the man whom he had seen, but for an instant, that evening in colloquy with Sullivan.

XV.

There are thousands of passably brave people who are experimentally aware that fears which are barely supportable in the night-time, vanish with the coming of the day. When Gabriel Kenyon awoke, at the entrance of his quiet and well-conditioned servant, and the man drew aside the curtains and pulled up the blinds, the warm summer sunlight, already lying broadcast about the landscape, seemed at once to banish the troubles which had haunted him in sleep. The cause of his fears had been altogether too shadowy to endure; and, as he dressed, he wondered a little at himself for having been touched by it at all.

In a little while his thoughts passed to what seemed a more substantial trouble. It was not strange that, with the abnormal training he had given himself, he should have grown profoundly superstitious. It had been a habit with him, in the days when he was first becoming persuaded of his own regeneration and pardon, to make the decision of his puppet Providence hang upon any little trifle. The unexpected submission of a quarrelsome tenant with a turn for litigation—the passing of a cloud from the landscape—the very flight of a bird from a bough—and a thousand other things as little bearing on his case, had been accepted by him as omens. In his more nervous times, he played, as it were, at pitch and toss for his own soul; and, in the practice of the *sortes* (which was a favourite occupation of his) was elevated or depressed by the text he fell upon. And now he made the question of Lord Bagleigh's proposal to Helen, and her acceptance or non-acceptance of it, a test. If he were really and truly pardoned, Helen would consent; if he were not really and truly pardoned, but were yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, her refusal would be a sign to him.

He had played this self-tormenting game with everything that happened to him for years. He had put his doubts to the touch, finally and decisively, a hundred thousand times, at a moderate computation, in this wise; but, though they were always going to be settled for good and all, they had for a long time refused to be laid by this or any other process he could discover. As he gradually ceased to suffer, he ceased to repent; for in such a nature what is called repentance is but dislike of pain, pure and simple. He had been able readily to forgive himself, and, having forgiven himself, had been able to believe that he was forgiven. But even when he had settled down into his own most stolid and fixed self-approval, he was liable to be shaken from it at any moment by any and every little wind of circumstance. It was half-a-dozen years since his balance had been so completely disarranged as it began to be now. The fear of detection from



"Oh! I say, come, look here, you know," said Lord Bagleigh, "this is pitching it too strong."—See page 39.

outside had been absurd, but it had left him newly prone to his old spiritual qualms.

In his inmost heart he was rather relieved to have come to this conclusion about the Bagleigh episode, because he desired the match; and his new view of the proposal left him conscience-free to do his best in order to secure it.

To unravel and to reel up into orderly narrative the spider's-web sophistries he constantly and hourly spun for himself would be tedious, if it were possible; but this much may be taken as an indication.

It was his habit in fine weather to walk for half an hour before breakfast, and this exercise was generally taken in his own grounds. This morning, being wishful to be left alone with his thoughts, he passed through the gate and walked towards the village, where an occasional nod of urbane condescension was all that was expected of him in the way of social intercourse.

It may have been an active factor in the formation of the local opinion about him that he permitted himself none of those relaxations in attire which are customary with English gentlemen. Nobody had ever seen Mr. Kenyon, since he took up his residence at the Lodge, in morning tweeds. The local rustic imagination would have failed to picture him as he would have appeared in a round hat and a shooting-jacket. He was invariably dressed in black. A frock coat, cut somewhat long, in a rather antique but prodigiously respectable style; a glossy hat, rather unusually broad in the brim, and having something of an ecclesiastical, or even episcopal, suggestion in its form; high collars, of the shape which had been fashionable in his youth; a satin stock, the shining buckle of which showed behind his neck as he stooped in walking; black gloves, which were always tight and new and glossy—all these things, in conjunction with his staid walk and the studied deliberation and suavity of his address, helped to mark him in the minds of his less important neighbours. They indicated respectability of the highest and solidest sort; they even indicated goodness.

He was getting on in years now, and, what with his age and his troubles, his hair had grown to a silver whiteness. His scrupulously-shaven face had a delicate but not unhealthy pallor. He walked slowly, with his hands behind his back, or held in front of him as he toyed with his gold-rimmed pincenez. It would be hard to picture a more respectable figure than he presented as he passed slowly down the village street, returning here and there the salutations with which he was greeted.

Auguste Moreau had never seemed more profoundly and securely buried than at the hour which heralded his resurrection.

At the doorway of the village hotel, Mr. Kenyon discerned a stranger of unmistakably foreign aspect. He was dressed coarsely and cheaply, and he carried his fineries with an almost ferocious swagger. Mr. Kenyon gave him a condescendingly polite "Good morning," being always willing to impress by his urbanity. The foreign stranger raised his hat, and responded to his salutation with a marked accent. Gabriel passed on, not displeased at the impression his aspect had evidently produced upon the foreign person. Gustave Peltzer stared after him, and no more associated him with Auguste Moreau than with the man in the moon. But a small bald man, who stood bare-headed within the doorway, felt the palms of his hands suddenly hot and moist, and rubbed them together with a feeble groan as the unconscious quarry and the unrecognising huntsman saluted each other.

"What ails you, mon bon?" cried the swaggering foreigner, turning at the sound, and looking in at the doorway.

"Rien," responded the poor Sullivan, miserably, "rien de tout."

"Order for me," said Peltzer, "a little glass of brandy, and pay for it. It is well you came here. This scoundrel of a patron here demands to be paid for all things before they are served, because I am without baggage. By-and-by, my friend, I will affront him with the sight of more money than he ever saw before."

Sullivan rubbed his baldness pensively, wagged his head,



Mr. Kenyon gave him a condescendingly polite "Good morning."

and tried to smile; but his attempt to recall his old self was a failure, and he went off dismally to order the brandy the imperious Peltzer had demanded.

Meanwhile, Gabriel pursued his way in the odour of respectability, and savoured with an even unusual relish the marks of respect and consideration with which he was greeted. He pondered as he went, and dwelt particularly on the folly of which he had been guilty in throwing an inviting and attractive young man so prominently in the way of an impressionable girl. It would, no doubt, have been possible to dismiss Douglas; but he matured the plan by which, without departing in any way from the strictest line of veracity, he could enable himself in the course of a day or two to announce imperative business which would take himself and Helen away from Perry Haughton, and he promised himself that until the girl should be safely married she should be no more placed in the way of ineligible young gentlemen. The thing became of infinite importance to him, for nothing less than success with Bagleigh and with Helen could convince him of his own safety. The fact that he had in like manner been convinced of his safety beforehand, and convinced of the impossibility of safety, had no weight with him. His tests had always been, by virtue of that power of self-deception which made him what he was, matters of the most urgent moment with him.

With all his thoughts to absorb him, he was not less punctual than usual. He appeared at the breakfast-table at the stroke of nine, and took his seat there. Douglas had already introduced the Major to Helen, and the quartette sat down in a rather unsocial silence. Morton was still exercised by his own particular problem. Douglas was a little puzzled and disturbed by his old comrade's manner. Gabriel was sunk deep in the consideration of his test and its chances; and Helen was thus left with nobody to talk to her who did not give her cross questions or crooked answers.

In the middle of the repast, the venerable Partridge toddled in with the post-bag. Gabriel unlocked it, discovered there two or three letters addressed to his niece and one to Douglas, together with some ten or a dozen directed to himself. He threw these down, after sorting them from the others, and the Major, on whose side of the table he laid them, saw at the top of the little pile the broad superscription of Sullivan's letter. It fascinated him, and his talk began to go altogether at random. In answer to Douglas, he said one or two things so manifestly inappropriate and absurd, that even Gabriel came out of his preoccupation to stare at him.

The Major noticed the sensation he produced, and made a strenuous effort to command himself.

Kenyon showed no disposition to hurry over the reading of his correspondence. He pushed the letters about with the tips of his fingers, looking idly at the address of one and the seal of another, and then continued his breakfast.

Sullivan's letter was now more than half-way hidden from the Major's gaze, but whether he looked at it or no, he was forced to read its contents over and over again, and the very flourishes of the capitals and finals were clearly before him.

It seemed an age before Gabriel had finished his frugal breakfast; but at last he rose, took up his letters in both hands, nodded round in a casual manner, and withdrew, to the Major's momentary but prodigious relief, to the library.

Here he seated himself at a knee-table which stood in the recess of a bow-window looking upon the lawn. He laid the letters down before him, and, drumming on the table with his fingers, sat thinking out the Bagleigh Providence test until he had brought himself to believe that he was fairly certain of success in it. Then he began to open his letters, turning each one round before he broke the envelope, and making elaborate use of his delicate fingers in the manipulation of them. Sullivan's epistle lay about half-way down. The plain blue business envelope and the broad clerk-like handwriting naturally told him nothing. He opened the letter with no sense of premonition of its contents; but the first words upon which his eye lighted brought him to his feet. He stood for a moment quite dazed and sick, and slowly and automatically re-seating himself, he tried to read. He had so far seen nothing but the name of his cousin

Robert's murderer, and, what with the sick singing in his head, the sudden film before his eyes, and the way in which the paper shook in his trembling fingers, he could make out nothing more. At last he held the letter resolutely down upon the desk before him with both hands, and, poring on it with a dreadful eagerness, mastered its contents. His face was of the colour of lead, and he began to quake from head to foot, as though he had been struck suddenly with palsy.

Horribly as the letter affected him, he seemed at first to have no comprehension of it. He was like a man hit by a bludgeon, who is too much stunned to know for the moment what has happened to him. But when the first ghastly terror of the shock had passed away, he re-read the letter.

resemblance to his usual characters, which were peculiarly small, neat, and cruel.

In effect, the letter briefly informed Mr. Sullivan that Mr. Kenyon was at home, and would see him at once. When it was written, enveloped, and addressed, Gabriel stood for a minute to recover a semblance of the tran-



"I could never marry Lord Bagleigh," answered Helen.

"Is there anybody, dear, whom you could marry, if he asked you?" said Gabriel.—See page 39.

and saw that his dead-and-buried secret was alive and abroad again. When once his mind began to clear, he grappled with the phantom desperately, and struggled with it with all his might. The letter, in spite of its purposed ambiguity, was clearer than the day. His identity with Auguste Moreau was known. Moreau's crime was known.

But the letter offered help. Since the Major had read it, Sullivan had added a postscript to the effect that, if it were worth Mr. Kenyon's while to see him, he would be found, at the time at which this letter would be delivered, at the village hotel. There could be no object in the writer's mind in this, thought Gabriel, but the levying of black-mail. Well, there was little in the way of black-mail which he was not prepared to pay. He knew that he could be forced to part with anything rather than have his secret known.

He had scarcely come to this conclusion, when a sort of blind, wild, fighting instinct welled up in him, and surprised him by its vigour and intensity. He would yield what must needs be yielded; but he would save himself at any hazard, and at least he would face this phantom fighting. To a man agitated by such thoughts as these, physical motion was a necessity; and he paced up and down the room until his quickened pulses and his unexpected fighting instinct so inspired him that he was able to sit down and write. The handwriting was hurried and disordered, and had little

quillity, and then, ringing the bell, directed the man who answered it to the Railway Arms, with instructions to ask for an immediate answer. The servant took the letter, noticing unusual in the employer's demeanour; and Gabriel, walking up and down the library, resigned himself to wait.

Conscience, naturally enough, was altogether dormant, and lay quiet. She had no voice in this matter. Here was a real danger to be faced—a danger which could only be confronted with a real weapon in the hand.

Whilst he waited, he shot conjecture far and wide. Who was the man who threatened him? How had he come to know anything which should enable him to threaten? And why had he himself been allowed to live all these years in prosperity and peace? None of these questions were answerable until the man appeared; but they kept up a clamour of anguished astonishment within him, and were as exigent as the very desire of safety itself.

He walked faster and faster up and down the room in his excitement, and the motion gave him courage. It was all so long ago. He was so firmly established in respectability. He had for years borne a character so unblemished that the idea of charging him with such a crime must needs seem preposterous. He got up within his own mind a sort of blustering disdain at it. Was it possible that a man of his position, of his family, of his reputation for goodness, could be assailed by such a charge? Then this high-soaring



"Are you the person who addressed me yesterday, signing himself Cyrus Sullivan?"

braggadocio was pierced through and through with fear, and fell to the ground like lead. What had been, had been. The thing was done; there was no undoing it. If it were proved against him, if it could be proved against him, in spite of his repentance, in spite of the sanctity and benevolence of his life, in spite of that charming understanding with Providence that he had long arrived at, he would be tried, sentenced, and hanged—he, Gabriel Kenyon.

When he had reached to this conclusion, and had begun to feel a hysteric rebellion at it as being altogether unjust and horrible, the man whom he had dispatched to the Railway Arms returned to say that the person who had been sent for was in attendance.

"Let him come in when I ring," said Gabriel. The walls of his body seemed to surround a vacuum, and he was cold, and a little inclined to be sick. He was an abstemious man, as a rule, but he longed for a stimulant, and nothing kept him back from calling for it but the knowledge that the summons would bring in his visitor. He made a prodigious effort to recover his self-control, and, having drawn his chair away from the clear light of the window, he sank into it, and laid a hand upon the bell-pull. He sat thus for a minute before he found courage to ring, and when at last he did so he sounded an unusually agitated and noisy peal. This brought in Mr. Sullivan, who advanced a few steps into the room and there paused, looking much less like a man who was about to accuse another than a man about to be accused.

Gabriel, fixing his gold-rimmed pincenez with the trembling fingers of both hands, looked up at him, seeing nothing except that the man was there. What manner of man it was, his eyes refused to tell him.

He cleared his throat, and in a voice which, though rather unusually harsh and dry, was still so commonplace business-like that its sound encouraged him, he asked,

"Are you the person who addressed me yesterday, signing himself Cyrus Sullivan?"

"I had that pleasure," Mr. Sullivan responded—"that honour."

"What was your purpose in writing that letter?" Gabriel asked.

Cyrus murmured something, of which the words "amicable understanding" were alone audible. Kenyon began to gather courage more and more.

"I must ask you to explain yourself," he said, speaking pretty firmly now. "What was your object in addressing this letter to me?"

"Well," returned Mr. Sullivan, "I thought you might take it in a friendly way. I thought it might be useful to you."

This, though it was spoken with an extreme feebleness and humility, disconcerted Gabriel so profoundly that all his old symptoms came back again together, and he could find nothing to say in answer to it.

"You see, Sir," pursued Cyrus, who was almost as much frightened as Gabriel himself, "that I am not the mover in this matter. If there should turn out to be anything against Mr. Moreau, I thought it might be worth while to put him on his guard."

"Why should you come to me," asked Gabriel, "to speak of this man? Why, supposing that the man exists at all, should you imagine me to have an interest in him?"

"I suppose, Sir," said Cyrus, tremulously, appearing to disregard this question, "I suppose, Sir, that you don't remember me." Gabriel looked towards him, and tried to make a study of his features.

"I do not remember," he said, hoarsely, "that I ever encountered you before."

"I had the pleasure," said Cyrus, "of travelling from Paris to London with Monsieur Moreau on the Tenth day of January, in the year 1868."

Gabriel's grey face went a tone greyer. "After that," pursued Sullivan, "I had the pleasure of accompanying you by coach as far as Perry Haughton. You may remember that you alighted at the King and Constitution."

The merest hint of Sullivan's habitual bird-like insolence of manner remained to him; but this was only because the fashions of a lifetime could not be thrown away in a moment.

As for Gabriel, he felt as though a net were being drawn inexorably about him.

"What induced you," he asked, speaking with great difficulty; "what induced you to follow me here?"

"I was instructed," answered Sullivan, "to follow Monsieur Moreau from Paris, and to find out where he went."

"Well, Sir," cried Gabriel, with a ghastly attempt to bluster, "what has Monsieur Moreau to do with me?"

"Oh, if you come to that, Sir," said Sullivan, "I shall have to beg your pardon."

Gabriel's faculty of fence deserted him altogether. He sat limp, and realised his destiny so forcibly that he was impelled to tug with the fingers of both hands at his collar, feeling as if it choked him. Sullivan, in spite of his own terror at the situation, began to grow a little bolder.

"I should like you to understand, Sir," he said, "that I am not acting for myself."

Gabriel rose from his seat, and holding by the back of an armchair, which stood near him, and swaying to and fro a little, spoke, with his eyes upon the ground.

"Who set you to watch this man Moreau?"

He knew that the pretence was practically futile, but he could not help employing it.

"A gentleman," responded Sullivan, "who lived in the same house with him. A gentleman who occupied the room above him."

As if every day and hour and instant which stood between him and his crime had vanished, Gabriel saw the shabby littered room, and the bed in the corner with the quiet figure on it. He could hear quite distinctly the sound of a muffled irregular breathing, and for the first time in his life he was able to localise it. It sounded from overhead.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

"His name," said Sullivan, "is Armand Camus, but he was known to you as Gustave Peltzer."

"To me?" cried Gabriel. "No man of that name was ever known to me."

"He says," rejoined Sullivan, "that Monsieur Moreau, who was a doctor, knew him well, and attended him once when he broke his wrist."

"You know this man?" asked Gabriel, still with his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes," Cyrus answered.

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"Do you mean in Perry Haughton?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You spoke in your letter," said Gabriel, desperately, feeling his way to meet what he knew must come at last, "you spoke in your letter of a danger which threatened Monsieur Moreau. What is that danger?"

Now, Mr. Sullivan's sole acquaintance with murders had been made by a not very diligent study of the Newgate Calendar and an occasional tour through the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Gabriel Kenyon did not in the

slightest degree answer to his conception of a murderer. The size of the house he owned and lived in, the eminent respectability of his attire, the very furniture of the apartment in which they stood, seemed to protest, to Cyrus's mind, against the supposition of his guilt. For this, and perhaps for one other reason, a little more flattering to himself, Cyrus felt the shadowy personality of Monsieur Moreau to be something of a shelter to him.

"You see, Sir," Cyrus answered, with a frightened amiability, "if what Peltzer says is true, and Monsieur Moreau were caught, he would be hanged."

Gabriel, still holding with one hand to the back of the chair before him, sent the fingers of the other nervously to his collar, where they tugged at it as if he felt a sudden tightness at the throat.

"He would be hanged?" said Gabriel.

"The affair, Sir," said Cyrus, "happened in France, but it was"—he searched for a word, and only finding the one that came first, skipped over it as delicately as he could—"the affair was committed, Sir, in France, but Monsieur Moreau was an English subject, and so was the other gentleman."

"And now," said Gabriel, "what is your object in bringing this history to me?"

"Well, Sir," replied Sullivan, rubbing his hands together in a manner almost ingratiatory, "if I had not brought it, it might have been brought by another person in another way."

"And you suppose me," said Gabriel, still hiding himself behind that unavailing shelter which concealed no tremor of his inmost heart—"you suppose me to be interested in the affairs of Monsieur Moreau, and I presume you expect me to induce him to make some recognition of your desire to be of service to him."

And here (almost as much to his own surprise as to Gabriel's) an unexpected trait declared itself to Mr. Sullivan.

"No," he said, "I don't. I could not touch a penny if I wanted bread." He spoke with vehemence, and, for the first time, naturally.

"What do you want, then?" Gabriel asked. "Why do you come here?"

"I don't know why I came here," responded Cyrus, "except that that damned scoundrel gloated so, I couldn't bear to think of having had a hand in it. If you take my tip," he added, "you'll get from here as fast as you can get anything to carry you. He's got neither heart nor bowels. He'll bleed you to your last shilling, and as likely as not when you're cleaned out he'll write to Scotland-yard."

This was by no means what he had come prepared to say. The Major's shot had hit the mark, and Mr. Sullivan's primary intent to warn Mr. Gabriel was at least tinged by some hope of securing pecuniary benefit. But when he came to the point, he discovered that he was not of the stuff of which blackmailers for crime are made, and a sudden vivid horror of money got in that way took hold upon him. Besides this, the feeble little Cyrus, who had hardly ever kept a conscience in his life, and had long since ceased to trouble himself much about small scruples of any sort, felt it in his heart to be a deadly pity that so respectable seeming a personage as Gabriel Kenyon, living in such a house, and owning such a property, and such a reputation, should be submitted to the final pains and penalties of the law for a crime committed so long ago. He was not a statesman, he was not a moralist. His chief faults were that he lied and was lazy: his only virtue was that, in so far as he could be, he was harmlessly good-natured. He had begun an enterprise which was altogether too laborious for him, and he here abandoned it.

"If I could have got at you before," he said, "I would have given you the office earlier. But when I got down last night, I found that fellow here before me; and now, if what he's got to say is true, the best advice that anybody can give you is to cut and run, and leave him in the lurch. You don't know at any minute when he'll turn up; and if he once lays hold of you, he'll stick like a leech."

Gabriel began helplessly to turn his eyes this way and that, and worse, suddenly, every sign which marks a hunted creature. And whilst Sullivan was pressing him to lose no time, and he was casting here and there to guess what he might do to save himself from the threatened danger, something of a fracas arose in the hall outside, and a bullying voice was heard.

"Mais, mon ami, je le connais depuis longtemps. Nous sommes de vrais amis—de vieux amis! Laissez moi, donc! Ou est il, ce Monsieur Kenyon? Je voudrais bien l'embrasser. Moi—son ancien camarade—le cœur de son cœur—l'âme de son âme!"

"I can't understand a word you're saying," piped the voice of the ancient Partridge. "You don't suppose that a fellow like you can force your way into a gentleman's house whether he will or no, and go where he wants to. If you don't go, I shall have to call the police."

"Je n'ai pas peur de ça," cried the voice outside. "Je vous comprends, mon bon, parfaitement: malgré le fait que je ne parle pas Anglais. Mais laissez moi passer, ou je vous écraserai."

"Thank God," cried Gabriel Kenyon, piously, "there is not a creature in the house who can understand him!"

But, at this instant, the voice of Major Morton broke in upon the mingled tones of Partridge and the intruder, demanding, in perfect French, to know the reason of the disturbance. At this, Gabriel cast both hands above his head.

"It's all over," he said, "all over!" and moving his hands with a dreadful writhing motion in the air—whilst Sullivan looked vainly about for a hiding-place—he fell at full length upon the floor.

XVI.

The Major had packed up his scanty traps to be gone, and was on his way to the hall with intent to seek out his host and bid him farewell, when the sound of Monsieur Peltzer's bullying voice was first heard.

"And here," said the Major to himself (being in need of no very great penetration or swiftness to enable him at once to grasp the situation)—"here is Mr. Sullivan's partner."

He stood on the stairs for a moment to survey Peltzer. That personage had obviously taken more cognate than was good for him, and he was so exalted at the prospect of being able to bully a man of Kenyon's social pretensions, and by his own conceptions of the wealth of the immediate future, that he shone all over with a swaggering complacency.

The Major had not had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur Peltzer until now, but he knew his kind, and when the intruder began to threaten the old butler, he thought it time to interfere.

"Come, come," said the Major, descending the stairs, "what is all this row about?"

Peltzer swaggered round upon him, and flourished off his hat, with an insolent leer of mock politeness.

"I have the honour," said he, "to be a dear and intimate old friend of Monsieur Kenyon's. His domestics refuse to introduce me to his presence."

"You had better send in your name to Mr. Kenyon, and state your business," said the Major, quietly.

It was no affair of his. It promised to be an ugly business for all concerned in it. He had not the faintest desire to

intrude into the secrets of Messieurs Peltzer and Kenyon, whom he was already disposed to regard in his own mind as a very fitting pair; but he had no sooner set eyes upon Peltzer and heard him speak, than he experienced a vivid longing to see him soundly horsewhipped.

"But, my friend"—said Peltzer, laying a hand upon the Major's shoulder.

"Take your hand away," said the Major, interrupting him with little ceremony, and holding him at a distance with the point of his walking-cane.

"My friend," said Peltzer, unabashed, "I desire to give Monsieur Kenyon a little friendly surprise. I will go in and see him."

It was certainly no affair of the Major's; but the man's drunken insolence so angered him that he took upon himself to say,

"I can assure you, you will do nothing of the sort."

"Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's?" demanded Peltzer, jeeringly.

The Major returned no answer, but addressing Partridge asked him if there were no able-bodied men-servants about the house.

"Half-a-dozen, Sir," said Partridge.

"Bring two of them," said the Major.

"Bring twenty," said Peltzer, who appeared to have understood the colloquy, though he made no pretence of speaking English. "Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's, Sir?" he asked again; and again the Major declined to answer him. "If any friend of Monsieur Kenyon's," said Peltzer, "stays me from doing what I want to do, Monsieur Kenyon will not be grateful to him. Monsieur Kenyon would desire that I should have my way. You shall see us in half an hour's time from now, and you shall see how tenderly attached to me he is."

"Listen to me, Monsieur Peltzer," said the Major. He had no other object in calling the fellow by the only name by which he knew him than to use it as a sort of ceremonious mockery; but the effect the mention of the name produced was nothing less than remarkable. Monsieur Peltzer staggered back a pace, his bloated countenance grew pale upon a sudden, and for a second or two his eyes roved like those of a creature taken in a trap. "My mention of your name surprised you, I observe, Monsieur," said the Major. "You may not have supposed yourself known." His instinctive antagonism to this vile bird of prey from the galleys was making a partisan of him. "This is absolutely no business of mine," he continued; "but if you have anything to say to the master of this house, go outside, send in a statement of your business, and wait until you are sent for."

At this moment a bell in the servants' quarter pealed wildly again and again and again; and Kenyon's valet, running hurriedly to answer this unusual summons, pushed past the Major with a hasty word of apology, and opened the library door. Almost at the same instant, Partridge appeared in the rear, with the groom and the gardener.

"Let anyone so much as lay a hand upon me," cried Peltzer, "and I will ruin the house! I demand to see this Kenyon—I insist!"

The position in which the Major had allowed himself to be hurried was by no means either agreeable or dignified. He had, as a matter of course, no shadow of authority in Kenyon's house, and no right to prevent any caller upon Kenyon from behaving as he pleased. If he had been but a little more intimate with his host of the moment, he would have felt his own position stronger. As it was, he saw that he had done more than he had a right to do, and thought it time to effect a judicious retirement.

"This fellow," he said to the men, "is drunk, and is threatening your master."

In face of this statement, the groom and the gardener waited for no instructions. There was a little scrimmage along the hall, the Major following with an air of languid interest; and at the end of it Monsieur Peltzer was ejected into the arms of Lord Bagleigh, who had at that moment alighted from his horse at the door.

The young nobleman, with his arms under those of the half-prostrate Peltzer, stared in sheer amazement at the Major and the servants. But Peltzer, struggling to his feet, and freeing himself from his Lordship's unconscious grasp, broke into maledictions.

"So," cried Peltzer, waving his arms in mad gesticulation, "you eject me from the house that I could ruin! You throw me out of the presence of this assassin, whom I could hang! I could hang him!—this Kenyon—I could hang him!"

"Oh! I say, come, look here, you know," said Lord Bagleigh, addressing the Major, whom he recognised as the only gentleman in the group, "this is pitching it too strong. I shall take it on myself to give this fellow in charge. Begad! I shall."

The Major recognised his Lordship, though he had seen him but once before.

"He certainly deserves it," he answered. "I would have done it long ago if I had had authority."

There was tumult outside the house, for Peltzer was raving and cursing, and the groom and the gardener were struggling with him to prevent him from re-entering; and inside, bells were ringing, and voices calling, and footsteps running here and there in strange confusion; but those outside the door were at present too much concerned with Peltzer to have eyes or ears for what was going on within.

"Do you hear me?" cried Peltzer, struggling between the gardener and the groom. "I can hang him—the assassin! I will hang him like a dog! I tell you—who who throw me from his door—that I hold this Kenyon in my fingers, and can hang him like a dog!"

"Rather like a dog himself, begad!" said his Lordship, addressing the Major.

And, indeed, Peltzer, yelping and snarling, did look rather like a dog of the homeless and dangerous sort.

Over and over again, the Major had confessed this was no affair of his; and yet he felt relieved to notice that Bagleigh paid no heed whatever to Peltzer's asseverations of his power over Kenyon. To the young gentleman himself, they sounded like nothing more or less than the ravings of a lunatic.

"Mais, je dit, voyez-vous—vous êtes en rébotte; ne c'est pas?" said his Lordship, placidly, to Peltzer.

At this, the bird of prey from the galleys began almost to scream with rage.

"Are you mad?" he cried. "Do you think you are friends of this Kenyon? Bring me face to face with him! Let me see him! Do you think you serve his turn by driving me from his door?"

"Really, begad!" said his Lordship, "I never heard anything like it! Take the man away. Take him to the police-station."

The two men, glad enough to get the order, wheeled Peltzer round, and hurried him along the drive. He went, protesting vengeance, and struggling against his captors. But these were stalwart fellows, and, in a little while, they succeeded in getting him into a van; and Peltzer, whose habits were not conducive to vigour of body, was soon too much out of breath for invective.

(Continued on page 33.)

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth-brush produce a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young.

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It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.

Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-cases, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
White scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's lower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.

For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often, or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleaning ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning. If only left to their own choice, children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusively quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one;
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve.
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

It may or may not be generally known that microscopic examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially decayed tooth, when the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.

Read this. From the "Weekly Times," March 25, 1871:—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary, when anything new and good is introduced to the public, that special attention should be called to it. The most delicious and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we have long experienced, have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a cleanser or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."

From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth, and imparts a pleasant colour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; their fair we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes, it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet, "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.**For the TEETH and BREATH.**

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline:—"Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."

Dr. G. H. Jones, of 57, Great Russell Street, London, Surgeon-Dentist and Doctor of Dental Surgery, F.R.C.S., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., &c., in his pamphlet, "Painless Dentistry," says:

"I consider 'Fragrant Floriline' is, without exception, an excellent preparation for the teeth and gums."

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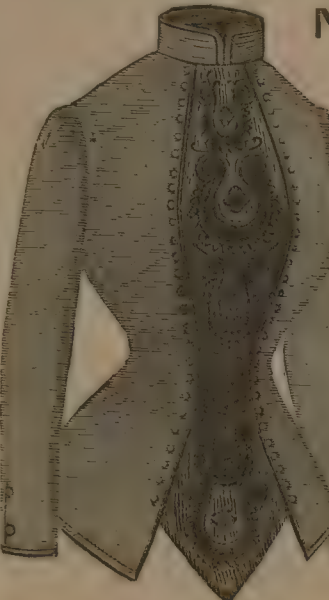
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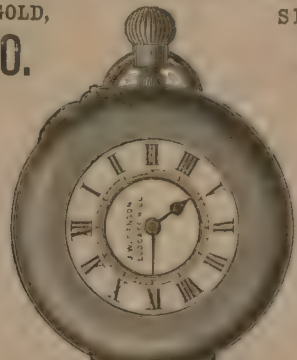


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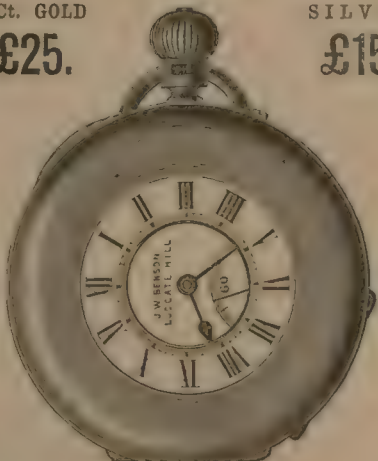


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is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS OR SICK HEADACHE,

Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea. It is a PLEASANT BEVERAGE, which supplies the want of ripe fruit, so essential to the animal economy, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age, and may be continued for any length of time, and looked upon as being a simple product of fruit. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught, in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent. The FRUIT SALT acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

INQUESTS.—A STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS.—Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER of MILLIONS of the HUMAN RACE, not be as MUCH and MORE hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer ALMOST without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. WHO'S TO BLAME? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, read a large Illustrated Sheet given with each Bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT: the information is INVALUABLE. The FRUIT SALT (one of Nature's own products) keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and INVIGORATING BEVERAGE. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it."



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

See a large Illustrated Sheet with each Bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING HEALTH,

USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT

(PREPARED FROM SOUND, RIPE FRUIT). IT IS A PLEASANT BEVERAGE, BOTH COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

HOW TO REMOVE GOUTY OR RHEUMATIC POISON FROM THE BLOOD BY NATURAL MEANS.

A GENTLEMAN writes:—

"West Brompton.

"Dear Sir,—I think it only just to you and fair to suffering humanity that I should bring before you the following facts. A most intimate friend of mine, who has been for many years a great sufferer from rheumatic gout, was advised by a celebrated London physician to take two tea-spoonsful of ENO'S FRUIT SALT in a tumbler of water first thing in the morning. The physician at the same time observing to my friend, 'I always take it myself, and find it invaluable, and can confidently recommend it to you as the best remedy you can possibly use.' The above occurrence took place some months since. My friend at once commenced taking the FRUIT SALT as recommended, and the benefit he has received is something wonderful; in fact, he is quite a new man.

Yours faithfully, TRUTH."

I guarantee the above testimonial to have been given, unsolicited, by a conscientious, good man.—J. C. E.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the Public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

Sold by all Chemists.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

Protection in every Country.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

TO EVERYBODY LEAVING HOME FOR CHANGE, RELAXATION, &c.

TO EUROPEANS WHO PROPOSE RESIDING IN OR VISITING HOT CLIMATES, I consider the FRUIT SALT to be an indispensable necessary, for by its use the system is relieved of poisonous matter, the result of eating to nearly the same extent and of too rich food as they do in a colder country, while so much heat-making food is not required in a warmer climate. By keeping the system clear, the FRUIT SALT takes away the groundwork of malarious diseases, and all liver complaints, and neutralises poisonous matter.

JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.—You can change the Trickling Stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—HOW IMPORTANT it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy, such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset? For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all householders, or ship captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S FRUIT SALT be your companion; for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why—frequently, without any warning, you are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c.; then your whole body is out of order—the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end. It is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case any harm. The pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is, "I will wait and see—perhaps I shall be better to-morrow"; whereas, had a supply of ENO'S FRUIT SALT been at hand, and made use of at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death!

STIMULANTS AND INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF EXERCISE frequently derange the liver. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S FRUIT SALT. "All our customers for ENO'S FRUIT SALT would not be without it upon any consideration, they having received so much benefit from it."—WOOD BROTHERS, Chemists, Jersey."

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"We have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of FRUIT SALT had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used the FRUIT SALT two and three times a day. The FRUIT SALT acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.

"Yours truly,

"Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

"E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

"J. C. Eno, Esq., London.

Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883."



Standing at the open window, Helen saw Douglas still lounging lonely to and fro upon the lawn beneath.—See page 26.

The inhabitants of Perry Haughton paused, and turned in the street, or ran to doors and windows, as the foreigner was hurried along. But nobody had learned anything from him when he was incarcerated. He might have cried his dreadful secret from the house-tops of Perry Haughton. His foreign language surrounded him like a wall. He had no power to pierce it, and not a creature would have understood him.

XVII.

Whilst unusual things were happening within the walls of the Lodge, one of the most ordinary things in the world was

happening just outside them; for there, in the quiet sunlit gardens, with the flowers blooming, and the birds singing about them in fit and pleasant accompaniment, a man and a maid were awaking broadly to the fact that they were falling in love with each other. As a matter of course, Dick Douglas was bound in honour to take no advantage whatever of the trust his host reposed in him. He could say nothing; but then, like the parrot famed in history, he could think a great deal: and thought in such condition has a knack of translating itself in a hundred ways without the help of speech. He and Helen had already been self-conscious enough in each other's presence,

and had been forced to keep up an appearance of mere friendship by a constant gay raillery and flow of high spirits. But when Gabriel brought to the girl the first proposal of marriage which had been made to her, he did much towards making a woman of her. And now her self-consciousness was more than ever awakened. The gardens were large enough for half-a-score pairs of lovers to hide themselves in, had they been so minded. There were shady alleys, and trellis-covered walks, and bowery rustic seclusions by the dozen, and practically the two were as much alone as they could have been in a wilderness.

For the space of half an hour or so, their conversation might have been listened to by anybody; but by-and-by it became, and almost in spite of themselves, a little more intimate.

"I shall have to go away in a day or two," said Douglas.

The girl said nothing, but busied herself in disentangling a knot her idle fingers had made a moment or two before in the pendant cord from her parasol. This silence chilled him. It is noticeable that those signs which should be most encouraging to a lover, and which are in themselves the most broadly prophetic of success, are generally those which dash his hopes.

"I had a letter this morning," he went on mournfully, "from Begg and Batter, of Chancery-lane."

"Who are they?" she asked.

"They are a very influential firm of solicitors," said Douglas, "and of course it's a great stroke of good fortune to find one's self applied to by them."

"My uncle says," said Helen, "that you are likely to rise fast in your profession, Mr. Douglas."

"I shall try," he answered, with that easy oblivion of obstacles which is common to young men. "As a matter of course, I ought to be very glad to be called to town on such business, but somehow I am afraid I shan't be."

He wanted to say a great deal more than this, and if the positions had been reversed—if he had been walking about the stately grounds which were one day to be his own, and could have looked from where he stood on farm and farmstead which had been his father's before him, and must ultimately come to him, and if the girl had been, say, a governess, with no prospect but one of labour and of straightened means before her, he could have said all that was in his heart to say. Honourable poor men do sometimes make love to rich women; but there are few such obstacles to love as money.

"The moralists are very severe about idleness," said Dick, not that he wanted to qualify what he had said before, but because her silence made it seem necessary to say something; "and yet I must confess that I find it very pleasant."

"If I were a man," she answered, glad to find her feet upon firm ground again, "I do not think I should like to be idle."

"Not occasionally?" he asked.

"Perhaps occasionally," she answered, with a little laugh, and somehow found the firm ground gliding from under her again.

"I am sorry to go," said Douglas, resolute not to say more than he ought to say. "One cannot exchange all this for Chancery-lane and Fleet-street without a little reluctance."

"No," she answered, "the country is pleasanter than London at this time of year."

"Much," said Douglas, rather forlornly, "much pleasanter." He had it in his mind to say that he could have forsaken the landscape for a dungeon under given circumstances with great joy, but he repressed himself heroically.

The silence began to be embarrassing; and, by-and-by, Helen, feeling that she had been cold about his going, ventured to say,

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Mr. Douglas."

There are ways and ways of saying things; and the words might mean much or nothing. As she spoke them, they sounded like the iciest little bit of commonplace conceivable.

"One likes to think that one's friends are not absolutely glad to see the last of one," said Douglas, making his tone as commonplace as hers.

"The last?" she answered, looking up at him with a smile of complete self-possession. And yet (if one may tell the truth about a girl's feelings in a case like this) she was so far from being self-possessed at the desolate prospect the words conveyed to her that the very light and warmth of the landscape seemed to die away as she spoke them. "It would be a strange friendship that would delight in that."

She felt as if this, in its boldness, were an almost awful thing to say.

"I suppose so," the young fellow answered. "I have enjoyed myself immensely," he added, in the very tone he might have used if his companion had been of his own sex.

"I am afraid you have found us a little dull at times," said Helen.

"Dull?" he said. "Is Paradise dull? I have never been so happy in my life."

Now, to be thirsty with a cooling draught at hand, and to long for that cooling draught and not touch it, is one thing; to put it to the lips, and, having tasted it, to set it down again, is another and a much more arduous business. Douglas—to follow out this original and striking metaphor—set the glass down, but did so with so keen an inward longing that he had never felt the like.

If the girl had spoken the truth she might have answered, "Nor I, either." But it is no recognised part of a girl's duty in such cases to tell the truth; and the earnest little quiver of conviction in her companion's voice frightened her.

Love's path is proverbially lined with roses, but the roses have their thorns.

There was nothing in the world which could have given her so much joy as to know that this penniless young barrister loved her; but if by a look or a tone he so much as began to hint at it, she was afraid of him.

It is all a very old story, but delightful to linger upon. Little patches of sunlight on her dress, her hands, her hair, flickering illuminations of a cheek the colour of a rose-leaf, or an ear the colour of a shell, the white contour of throat and chin, the delicate and scarcely perceptible motions of the lips, thoughts that seemed to swim transparent in the candid beautiful grey eyes—the least of these things brought an aching sweetness to the lover's heart. Never sunlight fell on anything half so precious as the little foot, the ungloved hand, the bronze hair it turned to gold, or the shell-like little ear. He would have kissed every sunfleck, had he dared. He would, had he dared, have knelt before her and adored.

A good little girl, a little prettier than the common run of good little girls in England, though that may be saying much, and he made a goddess of her, a creature of another sphere! And he, without being an altogether commonplace young man, can scarcely be supposed to have justified her estimate of him; for, to her mind, quite naturally, he was wise and learned beyond his years, and good and noble and handsome beyond belief.

They longed to tell each other of each other's perfections; he in his passionate male fashion, and she in her virginal and, as yet, passionless way.

The young man's declaration kept them both silent for a time. The girl walked on by his side, touched by numberless slight electric thrills, and tried so bravely to bring herself to order that when she spoke it was with a seeming of perfect indifference.

"And when do you think of leaving us, Mr. Douglas?"

"I am afraid I must go," said Dick, mournfully; "that I must go to-morrow."

"I suppose you find a pleasure in your work?" she said, not daring to give him even a momentary chance of sliding back to dangerous ground again.

"In part of it," he said, rather disinterestedly.

Here they reached the limits of the garden, and, turning, saw the figure of the elderly Partridge at a distance. The old

man moved at what was for him a very unusual pace, and made vigorous signs to some person who was invisible to Helen and her companion. He disappeared behind a stretch of trellised walk, and they forgot him, and strolled on towards the house.

"I hope," said Douglas, in his lightest way, "that I shall have some opportunity of seeing you in town, Miss Kenyon?"

"Oh, I hope so," she exclaimed; "but my uncle's feelings and prejudices are all against gaiety. Do you know, I have never been in London but once, and then to attend the May Meetings?"

"You found them gay?" asked Douglas, looking down at her with a momentary gleam.

"Not very," she responded. "I should have liked to stay for the season."

"I wish," said the lover, half eagerly and half humorously, "that it were proper and possible for a young man to chaperon a young lady. I think you might find scenes in London which would be brighter even than the May Meetings."

If he had not been in love, he might have offered this harmless little jest quite safely; but as it was, he began to thrill and tremble in the absurd manner at the sweet and daring idea it conveyed to him. Oh, to have her to chaperon and guard—to show her the world—to give her whatever would make her happy—to have her under his wing where no one should have a right to come between them!

"Well, I am going away," he went on, "and the holiday's over. I shall think of Perry Houghton very often."

She—catching at the meaning of his words and not at the words themselves—had just begun to say, "So shall I," but stopped at the second word in a little embarrassment.

"Shall you?—shall you?" cried he, not thinking of the words at all, but only of the thought. "I've had a very happy time here—the happiest I ever had in my life."

The glass was at his lips again, but he had once more to put it down. Perhaps, all things considered, he had said enough, possibly a good deal more than he had a right to say. This reflection sobered and saddened him, and the girl, of course, could say nothing.

They walked on towards the house, and whilst they were yet at a considerable distance from it, there broke upon the air the sound of M. Peltzer's later objurgations. His voice was clear enough, even at this distance, but, happily for themselves, neither of the young people understood his language. It would have been horrible to have been in the society of a lady within hearing of the language M. Peltzer chose to use, and Helen herself—though she could scarcely have been expected to understand much of it—would have been necessarily shocked by the threats and accusations hurled against her uncle.

But the unexpected tumult in so retired a quarter—a place where everything was commonly so quiet—set the girl running to see what might be the matter, and Douglas followed her. The storming, raging voice rose higher and higher as it went further away. And then, when both Douglas and the girl were running fast, the peal which Cyrus rang upon the library bell sounded in their ears. All this was strange and alarming, and Helen, putting herself to her best speed, ran into the hall by the lower entrance, and seeing two or three domestics with frightened faces clustered round the library-door, passed amongst them, sobbing for breath, and saw her uncle lying prone upon the floor with his head supported by a stranger.

Douglas, following closely, recognised the stranger, to his own amazement. A stout woman—the cook—was standing irresolute and frightened, with a carafe of water in one hand and a glass in the other. The unconscious Gabriel's head and face, and Sullivan's knees and hands, were all dripping.

"Ride off for a doctor, one of you!" cried the girl, panting. "Quick! quick!"

At such a moment nothing was strange. It was no surprise to her to hear Bagleigh's voice behind her, speaking in tones of unusual decision and directness.

"Take my horse. He's standing outside."

The girl ran to Gabriel, and Sullivan made way for her.

The rest entered the room, with the exception of the Major, who stood in the doorway, and, catching Sullivan's glance, summoned him silently with a beckoning forefinger. Sullivan obeyed the voiceless call and approached the Major, pale and terror-stricken. Morton laid a hand upon his collar, and, gently insinuating his fingers until he had secured a firm grasp, he marched the little man before him to the hall door, and on to the gravel drive before it.

"Now, you and I," said he, "are going to have a talk together."

XVIII.

It has been said already that Mr. Sullivan found the task he had taken upon himself a heavier one than he had expected, but it had never felt so intolerable as now. The secret itself would have been enough to weigh him down; but Peltzer's nearness, the ghastly unlooked-for effect his communication had upon Kenyon, his fears on the one side and his sympathies on the other, drove him well-nigh distracted.

"You and I," said the Major, "are going to have a talk together."

"I have left my hat inside the house," responded Cyrus, inconsequently. He had fallen into that condition of mind in which it is only bearable to think of trifles.

"Never mind your hat," said the Major. "Come with me."

He released his captive, and by a gesture of the hand commanded him along the drive. Then, diverging to the left, he marched him across the lawn to a summer arbour, where he motioned him to sit down.

"I suppose," he began, severely, "that you are still under the impression that there may be something in this?"

"I am afraid there is," answered Cyrus; "I am afraid there is a good deal in it."

"Now," said Morton, sternly, "I shall advise you not to prevaricate with me. I shall offer one consideration for your acceptance which you seem to have overlooked. You come here for the purpose of extorting money from a man of high position by charging him with a crime. Are you aware, Mr. Sullivan, that by the English law any man who attempts to play that game becomes accessory to the crime, and may lay himself open to an equal punishment with the criminal?"

"You are quite wrong, Major Morton," said the wretched Cyrus, eagerly; "I didn't come here for any such purpose. He offered me money this morning, and I told him I wouldn't take a penny if I wanted bread."

"A liar," said the Major, "we can never trust, though he speak the thing that's true. But I shall be obliged if you will be as trustworthy as you can; and I may tell you that the less astonishing the things I hear from you may be, the more I shall be disposed to credit you."

"I didn't," cried Sullivan, "upon my word and soul I didn't! I did at first—I confess I did—but when I came down here, and found that scoundrel Peltzer in the place last night—if you had seen, Sir, how he gloated over it!"

"And you repent?" said the Major. "I am no great believer in sudden conversions."

"So far as I'm concerned," cried Sullivan, "I've done with it! I've put him on his guard, and I've done with it! If I'm an accessory, Major Morton, you're another! You

know as much as I do. It's no more my place to denounce him than it is yours."

"I am not asking you to denounce him," said the Major. "I have said, until I am a little tired of saying it, that this is no affair of mine; but I have got a little way into it now, and I think I may as well go through with it."

In the intervals he had made in the operation of packing his kit together that morning, Major Morton had looked, perhaps, half a dozen times out of the window. When he looked out for the first time he had seen Helen and Dick together on the lawn below. The girl had not as yet begun to feel that sweet embarrassment which touched her later on, and she was laughing gaily in answer to some trivial jest of her companion's, when the Major looked at her. He was an old campaigner, and toughened against most of the assaults of the world. But, confirmed old bachelor though he was, he was by no means hardened against the assaults of youth and beauty; and, seeing the fair little creature there in the sunshine looking so bright and happy and pretty that she seemed to have a native right to live in sunshine always, the Major's heart was more touched than he cared to confess. The shadow of the house had fallen upon him, and he, the old campaigner, was running away from it. He was free to run away from it, and glad to do it, little as it touched him. But there was no running away from the shadow for her. If once it touched her, it must go with her wherever she went, and would never leave her until she fell into that deeper shadow which finally hides us all.

The Major had gone on with his packing, and had looked out a little later, and then he had seen the pair for a moment as they paused in their walk. The girl was looking down, and drawing patterns with the point of her parasol upon the ground. The lad was standing very near to her, and bending over her. A good lad and a stalwart, as the Major knew: honest, loyal-hearted, keen of feeling, quick to suffer. The shadow which threatened the girl would involve him also.

These reflections saddened the Major, and he tried to cast them off—for that was his manner of dealing with all sorts of troubles. But he could not help looking out from his window now and again, and whenever he saw the pair the reflections came back upon him until they made him downright miserable.

He had seen no way of warding off the impending blow at that time; but now, with Peltzer got rid of for the moment, and Sullivan in his hands, he began to think he might possibly discover a parry for this stroke of fate.

"I will tell you candidly, Mr. Sullivan," he began, when he had paused for time to think things over, "that it is my purpose to frighten you from any further share in this enterprise. I think I shall succeed in doing it."

"I'm out of it already," said Cyrus, earnestly. "I only want to get my hat and go."

"It is very hard," said the Major, "in a case like this, to see where the whole of one's duty lies; but if I do not induce you and your brother-scoundrel to surrender your present devices, I will take it upon myself to blow the gaff on the whole rascally three of you."

"For Heaven's sake, Major Morton," Cyrus besought him, "don't put me into it! I wish I had never had anything to do with it."

"I wish you never had," responded the Major, drily. "On your own showing, the French scoundrel could have done nothing without you."

"He can't do anything without me now!" cried Mr. Sullivan.

For the first time since he had begun to look upon this dark affair at all, a ray of light touched the Major's mind.

"Wait a bit," he said; "let me look at that."

The more he looked at it, the more he saw how likely to be true it was. He walked to the door of the summer arbour, and walked cautiously around on every side; and then, returning, seated himself opposite to Sullivan, and, placing both elbows on the small table which divided them, he spoke in low and guarded tones.

"I have had the story from you piecemeal," he began, "and I hardly know how much of what you have told me I may believe; but see if you cannot contrive to tell the truth for once in your life. . . . Something was done—the thing we are concerned about—it's of no use to use ugly words—upon a certain day in Paris. Do you know the date?"

"The Tenth of January, Eighteen-sixty-eight," said Sullivan, "was the day on which I left Paris."

"In pursuit?" said the Major.

Sullivan nodded, and whispered, "In pursuit."

"And you arrived," pursued the Major, "a week later, or thereabouts?" . . . "The arrival here," he said to himself, "would confirm the French rascal's story." . . . "Did the man you followed change his aspect much?" he asked, aloud.

"Did he attempt to disguise himself?"

"He disguised himself completely," answered Sullivan.

"I never saw a greater change in a man."

"How do you know that you followed the right man?" asked the Major.

"I knew that this morning," Sullivan whispered, with a scared countenance, "if I had never been sure of it before."

Major Morton retired from the position he had attempted to hold, but instantly assumed another. "Well, then," said he, "I presume I am justified in believing that you have had enough of this business?"

"Too much," said Cyrus. "I wish I had never touched it."

"Very well," said the Major. "It does not matter much to you why I choose that the whole thing should be buried?"

"Oh dear, no; not at all!" said Sullivan, with a tremulous readiness; "not in the slightest degree, I assure you, Major Morton."

"I may want your assistance," Morton continued, "in disposing of your brother rascal."

"I think," urged Sullivan, "that you put it a little too severely against me."

"It is natural for you to think so," the Major answered; "but that is not a question which stands in urgent need of discussion just at present. What do you know about this fellow?"

"He was at the galleys," said Sullivan, "for years, and I fancy he must have done something since."

"That is satisfactory, so far as it goes," said the Major, "but I should like to have it a little clearer. What do you fancy he has done since then?"

"I don't know what it is," said Cyrus, "but when I was fool enough to speak to him at Piaggi's restaurant, I called him by his name, and he was horribly frightened."

"Um—m," said the Major; "I noticed the same thing myself this morning. It seems likely that a person of that name may be wanted."

"I am sure he's wanted," said Sullivan, "and I wish"—the little man clasped his hands together, and wrung them hard—"I wish to Heaven the men who want him had him!"

"I think it probable," said the Major, "that your aspirations will be realised in the long-run. Take care, Sir, that you do not fall into similar hands. I think you had best go now—the faster and the farther away the better."

In obedience to this blunt dismissal Cyrus arose, and, accompanied by the Major, timidly re-entered the hall, secured his hat, bowed mildly, and went away, stared at by one or two

domestics who lingered to await the arrival of the doctor. His presence was naturally associated in their minds with their master's sudden illness, but nobody dared question him. He returned to the hotel, and was there informed that his late companion was in custody, and, finding himself regarded with evident suspicion, he paid his bill, packed his effects in haste, and betook himself to the railway station. There he awaited the train in a compound of uncomfortable emotions, and, being at last sluggishly borne away, vowed in his inmost heart to return no more to Perry Haughton.

Douglas had sighted the Major in the hall, and came forward to speak to him.

"This is a sad business," he said. "I am profoundly sorry for Miss Kenyon."

"So am I," Morton answered, with an air which Dick thought a little preoccupied and cold. But since the beginning of his visit to Perry Haughton, Morton had been utterly unlike the genial Major Dick had known of old, or, at the best, had only been himself by fits and starts.

"I cannot be of any use here," said the Major, in the same dry and uninterested way; "but I won't leave the village until I get news of the invalid. You had better stay where you are, and I will take a walk." He marched off, with apparent stolidity and inward tenderness, and his walk led him to the village police station, where he produced his card, and announced himself to the inspector as the guest of Mr. Kenyon.

"I believe you have a Frenchman here in charge?" he said; "a man who was given into custody by Lord Bagleigh for creating a disturbance at the Lodge."

"Yes, Sir," said the inspector; "and he's made a pretty tidy disturbance here since we've had the care of him. He's only just begun to quiet down a little now; but there's nobody here can make out a word he has to say for himself."

"I should like to see the man," said the Major, "if I may."

"Why, certainly, Sir," the inspector answered—for a guest of Mr. Gabriel Kenyon's was likely to have his wishes attended to here as almost anywhere else in Perry Haughton—"but you'd better have a couple of men with you, for he's a teaser—if I make myself understood, Sir."

"Give me one man," said the Major, "if you think it necessary."

The inspector, answering with alacrity that he would accompany the visitor himself, marshalled him to the cells. They were only two in number, for Perry Haughton was not rich in criminals, and an infrequent poucher, an occasional drunk and disorderly on a Saturday night, or at the village fair time were, save on the rarest occasions, the only candidates for justice.

The inspector slid a key into the lock, and threw open the door, revealing the figure of M. Peltzer, who sat scowling and gnawing his nails in a corner.

"Oho!" said he, rising to his feet, as he beheld the Major. "It is you again."

"Yes, Monsieur Gustave Peltzer, it is I," returned the Major, with great tranquillity.

He moved inside the cell. The inspector followed, and closed the door with a click behind him.

"Who are you?" said Peltzer, scowling at him with a face newly pale at this second mention of the name he dreaded; "and what do you want here?"

"I have the honour," said the Major, very suavely, "of being an intimate friend of M. le Colonel Tricot." The prisoner grew a little paler, and gnawed his nails, with a wicked, sideways look at his interlocutor. "Now," continued the old campaigner, "you will agree with me that if I were to send a telegraphic despatch to my friend in Paris, apprising him of the fact that Gustave Peltzer is in custody at Perry Haughton, it would be an extremely unpleasant thing for you."

Peltzer said nothing; but, still gnawing at his finger-nails, leaned his back against the wall, threw one leg over the other, and rolled his shoulders in defiance.

"Now if," pursued the Major, "I leave this cell without a promise on your part that you will go away in quiet, I shall send that telegraphic despatch at once, and you will wait here until such time as you are made over to the French authorities."

In the course of his walk towards the station, Morton had well considered that if this first shot should fail to hit the mark he had yet arrows enough in his quiver to bring M. Peltzer down.

Peltzer changed the position of his feet and hands, but went on gnawing and staring savagely sideways at his visitor. "You understand that?" Morton asked him, quietly.

"Death of my life!" broke out Peltzer, wildly. "What am I? I am a leaf for every wind to blow about."

After this poetic outburst he resumed the seat he had occupied at the inspector's entrance, and glowered sullenly upon the floor.

"My time is of service," said the Major, "and I ask you to decide. Do you go, or do I wire to Paris?"

"I will go," said Peltzer.

"Very well," Morton answered; "you will go when you are allowed to go. But I have one or two things to tell you before we part. Any attempt on your side to extort money will be met by an immediate telegram to Paris. If you think to frighten us you will have to stand your trial as an accessory after the fact. Your extensive experience in criminal jurisprudence will no doubt tell you what that means. And you well remember that you can prove nothing until you prove that you are Gustave Peltzer. You observe—for I should like to enforce a lesson even upon such a fool as you are—that you have played a stupid game."

"Am I free?" said Peltzer, rising.

"I believe not," the Major answered. "Remember," he added, half turning his back upon the lowering scoundrel, "a word from you and a telegraphic line from me."

"And remember," Peltzer retorted, "a word from you, and then the whole accursed history from me."

"Perfectly," replied the Major; "a clear bargain. Thank you, Mr. Inspector."

"He seems to have sobered down a bit since he came in," said the inspector, as he and the Major left the cell together.

"He had been drinking this morning," said the Major, "and has had time to recover himself a little."

"It's a rare good gift, and very valuable, Sir," observed the inspector, "to have the power of languages. There was a time in my history, Sir, when I could have put on to my income, ah! pretty nearly five-and-twenty shillings a week, I should say, if I had only been able to speak French."

The Major allowed that the accomplishment was a useful one, said "Good-day" to the inspector, and strolled towards the Lodge, a little disposed to be triumphant, and very much disposed to be self-accusing and depressed.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "I am compounding a felony, I am sheltering a murderer, and helping him to live in the odour of sanctity. Why should I have meddled or made in the business at all? It was no affair of mine."

But then he thought of the girl, and took comfort from the reflection that he had diverted from her path the shadow that threatened to fall upon

"One must take the rough with the smooth, I suppose," said the Major, making an effort to be philosophical. "One may sometimes refrain from striking a scoundrel in order not to beat the inoffensive, and who am I that I should think myself entitled to yearn after pure and abstract justice? I never got it for myself, thank God!"

So he went on a little comforted, though still unable to approve of himself.

At the Lodge the news ran that Mr. Kenyon had recovered consciousness, had been seen by the doctor, and had been ordered rest and quiet.

Helen pressed the old campaigner to stay until the morning.

"Mr. Douglas is compelled to leave us for London tomorrow, and he would be glad of his old friend for a travelling companion."

Helen had heard much of the Major, and though he had by no means come up to those conceptions of himself which Dick's enthusiastic description had created, the girl was disposed to be loyal to her lover's idea of his friend, and was prepared to find all manner of good qualities in him. Morton accepted her invitation, though it went much against the grain with him to stay under the same roof with Kenyon, for whom, even apart from what he knew of him, he had conceived a mortal aversion.

He kept a great deal out of the way of the young people, and left Dick to the necessary work of support and consolation whilst he strolled about the gardens and wondered to find himself pitchforked into the middle of so strange a history.

Bagleigh had lingered to hear the news, and, learning that there was no immediate danger to be dreaded, had ridden away again. The lovers were left to themselves, and made a great deal of progress, though the catastrophe of the day kept Douglas from further incursions into the land of actual love-making. It would have been quite base to take advantage of so mournful a circumstance as had befallen the household, and besides this he had an unaffected liking for Kenyon, and he was sorry for his illness.

On the morrow Gabriel was still too unwell to see his guests, and Dick and the Major went to London without taking personal leave of him. The younger man took what he felt to be a clandestine advantage of the situation, and had the grace to be ashamed of it whilst he took it.

"I trust," he said, blushing at his own duplicity, in spite of all he could do, "I trust that if I can manage to get away from town for a day next week, that I may be allowed to run down and see how Mr. Kenyon is getting on?"

"We should think it very kind of you," Helen answered, slyer in look than common in these parting moments, "if you took so much trouble."

XIX.

And now, indeed, evil times had descended upon Gabriel Kenyon. A criminal, of all men, stands in need of courage, though he is pretty generally a criminal because he is a coward. Courage and crime do occasionally travel together, though rarely. There are some virtues which are easily transmitted into vices by temptation, but courage is not one of them. Gabriel was a coward confessed; and yet had he possessed courage enough to stock a dozen hearts he would have had need of all of it.

When he recovered from his swoon, he awoke to the immediate memory of what had gone before it. For aught he knew he had been denounced already; or, for aught he knew, the man whose voice he had heard was still waiting to denounce him. He dared not ask a question for his life, or give a hint of the terror which weighed upon his soul.

The doctor had left behind him injunctions, imparted in an unctuous whisper which the patient had clearly overheard, that Mr. Kenyon was on no account to be subjected to annoyance. This tasted at once bitter and mawkish to the patient's palate. Annoyance! Could anything more feebly touch the state he lay in? Annoyance was to be avoided, and he lay suffering all possible torments of remorse and dread. He lay all day and suffered; he lay all night and suffered; there was nothing else to do. In the whole wide gamut of the ghostly noises of the night, no note sounded that did not wring his soul with fear. Every whisper of the trees, every murmur of the summer wind laid a hand of unspeakable terror upon his spirit. He lay and watched the dim and narrow circle of light cast by the night-lamp, and listened with all his ears, and shrank and shuddered in all his craven heart. If he could have foreseen this years ago, he might have foregone his crime. He thought so now, at least, and strove to hide himself in his own crevices, whilst he protested inwardly how truly he had long repented.

A dog would have been ashamed to propitiate an angry master as he tried by outcry, adulation, and fawning to propitiate Providence.

The doctor came in the morning.

"If there are any exciting causes, my dear Sir, we must not consider them. We must study to preserve our tranquillity."

Gabriel could have groaned aloud, and would have done it but for his ever-present fear of betraying himself. In one respect in the midst of all his cowardice he conducted himself like a hero. He repressed all signs of fear.

If by any superhuman chance his enemy were here or near no longer, his one possibility of escaping detection lay in quiet. He knew this hope to be as wild, and in his own heart thought it to be as groundless, as anything he could imagine, but it came sometimes, and he welcomed it and gave it shelter.

Then he settled to the belief that the doctor's authority was strong enough whilst he continued in his present state to ward off intruders, even when they were so pressing as Monsieur Peltzer had proved himself to be. He yearned to make inquiries, and so to put an end to a suspense which, as he told himself, was more unbearable than any certainty; but he preferred the suspense to the certainty he dreaded, and so lay still and suffered his miseries as best he might.

Helen was constant in her attendance upon him, and he took the trouble of her face, which was little more than a reflection of his own, for a sign that things were ill outside. But on the third day, as he lay groping about in his mind for some safe way of putting his problem to the test, she entered and sat beside his bed, laying her hand upon one of his own which lay outside the coverlet, and gently stroking it.

"You look troubled, darling," he said, rolling his hollow eyes upon her. He was strangely altered, and bore little resemblance to the hale and hearty man he had been so short a time before. "You look troubled, darling."

"I am troubled," she responded, still fondling his hand.

Surely, he thought, if anything were spoken or suspected yet, she could never seem so kind.

"For me?" he asked.

"Why, for what else should I be troubled, dear?" she asked him in return.

"There is nothing else to trouble you?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Nothing but my illness?"

She thought him fanciful, perhaps a little inclined to wander in his wits.

"No, nothing but your illness, uncle. What else should there be?"

"What, indeed?" he answered, and tried to smile, with

such a ghastly ill-success that he half frightened her. "Nothing outside my illness?"

"No, dear, no! Nothing in the world."

"You are quite sure?" he pressed her, growing a very little bolder, but rolling his greated eyes about the chamber to make sure that they were alone.

"Quite sure," she answered.

He sank back with a sigh of relief, which Helen could not understand.

She sat then stroking his flaccid fingers, until at length he fell asleep.

He had feigned sleep often (for of all things needful, he must look calm, in case the worst should come to the worst, and he should have to stand against the world); but he slept now for the first time since he had awakened from the swoon into which his fear of detection had thrown him. Exhausted nature would have it so at last, and though the girl's ignorance of the fear which overhung him could hardly be expected to endure; it was enough to know that the expected mischief was not overtly threatened every moment. Chroniclers of the Times of Cruelty, which are so curiously near our own, and look so far away from us and so impossible in this century of sentiment—have recorded that prisoners on the rack have slept in the intervals of their torture. Gabriel slept in the same sort of transient peace, and awoke to the same kind of torment.

It was not now as it had been when he had lain in the best bed-room of the King and Constitution. Then, though his illness was the cause of a good deal of gossip and speculation, he was left pretty severely to himself; but now he was a person of consideration in the county, and the county people came to see him, or, failing that, made kind inquiry about him. Few people liked him very much, but he was universally respected.

Some made inquiries, naturally enough, as to the way in which the attack had befallen him. These learned that Mr. Kenyon was in his library at the time with a lawyer's clerk from London. Somebody, probably the ancient Partridge, had suggested that Cyrus was a lawyer's clerk. Nobody quite knew how the thing was supposed to be known, and everybody took it for granted. There was no reason to believe that Mr. Kenyon had received disquieting intelligence. One or two inquirers, who learned that the lawyer's clerk had been seen in company, at the hotel, with the blackguard Frenchman who had created so unwonted a disturbance at the Lodge during his visit, put two and two together, and succeeded in making nothing at all out of the combination.

As a matter of course, on the surface of things there was no ground for suspicion of any sort. A most respected and valuable member of the community had had a fainting fit and lay ill after it, and that was all.

But Gabriel suspected everything and everybody. To his mind it came natural to think that every caller had a special purpose in calling. The whole world watched him, and waited for the downfall, which, as it seemed, must come. Still, he heard nothing, and the silence was very dreadful to endure.

Bagleigh called daily, and once secured a momentary interview with Helen. The young nobleman was peculiarly embarrassed; and the girl, who had always hitherto been cordial with him, was distinctly cool in her demeanour.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bagleigh, "that I forgot that fellow, Miss Kenyon."

Helen looked inquiry.

"That fellow," pursued his Lordship, "who came here and made a row the day Mr. Kenyon was taken ill, you know? I forgot all about him."

"I suppose," said Helen, "that that was the wisest thing to do."

"That's really very smart," returned his Lordship; "but, as a matter of fact, don't you know, Miss Kenyon, it was not."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, you see," replied his Lordship, "I took upon myself to give him into custody. He was making no end of a row outside, and, even though I didn't know Mr. Kenyon was ill at the time, there was nobody else about to do it."

He seemed uncertain and discomfited within himself, she thought, and, so far as she could safely do it, she was anxious to put him at his ease.

"I had not heard of it before," she said; "but I think you did quite rightly."

"Well, you see," said Bagleigh, "I ought to have gone and appeared against him at the Petty Sessions yesterday, but I forgot all about him, and, because I was not there to prosecute, they let the beggar off."

"Well," said Helen, "I am not sorry for that. The poor man," she added, with an air of wisdom, "would have had time to get sober."

"Sets a bad example," said his Lordship. "Have fellows going round to all the houses in the country making rows."

At about this point in the conversation feminine tact and instinct began to discover certain signs in Bagleigh's demeanour which indicated a desire to approach a topic which Helen had decided should be approached no more.

"I must ask you to excuse me now," she said. "My uncle is not happy if I am long away from him."

"No, by George!" ejaculated his Lordship, seizing the conversational chance with unexpected agility, "I should say he wasn't. I'm not myself—begad, I'm not! No, I say, really Miss Kenyon, you mustn't go. I've something to say, and—don't you know?—I'm bound to say it."

He was very obviously in earnest, and the girl was rather sorry for him. They had been too closely associated nearly all her life for her to mark very clearly or keenly the oddities and absurdities which were manifest to the eye of the casual observer, and she was disposed, after a certain fashion, to esteem him.

It goes without saying that she was not sorry for him because he could not marry herself (for a girl naturally thinks the love pains of anybody but the favoured lover a trifle ridiculous); but she was sorry for his embarrassment and confusion; and, since his Lordship displayed such unwonted fire in the middle of it all, she thought it best to let him have his trouble over.

She waited, therefore, prepared to listen and to answer.

"I want to know," he began again, floundering somewhat, now that his protest had succeeded, and he had secured her attention, "I want to know, Miss Kenyon, if your uncle has said anything particular to you within the last day or two?"

"About yourself?" she asked.

"Yes," said his Lordship; "about me."

"My uncle has spoken to me."

"Well, now," said Bagleigh, nervously, "what have you got to say to it?"

"Lord Bagleigh," she returned, and the young man's spirits fell at once to zero, for she never addressed him so, unless she were angry with him, "I must ask you never to allude to that matter again."

"Don't you like it?" said his Lordship, miserably.

Helen answered, with great and commendable seriousness, "I do not like it."

"I'm very sorry," said his Lordship; "doosed sorry, by George, I am! I always reckoned on it."

(Continued on page 38.)



PHILOSOPHER.
 "Me. But kindly take your hand from your revolver;
 I am not choleric—but accidents may chance.
 And here's the father, who alone can be the solver
 Of this twin riddle of the hat and the romance."
[Enter Jones of Mariposa.]

POET.
 "Speak, shepherd—mine!"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "Hail! Time-and-cartridge-waster,
 Aimless exploder of theories and skill!—
 Whom do you shoot?"

JONES OF MARIPOSA.
 "Well, shootin' aint my taste, or
 Ef I shoot anything—I only shoot to kill.
 "That aint what's up. I only kem to tell ye—
 Sportin' or courtin'—trot homeward for your life!
 Gals will be gals, and p'raps its just ez well ye
 Larned there was one had no wish to be a wife."

POET.
 "What?"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "Is this true?"

JONES OF MARIPOSA.
 "I reckon it looks like it.
 She saw ye comin'. My gun was standin' by;
 She made a grab, and, 'fore I up could strike it,
 Blazed at ye both. The critter is so shy!"

POET.
 "Who?"

JONES OF MARIPOSA.
 "My darter!"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "Rosa?"

JONES OF MARIPOSA.
 "Same! Good-bye!"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "You!—are you mad?"

POET.
 "God knows; I shouldn't wonder!
 I love this coy nymph, who, cold as yonder peak,
 Shines on the river it feeds, yet keeps asunder—
 Long have I worshipped, but never dared to speak.
 "Till she, no doubt, her love no longer hiding,
 Waked by some chance word her father's jealousy;
 Slipped her disdain—as an avalanche down gliding—
 Swept flocks and kin away to clear a path for me.
 Hence his attack."

PHILOSOPHER.
 "I see. What I admire
 Chiefly, I think, in your idyl, so to speak,
 Is the shy modesty that cheeks your youthful fire—
 Absence of self-love and abstinence of cheek!
 "Still, I might mention, I've met the gentle Rosa—
 Danced with her thrice, to her father's jealous dread;
 And, it is possible, she's happened to disclose a
 Ahem! You can fancy why he shoots at me instead."

POET.
 "You?"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "A—something thro' my hat—
 Bullet, I think.—You were speaking of his daughter!"

POET.
 "Yes; but—your hat you were moving through the leaves;
 Likely he thought it some eagle bent on slaughter.
 Lightly he shoots" *[A second shot.]*

PHILOSOPHER.
 "As one readily perceives.
 Still, he improves! This time your hat has got it,
 Quite near the band! Eh? Oh, just as you please—
 Stop, or go on."

POET.
 "Perhaps we'd better trot it
 Down through the hollow, and up among the trees."

BOTH.
 "Trot, trot, trot, where the bullets cannot follow;
 Trot down and up again among the laurel trees."

PHILOSOPHER.
 "Thanks; that is better. Now of this shot-dispensing
 Jones and his girl—you were saying?"

POET.
 "Well, you see—
 I—hang it all!—Oh! what's the use of fencing—
 Sir, I confess it!—these shots were meant for me."

PHILOSOPHER.
 "A—something thro' my hat—
 Bullet, I think.—You were speaking of his daughter!"

POET.
 "Yes; but—your hat you were moving through the leaves;
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 Sir, I confess it!—these shots were meant for me."



ARTEMIS IN SIERRA.

Dramatis Personæ: Poet, Philosopher, Jones of Mariposa.

POET.
 "Halt! Here we are. Now wheel your mare a trifle
 Just where you stand; then doff your hat and swear
 Never yet was scene you might cover with your rifle
 Half as complete or as marvellously fair."

PHILOSOPHER.
 "Dropped from Olympus, or lifted from Aready,
 Swung like a censer, six thousand feet on high—
 So like a dream, that one is half afraid he
 Speaks, but to see it dissolve into the sky!"

POET.
 "Well you may say so. The clamour of the river,
 Hum of base toil, and man's ignoble strife
 Halt far below, where the stifling sunbeams quiver,
 But never climb to this purer, higher life!"

"Not to this glade, where Jones of Mariposa,
 Simple and neck as his flocks we're looking at,
 Tends his soft charge; nor where his daughter Rosa —
[A shot.]
 Hallo! What's that?"

PHILOSOPHER.
 "A—something thro' my hat—
 Bullet, I think.—You were speaking of his daughter!"

POET.
 "Yes; but—your hat you were moving through the leaves;
 Likely he thought it some eagle bent on slaughter.
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 "Thanks; that is better. Now of this shot-dispensing
 Jones and his girl—you were saying?"

POET.
 "Well, you see—
 I—hang it all!—Oh! what's the use of fencing—
 Sir, I confess it!—these shots were meant for me."



IN THE GLOAMING.

His disappointment and concern were so genuine that Helen took pity upon him. She held out her hand to him frankly, like a woman of the world.

Men grow up to self-possession in the presence of women slowly, encountering many troubles by the way. Women seem to inherit self-possession by instinct.

"We can be very good friends," she said, "as we always have been. Let us be friends."

"I say, look here, Miss Kenyon," said Bagleigh, making a last appeal; "if I'm quiet for a year or two, don't you think there might be a chance?"

"No chance at all," she answered, severely, withdrawing her hand as she spoke. "If we are to be friends, you must promise me that all this shall be over. If not, you must not speak to me again."

"I won't do it again," his Lordship responded, with melancholy aspect.

And so he loved and he rode away.

Gabriel was keen to know the meaning of any sound he heard. He had already dispatched the nurse to inquire the name of the arrival when Bagleigh had ridden up to the door and surrendered his horse to the groom who met him there, and, on Helen's appearance, he asked who it was who had just left; and the girl, anxious for own her part to avoid being questioned, began to tell Bagleigh's news about the intruding Frenchman.

Gabriel shut his eyes at the first mention of him, and, withdrawing his hand from hers, lest she should feel how his own agitated fancies shook him, he listened to the end; and, though he struggled with all his forces to preserve composure, he groaned aloud, and a cold sweat distilled upon his forehead.

"You are in pain, dear," she cried, alarmed by these signs.

"Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "I am in pain."

Her very innocence was suspicious to him. That she should come and tell him this story unconsciously seemed to his wounded and irritated spirit almost an impossibility.

The fact that Peltzer had been in custody explained his absence until now. And now, what would happen—what could happen—but that the man should come back again prepared to denounce him or to bleed him?

There was one matter in respect to which Gabriel had been actually conscientious. He had acted as Helen's steward and almoner; and it was one of his most soothing reflections that the estate which would descend to her was not only in better condition, but larger than it would probably have been if it had rested under any other man's hand—even the hand of poor cousin Robert, her father. This, in the careful balance-sheet he kept, made a very considerable set-off to the bill which Providence undeniably had against him. And now, if the estate were to be wasted in ministering to the needs of this scoundrel, the set-off would exist no longer. The estate, as a direct consequence of his crime, would be impoverished, and might, indeed, if Sullivan's vaticinations were realised, be carried away altogether, and nothing but his own surrender to ignominy and punishment could save it.

And in his own way he had dared to love the child of the man whose life he had taken, and had dared so long to acknowledge the affection to himself that it had ceased to look abnormal or hateful in his eyes.

So he lay and quaked and sweated hour after hour, and day after day, in constant wonder that he was momentarily spared from ruin. Yet finding himself still spared, some occasional gusts of courage touched him, and brought freshness to his blood. If wishes are prayers, Gabriel had rarely prayed for anything more earnestly than he prayed that one glad fancy might prove true, and that M. Peltzer should have died. The silence and the suspense went on from day to day, but as the silence grew longer the sense of suspense grew feebler, and Gabriel began to gather strength again.

In the meantime Douglas, in spite of the arduous nature of his professional duties in town, had found time to write three or four letters of friendly inquiry as to Gabriel's condition, and Helen, in spite of her duties as nurse, had found time to respond to them. If it were needful to analyse motive closely here, it might be hinted that both Douglas and Helen were guilty of a little hypocrisy. But Dick persuaded himself as well as he could that his chief object in writing was really to learn how his host and patron was progressing; and Helen, for her part, was quite willing to believe that her chief pleasure in answering these inquiries arose from the fact that she could daily report that Gabriel was stronger.

This exchange of correspondence was not allowed to interfere with Douglas's promised visit, and some ten days after his departure from the Lodge, he turned up again to make inquiries in person. By this time Kenyon was half inclined to think that his ardent wishes had been granted, and that M. Peltzer had gone to his own place. Spurred by this offspring to his own wishes, which he nurtured with the most constant diligence, he had already begun to move about again, to receive visitors, and to listen to their congratulations on his recovery. The first strangers were an ordeal to him; but since even his own suspicions could find no sign of suspicion in them, the visits of their successors became less and less trying; and before Douglas arrived Gabriel had grown quit of everything except an occasional nervous tremor.

The young barrister and his inquiries were graciously received, for Gabriel's conscience, in view of recent events, had gone off at a tangent; and whithersoever it might lead him, he was prepared most sedulously to follow it. He had received a letter from Bagleigh, and knew that the young man's suit was definitely ended; and he had begun to see a new possibility of atonement in blessing the son of the chosen friend of its original proprietor with the possession of the estate he held. His discovery of the papers which had led him to the knowledge of young Douglas's existence might have been a part of the hidden scheme; and after his recent shock, and his apparently miraculous delivery, he could afford nothing but the most instant obedience to the voice of the inward monitor. So he came to the conclusion that if Douglas should really desire Helen, it was his Heaven-sent duty to accept him, poor as he was, as a suitor. Conscience had always had the whip-hand of him in a way, and had driven him where he chose to be driven; but now he cowered before her quite slavishly.

The direction he might take was, of course, contingent on Helen's wishes tending in the same direction; but he began to recall many little things which seemed to chime in with his new fancy.

The only especial effect of Dick's visit was that Kenyon gave him a warm invitation to renew it, and the young fellow went away more than ever impressed with the amiability and gentleness of Gabriel's character.

The days and the weeks went by, and Gabriel's heart was filled with what he supposed to be a devout thankfulness at his escape from a danger from which no escape had seemed possible. He cultivated benevolence until it blossomed out of him in all directions, and he became a prey to every tramp upon the old coaching line from Meldon to London. He became more than ever, if that were possible, a pattern person, and his conscience became more and more tender and susceptible to trifling influences.

He kept himself informed of Douglas's career, and watched Helen closely, when either she or he made allusion to the young barrister. He mentioned him so often, and with so much meaning, that once or twice he trapped the girl into confusion, and his one idea of reparation became more and more confirmed in him.

Dick made one flying visit to the Lodge, spending a restful day or two there, and being received by Gabriel like a father.

It happened, one evening, when the sacred season was growing near, and when, in the twilight, the whole country-side was ghostly with the snow, that Gabriel, who was already coated and muffled for his before-dinner constitutional, was standing, drawing on his gloves, by the library fire, when Helen entered softly, in search of something she had left in the room, and Gabriel laid a fatherly hand upon her head.

"My dear," he said, gently, "there is one question to which I have never made allusion. I want to speak about it now. You will not be distressed, or vexed if I do so?"

"I hope not, dear," she answered. "What is it?"

"Three or four months ago," he said, "you refused the offer of Lord Bagleigh's hand. What was your reason?"

"I could never marry Lord Bagleigh," she answered.

"You had no affection for him?" said Gabriel, softly.

"Well, well! Is there anybody, dear, whom you could marry, if he asked you?"

His manner was gentle and caressing, and perhaps, though he did not know it, and could not have helped it had he known, a trifle fulsome.

The girl, who of late, more than ever, had done her best to love him, shrank away and made no answer. There was a vibrating line in Gabriel's nature which marred the best music he could make for her.

"Is there anybody, dear?" he asked, again. "Silence gives consent, you know," he added, finding her silent still. "I have a letter here," he went on, after a pause. "I am asking Mr. Douglas to join us at Christmas-time. Barristers get a fortnight's rest at that period of the year. Shall I ask him to spend the time with us? Shall I send the letter?"

This was surely the plainest speaking, and Helen answered nothing to it.

"Shall I send the letter?" he said again. "You know why I ask the question."

He felt benevolent and pious in his purpose.

"I want you to be happy, Helen. Shall I send it?"

The kindness he seemed to show broke down her faint aversion for him, and she kissed him in the twilight.

"Why, that's consent," said Gabriel, almost gaily. "It is too dark to see the roses, but they bloom here all the same." He pinched her cheek as he spoke, and she ran from the room to face her own thoughts in solitude.

Gabriel rang the bell, and bade the servant who responded to add the letter lying on the table to the rest which waited for the post. Then, buttoned and muffled and gloved against the evening air, he walked out, passing solemnly down the village street and across the village churchyard.

He was full of peace at last. The thunderbolt that had fallen in the autumn-time and had well-nigh scared him out of life had passed him harmlessly. It was meant for a lesson; it had served its turn, and would never fall again. Thinking thus he paused for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes, discovered, with a shock of superstitious feeling, that he stood opposite Robert Kenyon's monument. He went forward suddenly, and heard the sound of a crunching footstep on the snow behind him.

XX.

On the Monday of the first week in December of that year, Mr. Sullivan, clad in garments of unusual splendour, stood at the door of the house in which he lodged, and gave instructions to two stout fellows within doors about the portage of a box, which was so large that it was absolutely inconvenient to carry it down the narrow passage and through the doorway. A four-wheeled cab stood behind him, and the box, with some difficulty, being hoisted to the top of the vehicle, Cyrus drew from his pocket a handful of loose coin, and, with a lordly air, bestowed a sixpence upon the cabman's assistant. He looked about him then with a sprightly air, jerked his hat into half a dozen different postures on his head by as many birdlike movements, pulled at his cuffs and collar, danced a step or two, and was entering at the door of the vehicle, which the cabman held open, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned.

All the aspect of prosperity and joy he had worn faded suddenly. He dashed in the cab with an exclamation, slammed the door, and shouted to the driver, "Get up and drive!" with every evidence, in face, voice, and manner, of extreme terror.

The person whose unexpected appearance had thus shaken him was no other than Gustave Peltzer.

Monsieur Peltzer had evidently fallen upon dreadful times. His boots were mere gaping sacks of tattered leather; his bosom was bare and blue and cold. Such garments as he wore hung in tattered bannerets about him. He was begrimed and lean and frowzy and malodorous, and altogether more like a beast of prey than ever.

"Drive!" said Sullivan, as this dreadful vision thrust a head through the open window of the four-wheeler.

"Vait!" cried Peltzer. "You are prosperous," he said, in rapid French, to Sullivan. "You have money in your hand. Give me something. I am starving—I am dying."

Sullivan surrendered half the loose handful of silver, and repeated his beseeching order to the cabman. Peltzer drew back with the coins in his hand.

The cab rolled on, and Sullivan communed with himself.

"It's a hundred to one that's the last of him. If it only should be, I shall have something to be thankful for. It's a blessing that Maria has made up her mind to go to New York. There, Cyrus, you'll be rid of all the evil companions who, until now, have decoyed you on the downward road to ruin. I suppose that it's rather indecent to get married so soon after having killed Mrs. Sullivan, but if Maria doesn't mind it, it sits easily upon my own conscience."

Cyrus counted the loose change about him to see of how

much he had been frightened by the imperious Peltzer, and, observing that his loss amounted to no more than four-and-ninety, recovered his spirits, and rode away gaily to be married.

Peltzer, left alone in the street, tore off one of the rags from his fluttering raiment and wrapped his money in it. Then slipping it into a tattered pocket, and holding it there tightly in his clenched hand, he slouched on smiling.

"I can do it now," so his thoughts ran. "I was a fool not to have done it before, when I was there and had the chance. A fool would have done it, an ass would have done it, a pig would have had the brain to think of it! And I permitted myself to be frightened. Silence for silence? Eh, well! But what is any man's silence worth to me, with the dog's life I lead? And what is my silence worth to him in his great house with his servants and his luxuries? You are a coward, my friend, or you would have played this card before."

He paused at an ill-conditioned shop, and bought food from which an appetite less ravenous than his own would have recoiled. Then he walked on again, eating as he walked.

He seemed to have made himself familiar with his route, for he asked questions of no man, though he paused to beg here and there from a stranger of respectable aspect, and once or twice succeeded in extorting a copper.

Nightfall saw him fifteen miles from London. He ate and slept at a lodging-house, the lowest and cheapest of its kind; and next day he went on again. The human wolf was weary and cold and hungry; and the wolf courage in him, being once alight, burned fierce and steady.

He shuffled on, doing his fifteen miles a day, or thereabouts, through a day of fog, a day of rain, a day of clear frost, a day of snow—and then the ugly Nemesis, which for thirteen years had strained from the galleys, stood within half a day's march of Perry Haughton.

He had fed abundantly, if coarsely, on the way, and had still a little money left; and in these later hours he began to drink to keep the wolf courage warm.

He slouched on from hamlet to hamlet, the wolf courage failing at times and flaring at times; and, in the early dusk of the winter evening, he came to Perry Haughton. He had been apprehensive from the first that his daring might fail him here; and, once arrived, he began to grow so chill upon the enterprise, that he was half disposed to go back again. Even the miserable life he led was better than that he had passed at the galleys; and if there was a prize before him there was a penalty behind it.

He spent his last shilling in brandy, and his courage began once more to flicker and then to flame. He had conceived so violent a hatred against this Kenyon, who kept him out of his own, that, if he could have done it safely, he would have rejoiced to tear him with his hands. This Kenyon robbed him now, and had robbed him years ago. He would have had a diamond ring, a gold watch and chain, and a roll of crisp bank-notes, as the reward of valour and a dexterous blow, if this man had not stolen his prey from him, and found ten thousand-fold a richer harvest on his body than Peltzer hoped to find.

The wolf courage needed warming, and these reflections and the last shilling's-worth of brandy served to warm it so well, that when he skulked to the gates of the Lodge, and, as destiny would have it, saw a well-clad figure emerge from them, he followed with his thievish footstep—*miching mallecho*—as dexterously, and swiftly, and boldly as he could have done in the heyday of his youth, before years and the galleys tamed his native fires.

Was he sure of his man? The dusk hid much, and thereby helped him. He knew the droop of the shoulders, the hands clasped behind, a something cat-like in the tread of the man he followed. He knew, or thought he knew—but, at the worst, a whispered name would bring the real man to a pause, whilst it would mean nothing to a stranger. He watched his chance to speak the name, and once or twice, when he thought he had found it, a passing stranger put his plans out of gear, and he had to go on again.

At length, however, the chase led him to the village churchyard. The gate clanged behind Kenyon with a something solitary in its sound, and Peltzer shuffled closer. At the second when Kenyon moved away from the monument which marked his cousin's resting-place he made a swift forward movement.

"Monsieur Moreau!" he whispered, and Gabriel paused in his walk, and turned, stretching out an involuntary hand to catch at the iron railing of a tomb. "A la fin!" said Peltzer, glancing at him through the dusk with shining eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Kenyon, swaying slightly to and fro, and only sustaining himself by his grasp upon the railing. "Who are you?"

"I am your old friend and fellow-lodger in the Rue du Petit Cardinal," said Peltzer, answering the second question first, in a suppressed rage of hate and fear and triumph. "I am the man who knows your secret!"

"Hush!" said Gabriel, not knowing that he spoke at all. His terror mastered him and left him without power of reason. He would have been at the mercy of any braggart scoundrel who had chosen to spring this device upon him.

"I saw you carry in the body," said Peltzer, in a gloating whisper. "I saw you give the medicine. I saw the man revive. I heard the talk between you. I saw what happened after. I saw you file the ring from the finger. I saw!"

But here Kenyon's hands went up into the air with a wild gesture, which sent the whispering scoundrel back a pace or two.

"I—I—know nothing!"—Gabriel quavered.

He writhed both hands as if he grappled with something in the air above him, and suddenly fell forward, as if he dived into some welcome refuge. Peltzer recoiled, and before he could recover himself the clang of the churchyard-gate apprised him of a new arrival. He ran like a hare for swift-ness and noiselessness, doubling and crouching among the monuments and tombstones, and then watched and waited. He heard awestruck voices, which he could not comprehend, and rapid footsteps and appeals for help. Then came lights, and a little crowd of people, who, in a while, departed, with the lights burning clear in the quiet frosty air, and a measured tramp, tramp, tramp, at the core of the crowd. Then silence, and the horror of the night.

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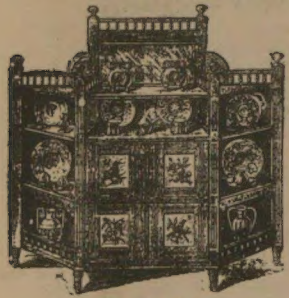


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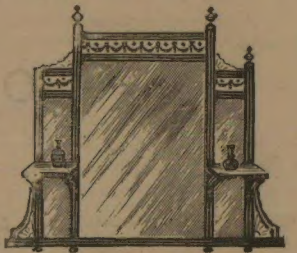
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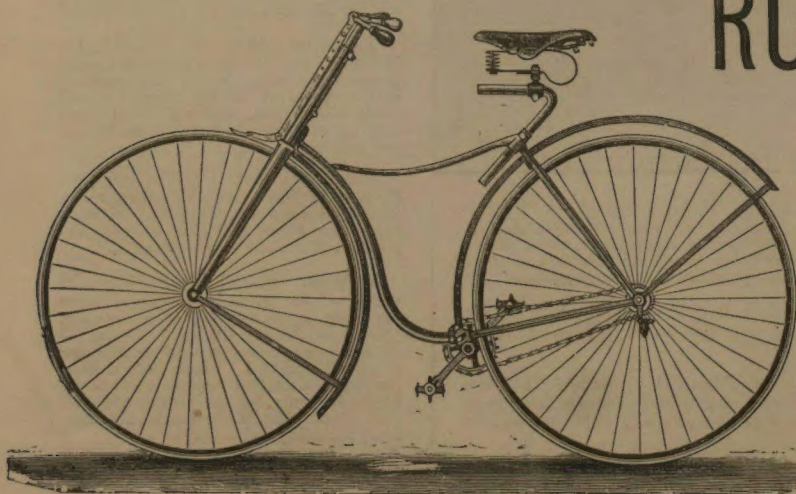
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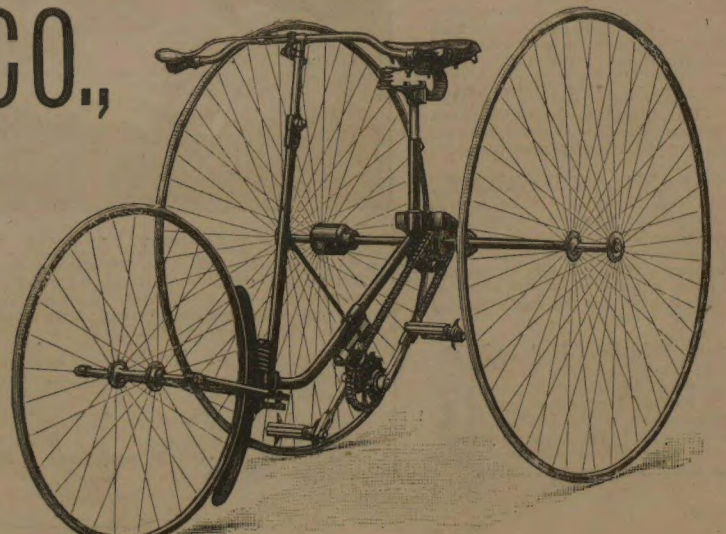
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